

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1829.

From the Monthly Review.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST: containing *Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the First Settlement of the Western Sections of the United States.* By the Hon. Judge Hall. 8vo. pp. 385. London. Colburn. 1828.

THESE letters, we are told in the preface, were commenced so long ago as the year 1820. We suspect that they were concluded not long after that period, which we may call a remote one, for a book of travels in America. A few years, however, would make no great difference with us, in a work chiefly occupied with the Western States of that continent, which are very far from being sufficiently known at our side of the Atlantic. Thirty years since they were, for the greater part, covered with prairies and forests, and tenanted only by wild animals. They are now nearly all cleared and cultivated, their rivers are crowded with steam-boats, towns and hamlets are increasing throughout their whole extent, and the toils of commerce and of agricultural industry, have not only changed the face of the country, but have even mitigated, if not altogether neutralized, the effects of a pestilential climate. In 1794, beasts of prey prowled about these regions without alarm for their safety. In 1810, the state of Ohio numbered a population of nearly two hundred and thirty-one thousand souls. In 1815 that population was more than doubled. Kentucky was explored and planted somewhat earlier, but even in that state, the change from savage to civilized life has been wrought with miraculous rapidity. In short, within the memory of living witnesses, the shores of the Mississippi have been converted into gardens; colleges, factories, and farms abound where but lately it was dangerous to a traveller to make his appearance; and all the signs of animation and enterprise are multiplied in regions where, but a few years ago, nothing was heard save the voices of the lower animals of the creation, and the rushing of the flood or the tempest.

We have had almost enough of those States of America which are near the Atlantic—we say almost enough, because we apprehend that Captain Basil Hall will be able to throw a new light upon them, and induce us, by the originality of his observations, the accuracy of his knowledge, and the beauty of his composition, to feel a new interest in a subject apparently

exhausted. But with respect to the Western States, our information is as yet very imperfect. We therefore opened this work with the ardour of a traveller who is entering a country wholly new to him, and though we found in it but a few scenes calculated to repay our curiosity, yet the attraction of novelty deluded us from page to page, in search of something better, until we arrived at the conclusion. We cannot say that we were altogether disappointed, yet we were not on the whole much pleased with our judicial guide.

By the way, it betokens no trivial difference between the "notions" of the Americans and those of Englishmen, descended though they be from a common stock, that a book of travels should be written and published among the former by a judge! We cannot, for a moment, conceive the idea of Judge Bayley, for instance, taking a trip to Ireland and then writing and giving to the public an account of his tour. Had he done such a thing, the whole bench would be up in arms against him, and sure we are that his charges to juries would scarcely be listened to with common decorum. But an occurrence of this description makes no impression in America, where the judge of to-day is the soldier or the shopkeeper of to-morrow, and the Term Reports are put by for the newest novel or review.

In fact, it appears that these letters were originally written for a periodical magazine, called the Portfolio, published at Philadelphia. Whether the author was a judge at that period, or not, we are without information. That he was not then, at least, much of a judge in matters of literature, his composition affords abundant evidence. It is for ever upon stilts. Common topics are treated in a pompous, grandiloquent style, which altogether robs them of their fair proportions, and of their natural effect. Traces of ability may be discovered now and then, and though, of course, the national vanity of the republican breaks out in every page, we cannot but admire, though we have no reason whatever to envy, the bold and independent tone in which he treats matters of public interest on all occasions. Perhaps the most disagreeable feature in his book is the air of puerile levity which pervades it. Our judge is a man of gallantry; if he cannot enjoy the felicity of conversing with a pair of starry eyes, he consoles himself with dreaming about them, until his rapture becomes quite ludicrous. But

with all his imperfections about him, let us glean from his pages whatever of novelty they contain.

Our author commences his tour at Pittsburgh, formerly the *ultima Thule* of travellers, but now the vestibule through which they approach the great states of the West. It is favourably situated at the head of the Ohio, and the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. The scenery around the town is charming. A circle of hills encloses it, from various points of which the three rivers just mentioned may be seen winding through the country.

"The city lay beneath me, enveloped in smoke—the clang of hammers resounded from its numerous manufactories—the rattling of carriages and the hum of men were heard from its streets—churches, courts, hotels, and markets, and all the 'pomp and circumstance' of busy life were presented in one panoramic view. Behind me were all the silent, soft attractions of rural sweetness—the ground rising gradually for a considerable distance, and exhibiting country seats, surrounded with cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards. On either hand were the rivers, one dashing over beds of rock, the other sluggishly meandering among the hills; while the lofty eminences beyond them, covered with timber, displayed a rich foliage, decked and shadowed with every tint of the rainbow. Below the town, the Ohio is seen, receiving her tributary streams, and bearing off to the west, burdened with rich freights. The towns of Allegheny on the right hand, and Birmingham on the left—the noble bridges that lead to the city in opposite directions—the arsenal, and the little village of Laurenceville, in the rear, added variety to the scene."—pp. 22, 23.

The smoke of Leeds or Manchester is a pure atmosphere, compared with the masses of soot sent forth by the Pittsburgh coal. Even the snow that falls there is said to be tinged with it! The principal manufactures of this town consist of iron and glass ware. It is the principal place of deposit for goods destined for the western country. It is moreover a port of entry, a distinction which seems to have occasionally puzzled the Italian custom-house officers, if we are to believe an anecdote related by Mr. Clay, on the floor of Congress:—

"To illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, (he said) he would relate an anecdote of a vessel, built, and cleared out at Pittsburgh for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the custom-house officer, who would not credit them, and said to him, 'Sir, your papers are forged; there is not such a port as Pittsburgh in the world; your vessel must be confiscated.' The trembling captain laid before the officer the map of the United States—directing him to the gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him a thousand miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another thousand up to Pittsburgh. 'There, Sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out.' The astonished officer, before he had seen the map would as readily have believed that this vessel

had been navigated from the moon."—pp. 36, 37.

Descending the Ohio in a keel boat, our learned judge visited Wheeling, the future rival of Pittsburgh; and Marietta, beautifully situated at the mouth of the Muskingum river. The French gave to the Ohio the title of *La Belle rivière*. "Its current is always graceful and its shore every where romantic." "There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is, in itself delightful, as it consists in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference." The author here gets upon his Pegasus, and not content with comparing the scenery of the Ohio to the features of a beautiful woman, whose attractions arise rather from gracefulness than variety, he sings, rather than writes, in the following strain:—

"The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, swept onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them, are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad, among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasantly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation."—pp. 82, 83.

The author, on passing Blannerhasset's island, takes occasion to allude to the conspiracy of Burr, which was supposed to have been principally concocted there. This is one of the few mysteries which are to be found in American history. It made a great noise at the time, but in its consequences was most insignificant. Colonel Burr was distinguished for his talents and attainments. His manners were polished, his address insinuating, his eloquence graceful and seductive. He was a candidate for the presidential chair with Jefferson, and lost his election only by a single vote. He was the rival of Hamilton, whom he killed in a duel. After this unfortunate catastrophe, he resigned his public employments, and became restless, as some supposed, from remorse of con-

science; as others imagined from the impulses of a wild ambition. He collected together a number of men, provided them with arms and munitions of war, but was arrested in his career before he was enabled to carry his designs, whatever they were, into execution. It was thought by some persons that he meant to invade Mexico, to declare it independent of Spain, and place himself upon the throne. Others, with more probability, believed that his great object was to separate the western states of America from the Union. He found an enthusiastic adherent in Mr. Blannerhasset, an Irish gentleman of fortune, who gave his name to the island in question. Blannerhasset was devoted to science. He had retired to this island in the Ohio that he might be far away from the world, and employ all his time in intellectual and agricultural pursuits. He was fond of chemistry, and a passionate lover of music. He had the good fortune to be married to a lovely and accomplished woman, who presented him with several children. No expense was spared by him in improving and beautifying his island residence. His intimacy with Burr involved him in the confederacy of which that person was the chieftain; the island was the great scene of their operations; here the men were assembled and their arms concealed; and here, ultimately, they were arrested or dispersed, and the leaders overwhelmed in ruin.

The importunate inquisitiveness of the Americans, has often been railed at by European travellers. We think it, therefore, no more than an act of justice, to allow our author to defend his countrymen from this imputation.

"With regard to the want of affability alleged by foreigners, I can say, with sincerity, that I have travelled from the St. Lawrence to the Potomac, and from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mississippi, without observing it. I have never proposed a civil question to an American without receiving a civil answer; and I have seldom entered his dwelling without partaking of his hospitality. I have more than once, in consequence of accidents to which all travellers are liable, been thrown upon the kindness of strangers; yet never did I know my countrymen deny the sacred claims of a stranger in distress. At their taverns, or their private houses, a man of decent appearance and civil deportment will always be kindly and respectfully received. So long as he behaves like a gentleman, he will receive the treatment due to his character; his privacy will not be interrupted, his feelings hurt, or his peace disturbed. Whatever he asks for in a civil manner, will be furnished him, if possible; but if it cannot be procured, he must take what he can get without complaining; for the moment he abuses the country, complains of his fare, or attempts in any manner to coerce or criminate those around him, he excites a spirit which it is much more easy to arouse than to allay."—pp. 113, 114.

We ourselves have often fallen into the general fashion of abusing the Americans, on account of their national vanity. We ought, however, to have reflected, that Englishmen are quite as open to ridicule upon this point as any nation under Heaven. Our learned-tour-

ist is somewhat severe upon us on this point; nevertheless it is but justice to hear him.

"If a foreigner, in passing through our country, grasps at every occasion to make invidious comparisons, sneering at its population, manners, and institutions and extolling those of his own native land, nothing is said of *national vanity*. When it was determined in England to tear the 'striped bunting' from the mast-heads of our 'fir-built frigates,' and to 'sweep the Yankee cock-boats from the ocean,' no *national vanity* was displayed at all; when the Edinburgh Review tells us that England is the bulwark of religion, the arbiter of the fates of kingdoms, the last refuge of freedom, there is no *national vanity* in the business—not a spice. But if a plain backwoodsman ventures to praise his own country, because he finds all his wants supplied, and his rights defended, while he is not pestered with tax-gatherers and excisemen, is not devoured by fox-hunting priests, pensioners, and paupers, sees no dragons galloping about his cottage, and is allowed to vote for whom he pleases to represent him—all of which he has good reason to believe is ordered differently in another country—this is a '*disgusting display of national vanity*.' If he ventures to exhibit a shattered limb, or a breast covered with scars, and to tell that he received these honourable marks in defence of his native land, on an occasion when the '*best troops in the world*' fled before the valour of undisciplined freemen, led by a Jackson or a Brown, this is *very disgusting*.

"The fact is, that English travellers, and English people in general, who come among us, forget that the rest of the world are not as credulous and gullible as themselves; and are continually attempting to impose fictions upon us, which we refuse to credit. They seem not to be aware, that we are a reading people, and would convince us that they are a wise, valiant, and virtuous people, beloved and respected by all the world, while we are an ignorant, idle set of boobies, for whom nobody cares a farthing. They tell us how happy and comfortable every body is in England, and what a poor, forlorn, forsaken, miserable set we are, who have had the misfortune to be born in a *new country*, and never saw a king, a lord, or a hangman. One of them told me that he had never heard of the battle of New Orleans, until he came to America several years after it was fought, and that the British nation had hardly ever heard of the war with America. Now, when we refuse to credit these things, and flatly deny them as we often do, we are set down as a conceited, vain people, who presume to think for ourselves, and to believe that we know something, when a parting renegade or a venal reviewer shall pronounce us fools. John Bull forgets that his own vanity is a source of merriment with the rest of the world."—pp. 120—122.

We willingly subjoin the character which the author gives of the hospitality of his countrymen.

"During my jaunt, I have entered freely the meanest habitations, and conversed familiarly with the most indigent of the people; but never have I received a rude nor an indecorous reply. When I approached the door of the rudest hut, I was invited to enter, a seat was handed

me, and if the family was eating, I was pressed to partake of their meal. However homely their fare might be, they neither seemed ashamed to offer nor unwilling to share it. At the little cabins along the river, we paid reasonable prices for bread, butter, milk, and other articles, which we purchased; but they seldom charged for what we ate in their houses; and when I penetrated a little farther into the country, among the respectable farmers, they seemed offended at being offered money for what we procured from them.

"Returning from one of these excursions, I was overtaken by the night, and found my path obstructed by a deep inlet from the river, which being choked with logs and brush, could not be crossed by swimming. Observing a house on the opposite side, I called for assistance. A half naked, ill-looking fellow came down, and after dragging a canoe round from the river with some trouble, ferried me over, and I followed him to his habitation, near to which our boat was moored for the night. His cabin was of the meanest kind, consisting of a single apartment, constructed of logs, which contained a family of seven or eight souls, and every thing seemed to designate him as a new and unthrifty settler. After drinking a bowl of milk, which I really called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water, to which he good humouredly replied, that he 'never took money for helping a traveller on his way.' 'Then let me pay you for your milk.' 'I never sell milk.' 'But,' said I, urging him, 'I would rather pay you, I have money enough.' 'Well,' said he, 'I have milk enough, so we're even; I have as good a right to give you milk, as you have to give me money.'"—pp. 123, 124.

It is a curious inconsistency in the character of the Americans, that although their country, their institutions, and even their habits are all new, and though that novelty and their expected future grandeur of their nation form their principal boast and pride, yet there are no people on earth who are more attached than they to the symbols and associations of antiquity. This weakness, if such it ought to be called, is remarkably apparent in the names which they have bestowed on several of their new towns—names which contrast so strangely with the Indian barbaric nomenclature of their rivers. Thus we have at the mouth of the Great Hockhocking river the town of Troy, and at the distance of twenty-five miles on the banks of the same classic stream, we enter the gates of Athens. We may pass from thence to Rome, to Carthage, and even to Jerusalem, without any great trouble or delay; if we have any predilection for Russian names, we may gratify it by a visit to Petersburg, or Siberia, or Kamtschatka; if we desire to renew our affection for Austria, a short journey will take us to Vienna; and without making a voyage to India, we may enjoy all the beauties of Calcutta and New Hindostan. Here also we may find a Goshen without making a pilgrimage to Palestine!

Another characteristic of the Americans, which however may be more easily accounted for than that just noticed, is their facility of loco-

motion. They seldom appear to have local attachments; at least those amongst them who have not acquired fortunes, or to whose interests it is not essential to remain in a particular district, think nothing of moving away hundreds or thousands of miles. Of this emigrant disposition, which most probably will not cease until the whole continent shall be peopled, our author relates a striking instance:—

"Just below the village of Guyundat,—(what a classic name!) we overtook one of those rude skiffs which frequently convey emigrants to the west. This was a small flat-bottomed boat, of the simplest construction, about twelve feet long, with high sides and a roof. As I was looking out for a friend, who in a moment of whim had embarked by himself, a few days before me, in a 'frail tenement' like the one in sight, I took our small boat and rowed towards it, but was not a little surprised on approaching it, to discover, instead of a young gentleman, a grey-headed man, and as grey headed a woman, tugging deliberately at the oars. This primitive couple looked as if they might have been *pulling together* down the stream of life for half a century, without having been tired of each other's company; for while their oars preserved a regular cadence, they were chatting sociably together, and they smiled as they invited me into their skiff. I confess I was astonished; for, much as I had seen of the carelessness with which my countrymen undertake toilsome journeys, and the alacrity with which they change their habitations, I was not prepared to behold without surprise old age and enterprise travelling together: and when I learned that this ancient couple were seeking a new home, I anticipated a tale of banishment and sorrow. The days of their pilgrimage had not been *few and evil*. Neither of them could have been fewer than sixty years, and both were withered, wrinkled, and apparently decrepit; but they were sprightly and social, and spoke of clearing *new lands* in the wilderness, with a confidence which evinced nothing of the feebleness or indecision of old age. In answer to my inquiries, as to the reasons which had suggested a change of residence, the old man observed, in a careless, off-hand sort of way, 'Why, Sir, our boys are all married, and gone off, and bustling about for themselves; and our neighbours, a good many of 'em's gone *out back*, and so the old woman and me felt *sort o' lonesome*, and thought we'd go too, and try our luck.'

"But, my friend, it's rather late in the day for you to become a wanderer."

"Tut, man," said he, "better late than never—*there's luck in leisure*, as the saying is,—and may be the old woman and me'll have as good luck as any of them."—pp. 135—140.

Judge Hall excuses himself, after quitting Cincinnati, from saying any thing about that town, as his whole time had been taken up while there in paying his addresses to a young lady, a companion of his *dancing days*! We suppose we must accept his apology, particularly as his worship seems to have made up his mind on the subject. "I would not," he adds, in the pride of his chivalry, "give one 'merry glance

of mountain maid,' for the plaudits of the literary world. You will remind me, I dare say, of posterity; but, in the language of a merry neighbour of mine, I reply, 'Hang posterity; what did posterity ever do for me?' So I shall write when I please, and court the girls when I can." Here is a specimen of American judicial gallantry! In another letter he exclaims—"I have always had a wonderful predilection for handsome faces, and I do verily believe that if my breast were darkened by the heaviest sorrows, the rays of beauty would still strike to its inmost recesses, and there would still be a something to refract the beams." We do not happen to know whether there is an Hon. Mrs. Judge Hall in existence; but if there be, we recommend her to look a little after his worship.

Of the extent of our learned author's acquaintance with law, we have no means of furnishing an opinion; this, however, we can plainly see, that his knowledge of modern languages must be very limited indeed, since he appears to have been unable to discover the origin of the word *chute*, a name which the Indians apply to the falls of the Ohio. "It may puzzle you," he says, "as much as it has puzzled me; but it is the very identical word used by most of the writers on this subject. Whether it be a Greek, an Indian, or a Kentucky phrase, I cannot inform you. I have sought its derivation in all the languages with which I am conversant, without effect." We suspect that "all the languages" with which his honour is conversant, are limited to that in which he writes, for the best guess he makes at the derivation of this hard word is, that it must come from *shoot*, because "it is applied to channels through which a boat may be said to *shoot* with the swiftness of an arrow!" Our judge would be a capital commentator on Homer. Before he commences his critical labours, however, he will excuse us, we hope, for recommending him to look into his French Dictionary. The descent of a boat through one of these *chutes* would be, we apprehend, a more formidable affair than a search after the derivation of their name.

"As you approach the head of the rapids, the mighty stream rolls on in a smooth unbroken sheet, increasing in velocity as you advance. The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger: the pilot, stationed on the deck, assumes command: a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars, strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessel a *momentum* greater than that of the current, without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters: and the sight of waves dashing, and foaming, and whirling among the rocks and eddies below, is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel—takes the *Chute*—and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck, but in a few moments she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters."—pp. 185, 186.

Below the falls of the Ohio, the face of the country differs essentially from that of the re-

gions above them. It is flat, the soil deep, black and fertile. Here and there are seen small ranges of hills; the river bottoms exhibit appearances of annual inundations, and the cane, of which cattle are so fond, abounds, or rather did abound, for by this time we suppose it is all destroyed. In these rich bottoms flourish peccans, catalpas, and sycamores, and extensive groves of cotton-wood. This tree is large and extremely tall, resembling in foliage and general appearance the Lombardy poplar. The peccan is like the hickory, to which it is supposed to be related; it yields fine rich nuts, of which large quantities are every year exported. The catalpa is remarkable for its gracefulness and the beauty of its flowers. Grape vines, with stems of considerable thickness, are sometimes seen climbing up the branches of the loftiest trees; and upon the top of all is perceived, occasionally, the misletoe. This plant grows naturally upon the ground; but the berry which contains the seed is so viscous, that it adheres to the feet of birds, who take it from tree to tree, and thus form an aerial plantation of their own. Deer, turkeys, parquets, and wild cats enliven the scene.

As a singular proof of the close connexion which subsists between mechanical and moral improvement, we may mention the happy reformation which has taken place, not only in the vicinity of Shawnee, but along the whole of the banks of the Ohio. That town which occupies a beautiful level plain on the western bank of the Ohio, stands at a distance of about one thousand miles from Pittsburgh, and eleven hundred from New Orleans, by water. As recently as the year 1808, there was not a house on this plain. It was only laid out in town lots, by an act of Congress, in 1814, and even now it has no more than one hundred houses, of which the greater number are of frame or log. Being subject, from the lowness of its situation, to annual inundation, and infested with a race of mosquitoes the most venomous perhaps, in the world, Shawnee was, for some years, rather a post for banditti, than a settlement for emigrants. Before the establishment of steamboats on the Ohio, its commerce which was even then very extensive, was chiefly carried on by means of barges, which required many hands to navigate them.

"Each barge carried from thirty to forty boatmen, and a number of these boats frequently sailed in company. The arrival of such a squadron at a small town was the certain forerunner of riot. The boatmen, proverbially lawless and dissolute, were often more numerous than the citizens, and indulged, without restraint, in every species of debauchery, outrage, and mischief. Wherever vice exists will be found many to abet and to take advantage of its excesses; and these towns were filled with the wretched ministers of crime. Sometimes the citizens roused to indignation, attempted to enforce the laws; but the attempt was regarded as a declaration of war, which arrayed the offenders and their allies in hostility: the inhabitants were obliged to unite in the defence of each other, and the contest usually terminated in the success of that party which had least to lose, and were most prodigal of life and careless of consequences."—p. 229.

Those bargemen were in truth the despots and the terror of the river. It was as much as his life was worth for a stranger to venture among them, unless he was well armed and well attended. Scenes of the most shocking character constantly occurred; and had it not been for the steam-boats, no effectual steps could ever be taken to repress those disorders, until the increased population of the towns might be enabled to afford a police strong enough to contend with the bargemen. But the steam-boats put them to flight at once.

"The substitution of machinery for manual labour, occasioned a vast diminution in the number of men required for the river navigation. A steam-boat, with the same crew as a barge, will carry ten times the burthen, and perform her voyage in a fifth part of the time required by the latter. The bargemen infested the whole country, by stopping frequently, and often spending their nights on shore; while the steam-boats pass rapidly from one large port to another, making no halt but to receive or discharge merchandise, at intermediate places. The commanders of steam-boats are men of character; property to an immense amount is intrusted to their care; their responsibility is great; and they are careful of their own deportment, and of the conduct of those under their control. The number of boatmen is therefore not only greatly reduced, in proportion to the amount of trade, but a sort of discipline is introduced among them."—pp. 230, 231.

Here is irrefragable evidence of the moral as well as the physical triumphs of machinery.

Shawnee town seems to have been the limit of our author's tour. Whether he remained any time there, or made his escape speedily from the mosquitoes, his book saith not. The remainder of his volume is taken up with sketches which he might have written if he had never quitted his fireside. Among these is the story of Daniel Boon, one of the earliest emigrants to the Back Woods—a story, however, in which we discover nothing very romantic, beyond the difficulties described by Robinson Crusoe. We do not much approve of the author's taste in introducing into his work, most unnecessarily, the history of those remorseless and systematic murderers, the Harpes. It is one of those tales of terror which ought to have been left among the mouldering records of the time to which it refers. The hints upon emigration will suggest many useful reflections to adventurers who are disposed to try their fortunes in the unsettled regions of the New World; and from the letter on popular superstitions, the philosophical reader may collect, that superstition is not the peculiar offspring of any climate, or of any religion; but that it enters essentially into the nature and feelings of the mass of mankind, and will always exist even among the most civilized communities, in a more or less prominent form, as long as the *present* shall give rise to hopes or fears, and the *future* be involved in uncertainty.

From the London Magazine.

RIENZI.

We had heard that Miss Mitford's tragedy of Rienzi had succeeded very considerably; and we went to see it to-night, accordingly. We went with the recollection of Julian and the Foscari in our mind; and, therefore, certainly were not prepared for a piece of the power of Rienzi. For, there is a great deal of powerful writing in it—far more than we thought Miss Mitford was equal to: indeed, there are, here and there, frequent passages of very considerable force and skill. We are quite aware that we speak in contrariety to the general practice of our stage, when we say that we greatly prefer a tragedy on a domestic subject to an historical tragedy. Othello, for instance, we rate far above Richard III. or King John: we prefer the representation of the passions to which all bosoms respond, to what may be called the official and diplomatic feelings of statesmen. Thus, in Rienzi, fine as are some of the bursts in favour of liberty and indignation at oppression, we confess we could desire that love, or jealousy, or general passion of some kind, mingled more largely with these public sentiments. The conflicts of political duty and private passion have afforded, and well may they do so, some of the finest portions of our drama; and there was, in the character of Angelo Colonna, an admirable opportunity for the introduction of a struggle of this nature. But Miss Mitford seems purposely to have shunned it; for, though the circumstances calculated to call it forth arise upon his wedding-day, the young gentleman is so thoroughly wrapped up in his pride of blood and birth, that he scarcely condescends to throw away two or three parentheses upon his bride. He is truly what Rienzi afterwards calls him, the "proud, abject minion of a name."

Every thing, indeed, is sacrificed to the character of Rienzi; and all the earlier part of it we regard as very finely drawn. Neither should we make any exception as to the latter, from any thing which Rienzi himself either does or says; for all is, we think, in perfect consistency with itself throughout. But the things which are narrated of him ought to cause a fearful change in his bearing, language, and actions; whereas, *on the stage*, he continues, with very slight exception, the same noble hater of oppression and lover of liberty, which he was at the outset. In this, we think, consists the great fault of the play. Rienzi, from being the fierce avenger of the people's wrongs, and the successful champion of their liberties, becomes drunk with power, and proceeds to extremities which almost reach positive insanity. Thus he is represented in history, and thus Miss Mitford means him to be in her play. But there are no gradations; the transition is by far too violent, and yet it exists only in narration: for, as regards himself when before us, it never appears at all. At the close of the second act, when Rienzi is first named Tribune, there is supposed to be an interval of some time; for at the opening of the third—

—never lineal prince

Sate firmer on his throne, or lightlier swayed

The reins of empire. He hath swept away
The oppressors and extortioners—bath gained
Kingly allies—bath reconciled the pope—
Hath quelled the barons."

All this would take some little time, and time is given for it accordingly. But to effect a total revolution in a mind of the greatness of Rienzi's, Miss Mitford does not allow half an hour. Immediately after a noble and beautiful use of that power which turns him mad—the forgiveness, namely, of conspirators who were about to have murdered him in the most cowardly and treacherous manner at his daughter's bridal—"here," as he says,

—here

Before my daughter's eyes; here at thy bridal,
Here in my festive hour—the mutual cup
Sparkling; the mutual pledge half spoke; the
bread,
Which we have broke together, unconsumed
Upon the board; joyful and full of wine;
Sinful and unconfessed;—so had I fallen;—"

after pardoning the intended perpetrators of a deed like this, he is represented, as, without a lapse of time sufficient to render this pure and merciful governor a wild and frantic usurper, indulging in such ravings as these;—it is on the occasion of the conspiring lords swearing fidelity to the state:—

Sar. Then Rienzi,
Stepping before the altar, his bold hand
Laid on the consecrated Host, sent forth.
In a full pealing voice, that rolled along
The fretted roof, like the loud organ-swell,
A rash and insolent summons to the Pope
And Cardinals; next he cited to appear
The imperial rivals, Charles and Lewis; next,
The Electors Palatine. Then, whilst the aisles
Of the hushed church prolonged his words, he
drew

His dazzling sword, and, waving the bright
blade,
To the four points of Heaven, cried with a deep
Intensity of will, that drove his words
Like arrows through the brain,—“This, too, is
mine.”

Yes, to each part of this fair earth he cried,—
“Thou, too, art mine.”

Truly, after this, we do not wonder at Angelo, who exclaims “madman!” But then, when next he appears, instead of acting up to such extravagances, Rienzi is the same self-possessed, lofty-minded man he was at the first. And so he continues throughout: for, though driven by repeated treacheries into stern justice no longer mingled with mercy, it is justice still—and in no degree that frantic indulgence of self-will, which, from what is said of him, one would be led to look for.

Barring this discrepancy, the character is certainly drawn with great power. Nay, merely omitting what is narrated of him, the character itself is consistent throughout. Mr. Young has received great praise for his manner of embodying it,—and for the most, it is well deserved. Still, in many passages, one could not but lament his adherence to the stilted, chaunting declamation which too much characterizes his style, where he should have

been short, terse, fervent, biting. We believe Mr. Young will not think it a compliment when we tell him that the scene in which we admired him the most, is one of the least pretension throughout the tragedy—that, namely, with his daughter, at the beginning of the third act. The delicacy, the graceful and playful tenderness with which he went through the whole of this very sweet scene, were perfect in their kind. Miss Phillips, too, the debutante, was peculiarly successful in it. The manner in which she varied the expression of “Oh father! father!” which she has to give three times, was singularly happy. We will extract great part of this scene; for the composition, also, pleases us exceedingly. It may be necessary to premise that Claudia, in her humble state, had been singled out by Angelo, the heir of the great Colonnas (with what views does not very distinctly appear). After her father's rise, Angelo, it seems, has been sent from Rome, on some mission; and Claudia pines, as she thinks, for her “old home:”—

Claudia—nay, start not! Thou art sad to-day;
I found thee sitting idly, 'midst thy maids—
A pretty, laughing, restless band, who plied
Quick tongue and nimble finger. Mute, and
pale

As marble, those unseeing eyes were fixed
On vacant air; and that fair brow was bent
As sternly as if the rude stranger, Thought,
Age-giving, mirth-destroying, pitiless Thought,
Had knocked at thy young, giddy brain.

Cla. Nay, father,
Mock not thine own poor Claudia.

Rie. Claudia used
To bear a merry heart, with that clear voice.
Prattling; and that light busy foot, as if
In her small housewifery, the blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive.

Cla. Oh! mine old home!
Rie. What ails thee, lady-bird?

Cla. Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim
maids,

Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old
home!

My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in
fields;

My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest
nurse;

And old Camillo.—Oh! mine own dear home!

Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old
fond nurse,
And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves.
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars; a whole pro-
vince

Laid in a garden, an' thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient
gems,

Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets,
wrought

By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds.
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers to flit
Around thy stately bower; and, at thy wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Ca-
millo!

Thou shalt have nobler servants,—emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.

Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!

Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet!

If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white-doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them

Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide they heard not oft
A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelmed the quivering instrument; and then

A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains
Of nightingales.

Cla. Oh, father! father! [*runs to him, and falls upon his neck.*]

Rie. Well!

Dost love him, Claudia?

Cla. Father!

Rie. Dost thou love

Young Angelo? Yes? Saidst thou yes? That heart—

That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,
I cannot hear thy words. He is returned
To Rome; he left thee on mine errand, dear one;

And now—Is there no casement myrtle-wreathed,
No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night

The lover's song?

Cla. Oh, father! father!

Rie. Now,

Back to thy maidens, with a lightened heart,
Mine own beloved child. Thou shalt be first
In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess
Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower
As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate
From out an eagle's nest.

Cla. Alas! alas!

I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
For thee, dear father.

Rie. Tremble! Let them tremble.

I am, their master, Claudia, whom they scorned,
Endured, protected.—Sweet, go dream of love!
I am their master, Claudia.

The manner in which this scene was given, was worthy of the both arch and delicate tenderness with which it is written. We fear we are becoming sentimental; for it gave us more pleasure than any thing else in the play.

Still, we are very far indeed from saying that some of the higher events, and stronger passions, are not most ably rendered by Miss Mitford, and put into action by Mr. Young. The following passage, in which all the assembled nobles are imploring mercy for Martin Ursini, who, on the breaking out of Rienzi's insurrection, was on the point of obtaining supreme power in Rome, and who had been subsequently condemned

For the breach of the new law—the mighty plunder
Of a vast wreck, an argosy—

is, we think, most powerfully written, and was undoubtedly most forcibly rendered. To make the allusion, in the earlier part of it, thoroughly understood, we will first extract the narrative of the fact alluded to, which is given in an earlier part of the play:—

I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,—
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and when I cried
For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse,
ye slaves!

Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl

To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?—
Look

To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonoured; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

The tables are now turned. Rienzi is now the judge—he has

Heard him with a grave patience; almost
leaning
To mercy. But the fact was flagrant.

All the nobles are pressing round him, begging for mercy upon one of their own body:—

Caf. Remember, Tribune,
He hath two uncles, cardinals. Wouldst outrage
The sacred college?

Rie. The Lord Cardinals,
Meek, pious, lowly men, and loving virtue,
Will render thanks to him who wipes a blot
So flagrant from their name.

Col. An Ursini!

Head of the Ursini!

Urs. Mine only brother!

Rie. And darest thou talk to me of brothers?

Thou,

Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own
just laws,

To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten

When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou—didst
never

Hear talk of retribution? This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge!—Mark well, my
lords—

Pure, equal justice. Martin Ursini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,
And he shall die!

Col. Yet listen to us—

Rie. Lords,

If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates and potentates of Christendom,—
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue

For this great robber, still I should be blind
As Justice. But this very day a wife,
One infant hanging at her breast, and two,
Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridal rein
To beg her husband's life; condemned to die
For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi:
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and
reared,

Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
There, midst the dangerous coil, unmov'd she
stood,

Pleading in piercing words, the very cry
Of nature! And, when I at last said no—
For I said no to her—she flung herself
And those poor innocent babes between the
stones

And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them
all,—

Thank heaven, we saved them all! but I said
no

To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye
dare not

Ask me for mercy now.

This, we think, is very finely done; and as
Mr. Young delivered it, it was one of the most
successful passages in the play. We confess
we are inclined to ask, "Why did you say No
—to that sad woman, midst her shrieks?" If
the condemnation were

For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi,

we think the man might have been spared.
But the purport is to show that he would never
allow private pity to interfere with his public
duty. It would have been, therefore, more skil-
ful in the author to have made the crime darker
—for really, as it stands, the mercy seems
quite compatible with the justice.

It is scarcely possible to take much interest
in one so vacillating and little worthy of trust
as Angelo. He deserts both parties in the
course of the play; and, with all his professed
love for Claudia, he regularly puts her away in
his last scene; whether he lives or dies, he de-
clares they "are parted for ever," because she
is Rienzi's daughter—a fact of which he was
equally aware when he married her but a few
hours before. He has declared that, if Rienzi
spares him, he will rebel again instantly—he
having been taken prisoner, and his father
slain, in a rising of the nobles against Rienzi.

Lord Angelo,

How shall I call thee, son or traitor?

Ang. Foe.

I know no father, save the valiant dead
Who lives behind a rampart of his slain
In warlike rest. I bend before no king,
Save the dread Majesty of heaven. Thy foe,
Thy mortal foe, Rienzi.

Rie. Well! my foe.

Thou hast seen me fling a pardon free as air,
To foemen crouching at my feet; hast seen
The treachery that paid me. I have lost
My faith in man's bold eye—his earnest voice,
The keen grasp of his hand, the speech where
truth

Seems gushing in each ardent word. I have
known

So many false, that, as mariner

Escaped from shipwreck, in the summer sea,
Sparkling with gentle life, sees but the rocks
On which his vessel struck, so I, in the bright
And most majestic face of man, can read
Nought but a smiling treason. Yet thou, An-
gelo,—

Thou art not all a lie! If I should trust—

Ang. Sir, I shall not deceive thee. Mark,
Rienzi!

If thou release me—'tis the thought that works
Even now within thy brain—before yon sun
Reach the hot west, the war-cry of Colonna
Shall sweep once more thy streets. Then,

stern revenge,

Or smiting death!

Rie. Madman!

Ang. Wouldst have me live,—

Thou who hast levelled to the earth the pride
Of my old princely race? My kinsmen lie
Scattered and fallen in the highway; and he,
The stateliest pillar of our house, my father,
Stephen Colonna—oh! the very name,
The bright ancestral name, which as a star
Pointed to glory, fell into eclipse
When my brave father died!

Rie. I spared him once;

Spared him for a second treason. And again—

Ang. Sir, he is dead. If thou wouldst show
me grace,

Lay me beside him in the grave.

Rie. And Claudia—

Thy virgin bride!

Ang. Alas! alas, for thee,

Sweet wife! Yet thou art pure as the white
clouds

That sail around the moon; thy home is hea-
ven,—

There we shall meet again; here we are parted
For ever.

Rie. Wherefore?

Ang. She is thy daughter.

Rie. Boy!

Proud abject minion of a name, a sound,
Think'st thou to beard me thus! thou hast thy
will.

Away with them! Dost hear me, dallying
slave?

Off with the prisoners.

Alb. All, my lord?

Rie. With all.

We really cannot regard this as any very out-
rageous exertion of power; and it is the se-
verest of Rienzi's acts throughout the piece.
It is remarkable that it is *he*, the father, who
reminds this lad, whose head seems so crammed
with family pride, as to have no room for aught
higher or more tender, of the very existence of
his wife—his bride. He never thinks of Rome,
of his country, for an instant—it is "the bright
ancestral name," the Colonna, that he cares
for, and nought else. Even his bridal love sinks
before it, when he is on the eve of death!

We have extracted the above, with a view
to rendering more clear the catastrophe of
Claudia which follows, who, we confess, ex-
cites our interest far more than her lordly hus-
band. We think there is a great deal that is
powerfully pathetic and touching. The faults
are in the minuteness of the images brought
forward by Claudia, in the two speeches be-

gunning, "Oh, thou hast! thou hast!" and "Ay! I am thine own Claudia." In a moment of such intensity, when life or death hung upon every instant, her prayer would have been more rapid than this: there is much power, however, in the passage taken as a whole:—

Cla. [Without.] Father! father!

Ric. Guard the door!

Be sure ye give not way.

Cla. [Without.] Father!

Ric. To see

Her looks! her tears!

Enter CLAUDIA, hastily

Cla. Who dares to stop me? Father!

[*Rushes into the arms of Rienzi.*]

Ric. I bade ye guard the entrance.

Cla. Against me!

Ye must have men and gates of steel, to bar Claudia from her dear father. Where is he? They said he was with you—he—thou know'st Whom I would say. I heard ye loud. I thought I heard ye; but, perchance, the dizzying throb Of my poor temples—Where is he? I see No corpse—an' he were dead—Oh, no, no, no! Thou could'st not, would'st not! Say he lives.

Ric. As yet He lives.

Cla. Oh! blessings on thy heart, dear father!

Blessings on thy kind heart! When shall I see him?

Is he in prison? Fear hath made me weak, And wordless as a child. Oh! send for him—Thou hast pardoned him;—didst thou not say but now

Thou hadst pardoned him?

Ric. No.

Cla. Oh, thou hast! thou hast!

This is the dalliance thou wast wont to hold When I have craved some girlish boon,—a bird, A flower, a moonlight walk; but now I ask thee Life, more than life. Thou hast pardoned him?

Ric. My Claudia!

Cla. Ay! I am thine own Claudia, whose first word

Was father! These are the same hands that clung

Around thy knees, a tottering babe; the lips That, ere they had learnt speech, would smile, and seek

To meet thee with an infant's kiss; Thou hast called so like my mother's, eyes, that never

Looked on thee, but with looks of love.—Oh, pardon!

Nay, father, speak not yet; thy brows are knit Into a sternness. Pr'ythee, speak not yet!

Ric. This traitor—

Cla. Call him as thou wilt, but pardon!

Oh, pardon! [*Kneels.*]

Ric. He defies me.

Cla. See, I kneel.

And he shall kneel, shall kiss thy feet; wilt pardon?

Ric. Mine own dear Claudia.

Cla. Pardon!

Ric. Raise thee up;

Rest on my bosom; let thy beating heart Lie upon mine; so shall the mutual pang Be stilled. Oh! that thy father's soul could bear

This grief for thee, my sweet one! Oh, forgive—

Cla. Forgive thee what? 'Tis so the headman speaks

To his poor victim, ere he strikes. Do fathers Make widows of their children?—send them down

To the cold grave heart-broken? Tell me not Of fathers—I have none! All else that breathes Hath known that natural love; the wolf is kind To her vile cubs; the little wren hath care For each small young one of her brood; and thou—

The word that widowed, orphaned me? Hence—forth

My home shall be his grave; and yet thou canst not—

Father! [*Rushing into Rienzi's arms.*]

Ric. Ay!

Dost call me father once again, my Claudia,— Mine own sweet child!

Cla. Oh, father, pardon him!

Oh, pardon! pardon!—'Tis my life I ask In his. Our lives, dear father!

Ric. Ho, Camillo!

Where loiters he! [*Enter Camillo.*]

Camillo, take my ring;

Fly to the captain of the guard, Alberti;

Bid him release Lord Angelo.

Cla. Now bless thee,—

Bless thee, my father!

Ric. Fly, Camillo, fly!

Why loiterest thou?

Cam. The ring.

[*Rienzi gives the ring to Camillo—Exit Camillo.*]

The pardon has been too late; and the death of her husband is abruptly and violently announced to her by his mother. She falls senseless into her father's arms. The despair of Rienzi is thus finely given:—

Ric. She lives! aid! aid!

Her pulses beat again. Go, call her maids!

Speed thee, Camillo! [*Exit Camillo.*]

How shall I endure

The unspoken curses of her eye; how bear Her voice! My child! my child! my beautiful— Whom I so loved! whom I have murdered!

Claudia!

Mine own beloved child! She would have given

Her life for mine. Would I were dead!

Re-enter CAMILLO, with Ladies and Attendants, who recover and bear off CLAUDIA from her Father.

Cam. My lord—

Ric. Camillo, when I'm gone, be faithful to her,—

Be very faithful! Save her, shield her, better Than I, that was her father. She'll not trouble

Thee long, good Camillo; the sure poison, grief,

Rankles in those young veins. Yet cherish her,—

She loved thee.

Cam. My dear master—thou thyself—

Ric. My business is to die. Watch o'er my child;

And, soon as I am dead, conduct her safely To the small nunnery of the Ursulines

Her pious steps so often sought.—Away!
[Exit Camillo.]
 She will not curse me dead.—She'll pray for me,
 In that poor broken heart. Oh, blessings on thee,
 My child! mine own sweet child!

In the meantime, the surviving friends of the Colonnas have been gathering a mob, which, joining with their more regular followers, advances against the Tribune. Rienzi comes forth to them, singly and unarmed:—

Ric. Who calls upon Rienzi? Citizens,
 What seek ye of your Tribune?

Lady C. Give me back
 My son.

Ric. Oh, that grim Death would give him back
 To Claudia! But the cold, cold grave—why come ye?

Second Cit. For vengeance, perjured tyrant!
 for thy blood—for liberty!

Ric. For liberty! Go seek
 Earth's loftiest heights, and ocean's deepest caves;

Go where the sea-snake and the eagle dwell,
 'Midst mighty elements—where nature is,
 And man is not, and ye may see afar,
 Impalpable as a rainbow on the clouds,
 The glorious vision—Liberty! I dream'd
 Of such a goddess once; dream'd that yon slaves

Were Romans, such as ruled the world, and I
 Their Tribune;—vain and idle dream! Take back

The symbol and the power. What seek ye more?

First Cit. Tyrant—thy life!

Ric. Come on. Why pause ye, cowards?
 I am unarmed. My breast is bare. Why pause ye?

Enter CLAUDIA—Rushes forward to Rienzi.

Cla. Father!

Sav. Oh, save her!

Ric. Drag her from my neck,
 If ye be men! Save her, she never harmed
 A worm. My Claudia, bless thee—bless thee!
 Now—now!—

[Rienzi falls, pierced by many spears, and the people divide, leaving Claudia stretched on her father's body.]

Sav. Ay, that thrust pierced to the heart;
 he dies

Even whilst I speak.

Cla. Father!

Lady C. Alas! poor child!

Sav. She bleeds, I fear, to death. Go bear her in,

And treat the corse with reverence; for surely,
 Though stained with much ambition, he was
 one

Of the earth's great spirits.

The length at which we have considered this production, shows that we consider it one not common in these days in England—that is, we regard it as a very able tragedy. It has greatly raised our opinion of Miss Mitford's powers, and, we doubt not, it will tend materially to increase her fame.

From the Keepsake.

SONNET.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

A Tradition of Darley-Dale, Derbyshire.

'TIS said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen tree; then, eager to fulfil
 Their courses, like two new born rivers, they
 In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast
 might kill
 Or blight that fond memorial—the trees grew,
 And now entwine their arms, but ne'er again
 Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide
 plain,
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew,
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea
 That to itself takes all—Eternity.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ROUSSEAU: HIS ELOISE, AND CONFESSIONS.

THERE never yet existed an author who so completely divided the suffrages of the literary world as Rousseau. By one party, he has been cried up as an angel; by another, he has been written down a *dæmon*. One class says he is above all praise; another, beneath all contempt. This reader finds in his ethics the very perfection of nature; that, the utmost plausibility of art. Meanwhile, all agree in this one point—namely, that, whether justly or unjustly, he has exercised a despotic influence over his age; taught the most indifferent to feel, the shallowest to think, the most abject to stifle for freedom of thought and action. Unlike Voltaire—who disseminated his most pestilent doctrines, and broke down the barriers of truth, reason, and moral and religious rectitude, by dint of searching irony—Rousseau enforces his opinions by the most winning and specious sensibility. He reaches the reason through the heart, or as he himself says, in his mistaken character of Lord Edouard, "C'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie." We do not, in the following cursory sketch, intend to be the apologists of this extraordinary writer—to palliate his glaring obliquities of thought, his insidious sentiments or distorted truisms: these sufficiently condemn themselves without our aid; all that we here profess to do is to account for their origin, to trace their progress, and to show how, notwithstanding their apparent moral beauty, they led, as they must always lead, from sophistry to doubt, from doubt to despair, from despair to utter, irretrievable desolation.

From his earliest infancy, Rousseau, who inherited from nature the utmost fragility of constitution—which, by the way, is one of the strongest fosterers of intellect—was, by the force of circumstances, thrown upon himself

for his amusements. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a clock-maker at Geneva, whom he describes, in his *Confessions*, as a man just sufficiently intellectual for his occupation, but nothing more. With this person he could of course hold no communion—no interchange of thought or sentiment; his extreme delicacy of frame, nervous to a degree bordering at times upon madness, equally forbade his engaging in the usual sports of childhood, and he was consequently thrown upon books for his recreation; which books, had they been supplied to him by some sound, well ordered, and enlightened individual, might, in due course of time, have given a philosopher instead of a sophist to the world. Unluckily, they were all, with one or two exceptions, of a chivalrous and romantic cast—there was little or no equipoise to counteract their effect; and it may readily be conceived what impression such works, fascinating at any period of life, must have made upon the unformed mind of a youth, who had never known the salutary restraints of scholastic discipline, had never been taught to bridle his passion, to tame his enthusiasm, or square his imagination agreeably to the dictates of a healthy judgment. Of course, the first effect produced by such books was a disgust for his mechanical occupation. We do not remember the precise way in which this aversion showed itself, or whether Rousseau's father were living at the time; but we distinctly recollect that the embryo sophist ran away from his employer, and pursued his course, unaccompanied, except by a bounding heart, and a slight—a very slight—stock of money, over the heaths and mountains of his native land. In one of these excursions, he chanced to light upon two young ladies, whom he assisted over a running stream, and at whose house—"si ritè audita recordamur"—he spent one or two delightful days. This incident, though trifling and scarcely worth mention in itself, is important as it regards Rousseau. His ever-creative mind, fascinated by the courtesy of these fair Unknowns, at once robbed them in drapery selected from the wardrobe of a well-filled fancy; and, as the reality of their appearance wore off, it laid the foundation of that beautiful idealism, which Madame de Warrens strengthened, Madame de Houdetot confirmed, and which afterwards shone forth to the admiration and regret of thousands, in the unequalled character of *Eloise*.

It was some time after this rencontre, that, fatigued with walking, hungry, pennyless, and dispirited—the past wretched, the future a blank—the young Rousseau knocked for charity at the gate of a good-natured widow lady, named de Warrens, who at once, with all the generous inconsiderateness of a woman, listened to his petition, gave him good advice, supplied him with food and money, and sent him home. To this acquaintance—thus strangely commenced—must be traced much, indeed the greater part, of those singular obliquities in judgment and feeling which deformed the otherwise acute mind of Rousseau. Circumstances, or as he himself would call it, destiny, threw him, some years afterwards, when a youth of one or two and twenty, for the second time into the hands of this lady. But, alas!

at this period his acquaintance was not without dishonour. By degrees he secured for himself an interest in her heart, which, however, in the headlong infatuation of the moment, he was content to share with another. From this hour, his mind received a warp; from this hour, he learned to become sophistical, in order to justify his own excesses, and opinions insincere at first, acquired by long habit, and by being perpetually brooded over, an air of decided truth.—The daily romance of his life—for Rousseau now lived wholly with Madame de Warrens, unoccupied, except in rambling about his sublime neighbourhood, where he familiarized himself with the loftiest forms of natural beauty, and fed and strengthened a strong but diseased mind—confirmed these opinions: until at length, all that was sound and sterling in thought gave place to art and sophistry. This meditative and impassioned mode of life, which, while it strengthens the sensibility, wholly unfits it for society, was pursued by Rousseau for many years. Occasionally, indeed, he visited Paris, where his exquisite relish for music, and the circumstance of his having composed a successful opera, procured him admittance into the highest circles; but his mind could not adapt itself to the etiquette of a court, his pride, too, forbade all approach to friendship, and he lived a hermit even within the atmosphere of Versailles. Before this, we should observe, he had, from some cause or other, separated himself from Madame de Warrens, and now lodged in the house of a Swiss family, with one member of which, a girl named Theresa, about nineteen years of age, he carried on a dishonourable intercourse. As if this in itself were not sufficiently degrading, he rendered it still more so, by sending the poor offspring of his guilt to the Foundling Hospital at Paris, upon some plausible plea, which he had the insufferable audacity to defend in conversation, and also at considerable length in his "*Confessions*." Meanwhile, to satisfy his notions of independence, and secure what he called "freedom of thought and action," he employed himself in copying music, by which drudgery he contrived to earn a decent subsistence up to the moment when he was taken under the especial protection of the august family of Montmorenci. Shortly after his introduction to this family, at their express desire, conveyed to him in the most flattering terms, Rousseau quitted Paris, and went to reside with them at a small cottage, built for him near their own mansion; where, partly to beguile leisure, partly to put forth his peculiar notions on all subjects where the heart is concerned, he engaged in the composition of *Eloise*, which, when published one or two years afterwards, turned the hearts and heads of France, and rendered its author an object of universal attraction.

It was about this period that the fatal warp in judgment, of which we have before spoken, put forth in Rousseau's mind all its most diseased and humiliating eccentricities. Nursed in solitude, he had formed notions of friendship which reality was sure to disappoint. He had expected to meet in life with the "faultless monsters" of fancy. Every fresh acquaintance was accordingly hailed at first with the utmost enthusiasm, which, however, soon subsided;

disgust ensued, then suspicion, then alienation and, finally, invincible aversion. It was in this way that his connexion with Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Saint Lambert, Grimm (to whose gossiping memoirs we owe so much delightful scandal), and a hundred others, began: in this way, too, it terminated. Even the noble family of the High Constable—to whom Rousseau was indebted for almost every comfort his hypochondriacal temperament would permit him to enjoy—were not secure in his mind from reproach. This evinced itself in the most petty and humiliating manner. If they ever invited him to the château, it was, he said, to make a butt of him; if they respected his infirmities and his solitude, they treated him, he would add, with contempt: either way, they were sure to be wrong, and himself the injured party. Such feelings—which, though carried to the extreme in Rousseau, are by no means restricted to him,—are the necessary results of an ill-balanced temperament. While youth lasts, they are in some degree kept under by the generous buoyancy, and freedom from distrust, of that age; but as years roll on, and the simplicity of life becomes discoloured with the taint of the world, the counteracting power is lost, and the mind compelled to drift headlong at the mercy of a wild, capricious, and jaundiced disposition. Rousseau's invariable defect was the substitution of feeling for principle. He had few speculative opinions independently of sentiment: this with him was every thing; it made him the leading writer of his age, and it made him a wretch. He seemed altogether to throw overboard the notion that man is as much a creature of reason as of sensibility; he objected to Hume that he was dispassionate, and to Voltaire that he was a wit—as if such peculiarities were not strictly within the province of nature, as much, and even more so, than his own forced and heated fancy. But he paid the penalty—and a dreadful penalty it was—of this infirm quality of mind. After hurrying from place to place—from Geneva to the Hermitage, from the Hermitage to the Boromean islands; after being driven from one country with contempt, and received in another with enthusiasm; after wandering for years over Europe, and even venturing into the extreme recesses of Wales—this poor, wretched misanthrope—alone, forlorn, deserted in his age, owning kindred with none, rejecting pity with scorn, and repaying kindness with distrust; a pensioner, yet professing independence; a slave, yet a braggart of his freedom—returned once again to Paris, from which, after a brief, restless stay, he finally set out for one of the adjacent provinces, there to close his eyes and die.

The manner of his death has been variously related. Some say that he committed suicide; others, that he was attacked with a fit of epilepsy; others, that he fell a victim to that unconquerable dejection which for years had been preying on and withering the energies of his mind and body. In this state of doubt we shall, as a matter of course, incline to the charitable side, and take as our guide a slight memoir penned a few days after his decease, and widely circulated throughout Paris. According to this narrative, Rousseau had been ailing for

some weeks: but it was not until within a day or two of his death that he anticipated the slightest danger. His love of nature—and this, be it said to his honour, was an enthusiastic passion that neither age nor infirmity could quench—remained with him to the last. He rambled daily to a summer-house situated at the bottom of his garden, and there, seated with some favourite book in his hand, would send his thoughts abroad into eternity, on whose threshold he was even then unconsciously standing. A few friends who lived near him, and who, by respecting his infirmities, had, somehow or other, contrived to preserve his good opinion, occasionally called in to see him; and to them only was his approaching change apparent: he himself was alternately sanguine and desponding to the last. On the morning of his dissolution, he had risen sooner than usual, and after passing the earlier parts of the day in pain, grew considerably better towards evening, and requested to be wheeled out in a low garden-chair towards his favourite summer-house. The day until twelve o'clock had been clouded, but it cleared up at noon, and the freshness of the air, the hum of the insects, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers as they lifted up their heads after the rain, revived the languid spirits of the invalid. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought, in which state he was found by a neighbour who had accidentally called in to pay him a visit. "See," said Rousseau, as he approached, "how beautifully the sun is setting! I know not why it is, but a presentiment has just come over me, that I am not doomed to survive it. Yet I should scarcely like to go before it has set, for it will be a satisfaction to me—strange, perhaps, as it may seem to you—that we should both leave the world together. His friend (it is he himself that relates the story) was struck by the singular melancholy of this remark, more especially as the philosopher's countenance bore but too evident an impress of its probable truth. Accordingly, he strove with officious kindness to divert the stream of Rousseau's thoughts: he talked to him of indifferent matters, hoping thereby that he would regain his cheerfulness, but was concerned to find that every attempt was vain. Rousseau, at all times an egotist, was now solely occupied in the contemplation of himself and his approaching change. His thoughts were immovably fixed on death: he felt, he repeatedly exclaimed, that he was fast declining; and, every now and then, after closing his eyes for a minute or so, would languidly open them again, as if for the purpose of remarking what progress the sun had made towards the west. He remained in this state of stupor for a considerable time, when suddenly he shook it off, gazed about him with nearly all his wonted animation, and after bursting into a feeble rhapsody about his unwearied love for nature, turned full towards the sun, with the devotional aspect of a Parsee. By this time the evening had far advanced, and his friend endeavoured to persuade him to return into the house. But no; his last moments, he was resolved, should be spent in the open air. And they were so. Scarcely had the sun set, when the eyes of Rousseau began also to close: his breath grew

thicker, and was drawn at longer intervals; he strove to speak, but finding the effort vain, turned towards the friend at his elbow, and pointed with his hand in the direction of the red orb, which just at that moment dropped behind the horizon. This was his last feeble movement: an instant longer, and Rousseau had ceased to live.

We stop not to detail the particulars of the sensation that his death occasioned throughout France: but, contenting ourselves with this brief and meagre, but impartial memoir, come at once to the consideration of his character as an author. And here, if we could forget the insidious principles that every where pervade his works, and lurk like thorns beneath the flowers of his intellect, our task would be one of unmixed praise. But we cannot do so; a regard to the decencies of life compels us to remember that the writings of Rousseau teem with the most pestilential doctrines, couched in language so beautiful, so eloquent, that the fancy is flattered, while the judgment is wheeled on to its destruction. The *Eloise*—that unequalled model of style and grace—is full of a certain captivating simplicity that seems the inspiration of an unsophisticated nature. But it sets out on wrong principles; it requires the reader to grant that female modesty and virtue are consistent with immoral indulgences, that vice is only vice when detected, and that the heart is the best and most correct moral guide through life. This last is an extravagant Utopian doctrine, at variance with principle, at variance with all that has made society what it is, and still contributes to preserve its decorum. Yet it is the key to unlock the mysteries of *Eloise*. The heroine is there represented as a young lady full of superlative sensibility, without judgment, without principle, though eternally boasting of both. Attached enthusiastically to Saint Preux, the friend and instructor of her youth, she is yet compelled, by the force of circumstances, to link herself and fortunes to an atheist. By this person she has a large family; but, though true adulteress, from whose impassioned soul guiltless of infidelity towards him, her mind has received a taint: she is, in fact, a speculative wife is unable to root out the mistress. Her very last letter—that affecting composition which it is scarcely possible to read without tears—though dated from a death-bed, breathes the spirit of guilty and incurable infatuation. To make matters worse, the object of this infatuation returns, after a long absence, from abroad; and, notwithstanding that his presence must be a perpetual memento of the past, replete with danger, Madame de Wolmar (the married name of *Eloise*) receives him with unfeigned ecstacy, and not only insists on his taking up his abode exclusively with her, but (grateful, no doubt, for the valuable moral principles which he had instilled into her own mind) is indiscreet—not to say mad—enough to propose him as a tutor to her children. As if her own invitation were not sufficient, her husband is persuaded to add his entreaties, even though that husband has been previously made acquainted with the circumstance of Saint Preux's former intimacy with his wife. Now all this, we roundly assert, is monstrous, and

has no prototype in nature. When we say no prototype, we would be understood to mean that it has never been, and never will be, found connected with that refined sensibility and exquisite sense of decorum with which Rousseau has invested these inconsistent creations of his fancy. A wife anxious for her children's morals, proud of her husband, and passionately devoted to the pure and simple enjoyments of home, would never peril her own reputation, or that of her family, by encouraging an attachment framed in guilt, and at variance with the most obvious duties. If, however, she did encourage such attachment, she would not rest satisfied, as *Eloise*—and herein lies an additional violation of nature—is represented to have been, with the mere theoretical enjoyments of guilt: she would at once reduce speculation to practice. In like manner, a husband described as being endowed with an almost romantic sense of honour, and even with a sceptical turn of mind that had its origin in principle, would never, consistently with these qualities, look with indifference on the hazardous condition of a wife who trod daily on a precipice enwreathed with flowers: he would either snatch her from the brink, or perish with her. But, supposing he relied on her virtuous self-possession for her safety, he would then show himself utterly unacquainted with the human heart: so that, in either sense, whether viewed as a man of the world, or a man of honour, (and Rousseau invests him with both qualities in the extreme,) Monsieur de Wolmar must be set down as a picturesque but ludicrous anomaly.

As the characters of the *Eloise* are unnatural, so also are the sentiments—those, at least, which profess to adapt themselves to reality. They are couched, as we before observed, in sweet and honied language, yet inculcate the most pernicious morals. They bubble up with apparent artlessness from a good and benevolent heart, yet are tainted all over with miasma. Vice is taught to lipe the sentiments of a generous wisdom: the language of the Ceroonian Pallas is mouthed by the Cyprian Venus; *Eloise* prates of chastity, Saint Preux of reason, and both, of the charms of patriarchal innocence and simplicity. It was upon a principle pretty similar to this, and at least with equal sincerity, that the Gracchi complained of sedition. It has been the object with many undoubted moral authors, to paint the fascinations of vice in the most alluring colours, in order to contrast it afterwards with the penalties it must pay perforce to virtue, and thus to work out a more obvious and impressive homily. This is not the case with Rousseau. Vice, throughout his *Eloise*, robed in the garb of modesty, is triumphant; she is even pitied, and monopolizes the tears due to her celestial adversary. Who, except by the determined efforts of a strong mind, can bear for an instant to condemn Madame de Wolmar—the beautiful—the sensitive—the confiding? Who can forget her high-wrought, impassioned youth, her exceeding love of nature, of art, of all, in short, that contributes to the grace, the ornament, and the simplicity of existence? Even up to the present moment, though years have elapsed, fashions have changed, and literature

has diverged into new channels, she is ever visibly before us. The rocks of Meillerie breathe of her—Clarens is eloquent of her name—Vevay whispers it through all her woods—and the evening breeze, as it sighs over the blue waters of Geneva, repeats the last parting that rent the souls of herself and her unforgotten lover. She has a distinct—a separate—an undivided existence in our memories: for the *Eloise*, be it observed, is not a book to be laid aside with childhood; it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; we abjure its principles, but, despite ourselves, we hug its sensibility to our hearts; and even when we repudiate it as the true *Libër Amoris*, or Book of Love, it puts forth new claims to our admiration by its exuberant fullness of ideas, its ingenious sophistry, and faultless style. We own throughout its pages the presence of a powerful and analytical mind, that has studied—deeply studied—the origin and progress of even its slightest emotions, and noted them down, fresh as they rose, one after the other, from patient and acute investigation, with all the overwhelming earnestness of sincerity.

The "Confessions," like the "*Eloise*," abounds in impassioned sentiment, but possesses in parts a vein of indignant sarcasm, of which the other is devoid. It is the history—and a mournful one it is—of Rousseau's own mind; of his progress from childhood to age, from first enthusiasm to final despair. It is full of detailed accounts of his connexion with Madame de Warrens, Therese, and his unrequited fondness for Madame de Houdetot, the plain but faithful mistress of Saint Lambert. It is, in fact, the autobiography of an ardent, self-willed mind, at one time capable of the loftiest flights of virtue; at another, equal to the most contemptible misdeeds. What can be more inconsistent than the candour that could afford to acknowledge that, in order to avoid punishment, it falsely accused a poor, unfriended maiden of theft, and the meanness that could stoop to act so? But, from first to last, Rousseau was the child of caprice: his actions were all impulses—they could never be relied on.

With regard to the literary excellence of his *Confessions*, it is lavish and splendid in the extreme. Each chapter abounds (as suits occasion) in passages of unaffected simplicity, of glowing declamation, of energetic scorn, and sweet descriptive beauty. In proof of this, we may adduce Rousseau's account of his first introduction to Madame de Houdetot—of his solitary walk every morning, to steal one kiss from this idol of his enthusiasm—of his proud expectations—unwearied attachment, which neither absence on his own part, nor indifference on that of his mistress, could extinguish—and of his subsequently blighted hopes. Nor is that passage to be forgotten wherein he describes his ecstatic feeling of enjoyment, while sailing about at evening in his boat, far away from the sight of the human countenance, and surrounded only by the grandest forms of nature—the towering mountain, the shrubless crag, the soft, luxuriant meadow, through whose daisied herbage wound a hundred silver rivulets, sparkling in the red sunset, and lapsing on their course in music and in happiness.

Yet the whole passage—beautiful as it undoubtedly is, and conceived in the rapt fervour of poetic inspiration—is false to nature, and equivocal in sentiment. It is in direct contradiction to the experience of ages—surely entitled to some little deference even from so headlong a reformer as Rousseau—which has left it on the records of a thousand volumes that the unreasonable indulgence of solitude is a factitious feeling, engendered by a diseased, and confirmed by an unsocial intellect. Amid passages, however, of such doubtful (to say the least of them) sensibility, it is delightful to catch now and then glimpses of another and a nobler nature. It is like the bursting in of sudden sunshine upon November's gloom. Of such a redeeming character is Rousseau's account of the periwinkle, which by accident he picked up in one of his Alpine botanical excursions. His simple exclamation of delight at the recognition, "*Ah, voilà la pervenche!*" goes deeper to the heart than a thousand elaborate homilies. It was not the mere flower itself, but the associations thereby engendered, that filled the philosopher's eyes with tears, as he pressed it with fervour to his lips. Eight and thirty years before, while rambling with Madame de Warrens through the same neighbourhood, he had gathered that very flower. Time had nearly effaced the circumstance from his mind—age had crept over him—the object of his unceasing attachment had been long since consigned to earth; but here was a talisman to recall the past; this little simple mountain-plant bore about with it a magic power that could roll back the wheels of time, and array a haggard soul in the same sweet freshness which it wore in the morning of existence. As regards the pervading spirit of the *Confessions*, it is a work which sets out in a pensive vein of reflection, and terminates in the darkest, the fiercest misanthropy. Yet, whether for good or evil—whether to sear with scorn, or melt with tenderness—the spirit of a mighty genius moves along each page, free, undisguised, and unchartered as the wind. Indeed, had Rousseau shown but half as much talent in palliating misery as he has shown in forestalling and aggravating it, he would have been the greatest man that ever existed. But baneful as is the character of his productions, they inculcate—the *Confessions* more especially—an impressive, but unconscious moral. They convince the unformed, wavering mind, that true happiness is only to be found where it holds in respect the social and the moral duties; that sensibility, without principle, is like the tower built by the fool upon the sands, which the very first wave swept into annihilation; and that every departure from reason is a departure from enjoyment, even though accompanied by supreme abilities.

Having thus discussed impartially the character of Rousseau's chief works, it remains, as some slight apology for their obliquities, to say a few words respecting the age in which he flourished. He wrote at a period when the French mind, drugged with a long course of anodyne literature, made up from prescriptions unchanged through a tedious succession of ages, was eagerly prepared to receive any alternative that might exhilarate its intellectual

constitution. Previous to his time, France was trammelled by Aristotelian regulations, which, whether for the drama, the closet, or the senate, prescribed one uniform style of composition—correct, but cold—polished, but insipid; founded essentially on the imitative, and deprecating—as was the case with the Augustan age in England, which derived its mental character from the French court—any departure from the old established classics of Greece and Rome as downright unadulterated heresy. Voltaire was the first to break through the ice of this formality: he threw a vivifying power into literature, which sparkled with a thousand coruscations, and drew forth the dormant energies of others. Rousseau was one of the master-spirits thus warmed into life: his predecessor, by his novel and brilliant paradoxes, had triumphantly led the way; France was henceforth prepared to be astonished—overwhelmed—electrified; and Rousseau answered every expectation. This, perhaps, is but a poor apology for vice, that it adapts itself to the taste of the day; nevertheless, every man is more or less fashioned by the age in which he lives—few having, like our divine, unsullied Milton, the fortitude to precede it;—and if the gross immoralities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and still worse, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, are excused from consideration of the period in which they flourished, surely the same extenuating principle may with justice be applied to Rousseau? In addition to this, it must not be forgotten that his sentiments, however revolting they may appear to Englishmen, were, literally speaking, the received opinions of his country. They grew out of a courtly system of fashion which winked at adultery, discovered the refinements of morality in the grossness of an *ad libitum* intercourse with the fairer sex, and visited only with condemnation an uncouth person, bad address, churlish temper, or clownish dialect. At such a demoralized period—the necessary precursor of a revolution which should clear the polluted atmosphere—a man of first rate ability, a pander to the elegant sensuality of the age (which, according to Burke, lost “half its danger in losing all its grossness”), and an unflinching philosopher of the new school, was not likely to pass unnoticed. Rousseau felt this, wrote accordingly, and rendered himself immortal and a wretch. The secret of his success he has himself explained in a published conversation with Burke, wherein he observes, that finding that the old vehicle of literature was crazy and worn out, he took upon himself the task of renewing the springs, repainting the panels, and gilding the whole machine afresh. In other words, he resolved to extend the pathetic, deepen the unsocial, and pervert what little was left, of moral and religious sensibility among his countrymen. In this he too happily succeeded; but what were the penalties he paid for such success? The answer is tremendous! A shipwrecked character—a broken heart—a brilliant but unenviable immortality.

One word more. Rousseau has been frequently styled the champion, the apostle of freedom. Mr. Hazlitt, in particular, who in his clouded moments has much of his manner, has thus loved to designate him. This is cer-

tainly a saving clause, with nothing to disturb its effect but the circumstance of its utter falsity. The philosopher's independence, like his sentiment, was purely a factitious feeling. It was not the healthy, progressive growth of reason, but the forced production of sophistry. It could stoop to be the slave of the most effeminate, demoralizing vices, and—to adopt a sportsman's phrase—was begot by Irritability out of Selfishness and Egotism. Far different is the nature of the true apostle of liberty. The materials of his magnanimity originate with himself, they are beams reflected from the sunny purity of his own heart, and are mixed up with, and give a tone and colouring to, his most trifling actions. To be the true asserter of public freedom, the man himself must be free. No unworthy suspicions, no rash misanthropy, no prurient fancies, no truckling to sensuality, simply because it is clothed in the borrowed robes of sentiment, must be permitted to interfere with, or influence his opinions. His mind must tower above the ordinary level of mankind, as much in conduct as in intellect. It is not enough that he possess the ability to discuss; he must add the heart to feel and the disposition to practise, the mighty principle in its minutest as well as in its most comprehensive sense, for by the union of worth and genius alone—either of which, when disjoined, is useless—is the world's conviction ensured. Milton, whose ethics were so sublime, whose daily habits were so stainless, spoke from the heart when he declared himself the sworn foe to despotism; the Tell of private life gave abundant evidence of the public patriot; the moral influence of Washington as a dictator, was the necessary consequence of his worth as a man; but Rousseau, though he fled from clime to clime the fancied martyr to his virtue and his independence, wrote only from the promptings of an excited, a distrustful, and a dissatisfied mind. D.

From the Keepsake.

SONNET.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

A Gravestone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral.

“MISERRIMUS!” and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, grav'n upon the
stone;
Nought but that word assign'd to the unknown,
That solitary word—to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched
One,
Who chose his epitaph? Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown.
Nor doubt that he mark'd also for his own,
Close to these cloistral steps, a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
Softly!—to save the contrite, Jesus led.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ECHARD'S CONTEMPT OF CLERGY.

ECHARD is one of that strange school of prose writers who flourished in the interval between the decadence of the stately style of the writers of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the establishment in Queen Anne's reign, of that style of writing which, with little modification, has prevailed ever since. The prose writers of the days of the elder queen delighted in long, winding, involved sentences, dovetailed with innumerable parentheses, and spun through whole pages without much regard to the niceties of punctuation. They rejoiced also in abundant quotations, and strewed their margins thickly with references. Their writings have much more a foreign than an English air, and very often sound as if the author had thought in Latin. In the midst of this, however, we very often meet with a single sentence of exquisite melody, though, in general, this occurs more in the writings of the immediate successors of the Elizabethan writers than in her own time. Spenser furnishes some such occasionally in his Dialogue upon Ireland. His description of the wild flowers of Irish poesy, for instance, is a most harmonious passage. But we seldom meet them in Sir Philip Sidney; and we believe if the most noisy admirers of the Arcadia of that mirror of chivalry were to confess the truth, they would have to avow that they often were inclined to nod over the tedious prosing of his interminable periods.

In the divines of the days of King James and King Charles I.—particularly in Jeremy Taylor—such passages abound; and even Baxter furnishes them occasionally. But still the texture of the style was coloured by their continual studies in Latin. Most, indeed, of the great prose writers of the time were accustomed to write habitually in that language. Milton's English sentences are peculiarly cast in that form, and their ruggedness forms a strange contrast to the "linked sweetness long drawn out," of his versification. The unhappy nature of the subjects on which he chose to write—the squabbling polemics and politics of the day—afforded but little scope for fine writing; but the genius of the author of Paradise Lost occasionally glances forth even in these ungenial subjects. The sentence in which he compares England to an eagle clearing his long-abused sight—that in which he gives an inkling of his future poetic labours—and some others, are now familiar to the general reader. A hundred years after they were written, they were so completely unknown, that Warburton, in his controversy with Lowth, thought himself quite secure in taking one of them *verbatim*; or at least with such alterations only as adapted it to the purpose on which he was engaged; and Lowth, a professed English scholar, actually selected it in his answer, as a point of attack, for its bombastic fustian! Even now, with the exception of these *purpurei panni*, Milton's prose works are unknown to the literary world; and it is felt a much greater task to read his English than his Latin. Without deserving the very high praise of classicality which has been poured upon them,

by persons, however, not very much distinguished as classical scholars, the two defences of the English people flow in a smooth, and sometimes even a Ciceronian style. The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, the Defence of Smectymnus, &c. are as harsh and unmusical as "a brazen canstick turned, or a dry wheel grating upon an axletree."

The circumstances of the time filled the serious writers on the parliamentary side with Hebraisms and Græcisms; and a display of such learning was the fashion among the sworn enemies of king and bishop. The return of Charles II. altered the mode. The imitation of the "Prick-Eared Roundheads" was out of the question: on the contrary, it was a sufficient condemnation to any thing that it had been used by them. The residence of the mimic court so long on the continent had made French fashionable; and, unquestionably, the reign of Louis XIV. afforded admirable models of every kind of writing, except the epic and the highest tragic. But, unfortunately, all imitators are a *seruum pecus*; and our writers did not improve by the adoption of the French style. From their plays they borrowed only the rhyme and rhodomontade, for which they did not scruple to sacrifice Shakspeare. The comedies of Molière, in the hands of his English imitators or translators, lost all their wit; and if they retained their humour, they retained it in company with buffoonery exaggerated, and obscenity added. In this latter particular, our English wits are particularly blameable. They had no model for their grossness in France, where, though society was corrupt and depraved, it assumed the mantle of decency. But, in England, a desire to show as much detestation of the sanctimoniousness of the Praise-God-Barebones people as possible, led at once to the open expression of the utmost indecencies; and Charles had neither the taste nor the decorum to repress it. On the contrary, indeed, we may see, by Grammont and other reverend authorities, that he turned his court into grossness. It would be impossible, we think, to equal, even in the most licentious writers of antiquity, the mass of abomination which Jeremy Collier raked together, when he turned his vigorous and unsparing hand against the writers for the stage.

But as we are not now considering the morality, but the style of the writers of the reigns of Charles II. and James II.—a style which lingered even into the reign of George II.—we may pass this part of the subject. A general contempt for the elder writers seized upon all the persons of quality in those days; and even Dryden himself was so far infected with the spirit of the times, that he deemed it necessary to apologize for Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which he assured his readers contained much fine poetry, though not quite polished enough, until he had taken it in hand, for the age. "As if," says Schlegel, indignantly—"as if the age of Charles II. was superior to that of Elizabeth!" Their immediate predecessors they treated as dull fops (a favourite phrase of theirs), and determined that their own writings should be distinguished by a free, airy, and jaunty manner. This was their peculiar

boast—that they wrote with ease; and it was not immediately found out that easy writing was hard reading. The French, they saw, wrote as they spoke—the admirable fitness of their language for conversation putting no great difference between their written and their colloquial manner; and, accordingly, in England, their followers determined on doing the same. Our language was never, at any period, suited for this—but least of all at the very time when the attempt was made. The conversation of the very highest circles of the court itself was of the lowest description—slang, cant, selling bargains, *double entendre*, *smut*—every vice of vulgarity, in short, infected it. He who excelled most in these accomplishments was the wittiest fellow, the most sparkish man about town. Tom D'Urfey's songs were the fashion; and Tom dedicated his "Pills to purge Melancholy"—a collection which contains (among much curious and humorous matter, we admit) songs of the most gross indecency, and the most disgusting filth—to one of our queens; with a boast, in his preface, that he had been a favourite of all the preceding monarchs of England: and he spoke the truth. Dryden informs us that he has often seen King Charles the Second leaning on Tom's shoulders, to balance his unsteady feet, while Tom held a music-book to the king, who, in that posture, sang the bass to the poet's treble, in presence of the court.

The prose-writers took care that their style should be as familiar as that of the poet. The excess of their slipshod is scarcely credible to any one who has not examined them with some attention. Their sentences continually remind us of the low drolling of hackney-coachman, or the eloquence of Billingsgate. They appear actually to revel in nasty allusions, and are never deterred from hunting out a dirty simile to its minutest particulars, or from expatiating on a dirty story in its fullest details, from any squeamishness about a word. Swift, who was born in their time, borrowed this particular from them; and he is the last of our writers to whom the reproach applies. It is from him rather than from Addison that we should date our present prose style—though occasionally, and particularly in his earliest composition, the *Tale of a Tub*, some traces of the school of Charles are visible.

Sir Roger L'Estrange was perhaps the person who carried this mode of writing to its highest—except, perhaps, Sir Thomas Urquhart, in his translation of Rabelais. Urquhart had some apology in the original on which he was employed, though by no means so much as is imagined by those who have not examined Rabelais himself. Lord Woodhouselee would not have pronounced Sir Thomas's translation as absolutely perfect, if he had consulted the original with any care. In the boisterous and roaring parts of that strange romance, Sir Thomas is certainly at home: but he misses altogether the grave tone of Rabelais, and is quite at a loss when he attempts to convey the frequent touches of severe and stern irony, which abound amid bursts of buffoon and tumultuous merriment. But, certainly, except Sir Thomas, no other person can claim equal

honour in this particular with his brother knight, Sir Roger. In his translation of *Æsop*, it is quite amusing to hear the language of the coffee-houses and taverns of the Strand or Fleet-street, the "bargain-selling" of the green-rooms, or the coggling language of the Mint or Southwark, then the refuge of runaway-debtors, and other persons out of sorts with fortune—put into the mouth of the wild animals roaming in the forest. The lions, wolves, foxes, and sheep of Sir Roger were all qualified, by wit and manners, to sit as critics in the first rows of the pit on the night of a new piece, and to give their opinions upon it with all the modish grace of a town gallant over a flask of burnt claret at the Devil Tavern. In serious writers the same defects were visible. Locke's style is vulgar and slovenly. Burnet is filled with low colloquialisms, which have rendered him the butt of Swift. The same might indeed be said of all writers of the time: but we intend to speak only of Echard.

Laurence Echard was born in Suffolk, in 1636, and admitted of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, in 1655. He became, in process of time, Master of that Hall, and Vice-Chancellor of the University. He died in 1697, having spent a peaceful life in literary leisure. His principal works must have cost him little trouble, being merely thrown off to amuse himself. He writes precisely in the style which we have been describing, and the subjects on which he occupied his pen were those in which it is most successful. Well adapted for vulgar comedy, it reads as if we listened to a professional droll; and Echard's principal work, "On the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy," is scarcely any thing else but a grave banter upon the style of education, and the manner of preaching prevalent among some divines of his time. The conception is Lucian's, and is, in a great measure, founded upon the celebrated treatise on the art of writing history by the wit of Samosata. Echard avows his strong predilection for the "prodigious Lucian," and also for the great "Don of Mancha," and had certainly studied the latter in the then popular translation of Don Quixote.

The book is hardly known now to general readers; but it made no small noise in its day. Echard, who wrote anonymously, in his preface disclaimed being a clergyman—we suppose suspecting that his performance would not be generally palatable among his clerical brethren. The preface itself is only remarkable for the following passage:—"I am not," says he, "I'll assure you, any of those occasional writers, that, missing preferment in the University, presently write you their new way of education; or, being a little tormented with an ill-chosen wife, set forth the doctrine of divorce to be truly evangelical." This alludes to Milton; and so slightly did his contemporaries speak of our great poet! And the book which contains this sneer was published in 1670—three years after the publication of *Paradise Lost*! We do not remember that any of the biographers or critics of Milton have taken notice of the passage.

Echard enters into his subject at once, and takes it for granted, without scruple, that the

contempt entertained for the clergy was a thing so notorious that it needed no proof. His business was only how to account for the existence of this universally admitted fact; and he begins with the beginning. He seeks its first cause in the education which they received—finding the greatest fault with the system of confining youth to a Latin and Greek education. Since Echard's time, this most vexata questio has been examined over and over, and it would be useless to repeat his arguments here. He is for giving them a more practical education:—

"Or suppose, they were taught (as they might much easier be than what is commonly offered to them) the principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, and such alluring parts of learning: as these things undoubtedly would be much more useful, so much more delightful to them, than to be tormented with a tedious story how *Phaeton* broke his neck; or how many nuts and apples *Tyrtus* had for his supper. For most certainly youths, if handsomely dealt with, are much inclinable to emulation, and to a very useful system of glory; and more especially if it be the reward of knowledge; and therefore if such things were carefully and discreetly propounded to them, wherein they might not only earnestly contend amongst themselves, but might also see how far they outskill the rest of the world; a lad hereby would think himself high and mighty, and would certainly take great delight in contemning the next unlearned mortal he meets withal. But if instead hereof, you diet him with nothing but rules and exceptions; with tiresome repetitions of *amo's* and *τυτ'ω's*; setting a day also apart to recite *verbatim* all the burdensome task of the foregoing week (which I am confident is usually as dreadful as an old Parliament fast) we must needs believe that such a one, thus managed, will scarce think to prove immortal by such performances and accomplishments as these. You know very well, Sir, that lads in the general, have but a kind of ugly and odd conception of learning; and look upon it as such a starving thing, and unnecessary perfection (especially as it is usually dispens'd out unto them) that nine-pins and span-counter are judged much more heavenly employments: and therefore what pleasure, do we think, can such a one take, in being bound to get against breakfast two or three hundred rumpers out of *Homer*, in commendation of *Achilles' toes*, or the *Grecian's boots*? Or to have measured out unto him, very early in the morning, fifteen or twenty well laid on lashes, for letting a syllable slip too soon, or hanging too long upon it; doubtless, instant execution upon such grand miscarriages as these, will eternally engage him to a most admirable opinion of the *Muses*."

This is a fair specimen of his style. He appears to have had a great dislike for *Homer*, which was a common feeling, indeed, among all the class of writers of which he was one. In his defence of his book—for he was immediately assailed—he recurs to this passage, which had been attacked by one of his antagonists:—

"And as for the business of *Homer*, if the *Answerer* will promise me not to be angry, I

will for once chuse rather to be of my Lord *Bacon's* opinion than his, who tells us in his advancement of learning, 'That he can without any difficulty pronounce, that the fables of *Homer* (notwithstanding he has been made a kind of scripture by the later schools of the *Græcians*) had no such inwardness in his meaning; but, however, as the *Answerer* well observes, there is somewhat else in *Homer* besides *Achilles' toes*. But I profess, Sir, my mind did so run upon the so often commended *moreables* of the *Captain* (τίς αὐτός) that I might easily forget the *buckle-garters*. But is there nothing else in that ancient and venerable poet, but stories of *footmanship*, and such like low accomplishment? Was it not he that laid down the first elements of *physic* and *chirurgery*; and gave the first glimpses for scraping of lint, and spreading plaisters upon leather? Is he to be undervalued, that is not only the most *Christian*, but most *protestant* of poets; in whose works you may not only find all *practical deity*, as fast as in the little book of *piety* itself; but most cases of conscience warily resolved, and knotty controversies acutely decided? Is he to be called a *rumbler*, who glides as smooth as a star, or a fired rocket of tow?—who was not like common confined mortals, born at one dull place; but at no less than seven the most eminent cities of the *East*? Is he, with whose works *Alexander* alone could take rest, whereas the whole world besides could not content him?"

After some drolling about the commentators discovering all science in *Homer*, and some sneers by a side-wind at *Virgil*, he proceeds:—

"But withal, Sir, I must beg leave to put in a caution or two, as to what was said a little before concerning *Homer*; and then not a word more of *Homer* all this year. And first of all I have made some little enquiry, concerning *Alexander* laying him under his pillow; and I find that the learned differ; some placing him only upon a stool by the bed-side, and others over his head upon a little ridge: the ancient manuscripts not fully agreeing about *ὅς* and *ὅς*; and as for *Rablais*, I shall not undertake for his being of the reformed religion; but as to *divine mysteries*, I think that *Homer* and he may equally pretend; and though comparisons are odious, yet I am somewhat forward to acknowledge that the mighty spirit of *Garagantua*, declining the vulgar way of coming into the world, and cunningly crawling up the *hollow rein*, and so making his escape under his mother's ear, is not much inferior either for honour or strangeness, to that seven-city birth of *Homer*. I meet indeed sometimes with idle, extravagant people, that are so profane as to compare his poems to *Chrys Chace*, but such I always check, shewing them plainly, that when the poet has a mind to recreate his readers to purpose, then by the elegant help of his little tickling *τς S*, and *δς S*, he could do it so effectually, that nothing ever came more delightful from the town of *Athens*. What more *Theorbo-like* than *τὸν δ' ἀνέβη* ἵσταται Πάριος ἀδριανὸς Πάριος. But indeed when the broad sides of *Poluphloisboios*, the *Hippodamios*, and the *Poluscarthmoios*, are dreadfully discharged towards the upper

end of the school, and the noise thereof come grumbling down like a cart over a wooden bridge, I will not say but that a small lad or so, of a tender constitution, may chance to creep underneath the table. But to make an end, Sir, of this; questionless there is a very peculiar and secret worth in several authors; and if you want a bit of ancient authority, to plant classically upon the title-page of your book, there is none that is more fit, or has been more serviceable, than the worthy *post* before mentioned. Nay, so serviceable has he been in this kind, that I durst almost venture to say, that if he should by any misfortune be afterwards utterly lost, he might be so far picked up by *pieces* out of title pages, that there should scarce be wanting one *τὸν δ' ἀπολαύσαντες*.

In a similar vein he disparages the reading usual at colleges, and recommends that good English books should be substituted for the poets of Greece and Rome. We are sorry that he has not given a list of those whom he would have recommended: Milton, certainly, would not have been one. The want of reading English books, he contends, prevents youth from acquiring a good English style:—

"It is very curious to observe, what delicate letters your young students write after they have got a little smack of University learning! In what elaborate heights and tossing nonsense will they greet a downright English father, or a country friend! If there be a plain word in it, and such is used at home, this tastes not, say they, of education amongst philosophers, and it is counted damnable duncery and want of phansie: because, *your loving friend*, or *humble servant*, is a common phrase in country letters; therefore the young *epistler* is *yours to the Antipodes*, or at least to the *centre of the earth*; and because ordinary folks *love and respect* you, therefore you are to him the *pole star*, a *Jacob's staff*, a *load-stone*, and a *damask rose*.

"And the misery of it is, this pernicious accustomed way of expression, does not only oft times go along with them to their benefice, but accompanies them to their very grave; and for the most part an ordinary *cheese-monger*, or *plumb-seller*, that scarce ever heard of an University, shall write much better sense, and more to the purpose than these young philosophers, who injudiciously hunting only for great words, make themselves learnedly ridiculous."

Beyond question, if they followed the dialect in which this censure upon them is written, they could not be accused of aiming at a very elevated standard of composition!

But the mischief was not confined to letter-writing. The mode of education at colleges was the cause of the "high-tossing and swaggering preaching—either mounting eloquent, or profoundly learned:—and here begins the most amusing part of his book. He proceeds to give examples of false taste in preaching, as his model, Lucian, in the *Συγγραμματα*, gives examples of the false taste of his contemporary historians. First we have the metaphorical preacher:—

"For example, perhaps one gentleman's metaphorical knack of preaching comes of the sea, and then we shall hear of nothing but

star-board, and *lar-board*, of *stems*, *sterns*, and *forecastles*, and such like salt-water language: so that one had need take a voyage to *Smyrna* or *Aleppo*, and very warily attend to all the sailor's terms, before I shall in the least understand any teacher. Now, although such a sermon may possibly do some good in a *coast town*, yet upward into the country in an inland parish, it will do no more than *Syriack* or *Arabick*. Another he falls a fighting with his text, and make a pitched battle of it, dividing it into the *right wing* and the *left wing*; then he *rears* it, *flanks* it, *intrenches* it, *storms* it; then he *musters* all again, to see what word was lost, or *lan'd* in the skirmish, and so falling on again with fresh valour, he fights backward and forward, charges through and through, *rouls*, *kills*, *takes*, and then gentlemen, *as you were*. Now, to such of his parish as have been in the late wars, this is not very formidable; for they do but suppose themselves at *Naseby* or *Edge-hill*, and they are not much scared at his doctrine; but as for others, who have not had such fighting opportunities, it is very lamentable to consider, how shivering they sit without understanding, 'till the battle be over. The like instance might be easily given of many more discourses; the metaphorical phrasing whereof, depending upon peculiar arts, customs, trades and professions, makes them useful and intelligible only to such who have been very well busied in such like employments."

After several other styles have been humorously discussed, we come to one very amusing one:—

"But for a short text, that certainly was the greatest break that ever was; which was occasioned from those words of St. Luke, chap. 23, ver. 28. *Weep not for me, weep for yourselves*, or as some read it, *but weep for yourselves*. It is a plain case, Sir; here are but eight words, and the business was so cunningly ordered, that there sprang out eight parts: *Here are*, says the doctor, *eight words and eight parts*. 1. *Weep not*. 2. *But weep*. 3. *Weep not, but weep*. 4. *Weep for me*. 5. *For yourselves*. 6. *For me, for yourselves*. 7. *Weep not for me*. 8. *But weep for yourselves*. That is to say, *North, North and by East, North North East, North East and by North, North East, North East and by East, East North East, East and by North East*. Now it seems not very easy to determine which has obliged the world, he that found out the *compass*, or he that divided the forementioned text: but I suppose the cracks will go generally upon the doctor's side, by reason what he did was done by undoubted art, and absolute industry; but as for the other, the common report is, that it was found out by mere foolish fortune. Well, let it go how it will, questionless they will be both famous in their way, and honourably mentioned to posterity."

The ingenious divine who preached on "Weep not for me," &c. was Dr. Playfere, who flourished about the end of the reign of Elizabeth; and it must be confessed, that he and the other divines abovementioned made almost as much of their texts as the facetious John Dodd did of the short text given him by the thieves—*viz.* "Malt."

These extracts will suffice to show Echard's style. There are many of his sketches of character, as of the dandy, the philosopher "hot from Cartesius," and others who despise the clergy, admirably well done; but we have no space to extract them. We think a book on the preaching of the present day might be made a humorous one: there is as much room for it, as there was in the time of Echard.

His other principal work is a dialogue against Hobbes (on whose steel cap, as Warburton observes, every theologian thundered), between Philautus and Timothy—the name of which, at least, was remembered by Swift, when he wrote his dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Timothy. Echard was one of the Dean's favourite authors.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

"And dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by."—Byron.

O SPIRIT-LAND! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife—
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wary shadows float by and part;
Visions of aspects now lov'd, now strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a City of the Past,
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play,
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have
birth,
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth—
All the blighted flowers of our days gone by,
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
And the shapes, through thy mysteries that
come and go,
Are of Beauty and Terror, of Power and Wo.

But for me, O thou picture-land of sleep!
Thou art all one world of affections deep—
And wrong from my heart is each flushing dye,
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair!
All the beloved of my soul are there!
The forms, my spirit most pines to see,
The eyes, whose love hath been life to me.

They are there—and each blessed voice I hear,
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;
But under-tones are in each, that say—
"It is but a dream, it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow,
I listen to music of long ago;
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint
through the lay—
"It is but a dream, it will melt away!"

I sit by the hearth of my early days,
All the home-faces are met by the blaze—
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say,
"It is but a dream, it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis
gone,
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!
Oh! a haunted heart is a weight to bear—
Bright faces, kind voices!—where are ye,
where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams!
The past as it fled by my own blue streams—
Make not my spirit within me burn,
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er
return.

Call out from the future thy visions bright,
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn
light,
And oh! with the lov'd, when no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be.

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;
So my soul may bear on through the long, long
day,
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away.

F. H.

From the Monthly Magazine.

FACUNDO QUIROGA,

Governor of La Rioja, one of the interior Pro-
vinces of La Plata.

SOUTH AMERICA, though any thing but an exhausted subject of literary treatment, in the present day, has hitherto proved a marvellously dry and dull one, chiefly by reason (as it strikes us) of the peculiar views and motives which have attracted and actuated the various travellers who have been tempted to write upon it. Those persons have, for the most part, visited South America with trading views exclusively; and, though views of this nature are sufficiently interesting to the individual pursuing them, and are not without a corresponding importance to the commercial departments of our community, they seldom include matters likely to afford scope for much readable writing, however well informed the writer may be on the subject of which he treats, or however well skilled in turning that subject to the best account. Nevertheless, to turn his subject to some account or other in the way of a *written book*, seems to have been a contemplated item in the calculation of every one who has lately visited this most interesting country. The consequence is, that we have more books on South American matters than can find readers, and more readers (few as there are) than can find either the entertainment or the instruction that they seek.

The writer of the Sketches now about to be laid before the reader, feels himself in an altogether different position, in the above respects, from almost every other of those South American travellers who have preceded him in presenting their observations to the world;

and, if for no other reason, for this simple one alone—that he visited the country expressly in search of mingled amusement and general knowledge, and entirely freed from those peculiar views which have a tendency to fix the attention to one class of information exclusively, while they not only take away the inclination, but greatly abridge the ability, of successfully appropriating or applying any other. Moreover, his desultory wanderings were undertaken after a settled residence of many years in one part of the country, cut off from all intercourse with European society, and consequently perfectly familiar with the habits, feelings, manners, and above all, the language of the people, and enabled to assume (as, in fact, he *did* assume) the dress and appearance of the natives themselves.

These relative advantages over other travellers in South America were, perhaps, farther increased by the writer's disposition to search out and appropriate the singular and the romantic in all that presented itself to his notice, in a country where the romantic and the singular abound more than in any other on the face of the globe.

These, then, are the claims to attention which the writer of the following Sketches conceives himself to possess; and he is not without hope that they will be looked upon as some set-off against that literary inexperience of which he is far from being unconscious, and which, therefore, he has no wish either to deny or conceal.

Perhaps the English reader cannot be more promptly initiated into the manners, customs, and modes of feeling, which prevail in a particular and important district of La Plata, than by a brief biographical notice of one of the most extraordinary individuals of the present time—the facts of which are gathered from a personal residence in the province itself, over which that individual at present

“ Holds sovereign sway and mastery.”

Facundo Quiroga is the son of a wealthy estate-holder of those fine plains called the Llanos, forming part of the rich province of La Rioja, in which are situated the celebrated Famatina mines. Quiroga commenced his career of personal independence, by running away from his father, and associating himself with a band of vagabonds of all descriptions—thieves, deserters, and cattle-stealers. With these companions he led a wandering life for the space of three years, at which time the greater part of them were taken prisoners, and made soldiers of. As the hue and cry followed Quiroga also very closely, he disguised himself as a *peon*, or labourer, and went to Mendoza, where he worked in a vineyard for several months.

Prior to the revolution, every working man was obliged to have a letter of license, certifying his good character, without which he was liable to be sent to the army. During Quiroga's forced sojourn at Mendoza, an alcalde, or judge, met him one day in the street, and asked him for his license. Quiroga hesitated at first; and then, putting his hand under his *poncho*, apparently for the purpose of giving the paper, he suddenly drew his knife, and stabbed the alcalde, who fell dead on the spot.

He then instantly made his escape, and wandered for more than four months among the wilds to the southward, leading the life of a savage. At length, he was tempted to return to the town, and some of his female acquaintances betrayed him.

Amongst the Spaniards and their descendants (for what reason it would be difficult to divine), murder is looked upon as a very venial crime; and it is scarcely ever severely punished. On the present occasion, the Spanish authorities contented themselves with making a soldier of Quiroga.

About six months after this event, Beresford's expedition arrived, and took possession of Buenos Ayres; when all the king's troops were collected together to drive out the invaders, and Quiroga, among the rest, was marched to Buenos Ayres. Here he remained some years, when an unforeseen circumstance caused him to desert. He was one day placed as a sentinel at the gate of the *cuartel* (barrack), when an officer came up, and asked him some question; to which he returned an insolent reply. The officer immediately drew his sabre, and gave Quiroga a blow with the flat of it; upon which the enraged soldier sprang at his superior, disarmed him, and cut him down. By this time, some of the soldiers had made their appearance, with the intention of taking him into custody; but his ferocious looks alarmed them, and he was allowed once more to make his escape. Having procured a horse, he again took the road to Mendoza, dressed as a *gaucho*, which was literally his own character; for he was capable of any of the feats practised by this half-savage class of the South American community: he could break in a wild horse—lazo, hamstring, slaughter, and cut up a wild bull—fight with a knife or sabre—and endure hunger and thirst unrepiningly, when obliged by necessity. In riding, in particular, he was singularly skilful, and might almost be said to “grow upon his horse.” On his road to Mendoza, so audacious was he, that he even ventured to enter the town of San Luis, although he knew that his life was forfeited to the laws. Instead of taking a circuitous route, he rode boldly into the Plaza, (great square,) and dismounted at the door of a *pulperia*, (low tavern,) where some guitar playing and dancing was going forward. As he was known to be a stranger, an alcalde soon made his appearance, and demanded his passport; upon which he repeated his first exploit, as above alluded to. He made a motion as if to give the required document; but, instead of so doing, he drew a pistol, and shot the alcalde dead. He then instantly jumped upon his horse, and attempted to escape; but his beast was flagged, and fell with him, so that he was taken without difficulty.

As usual, he was put in prison, and his associates there were a number of the common soldiers belonging to the old Spaniards, who had been taken prisoners by San Martin in Chile. The ill treatment which these men experienced had induced them to form a plot for the purpose of breaking out and taking possession of the town. This was at the time San Martin's French agent, Dupuis, was the governor of the province of San Luis. This plan

was soon communicated to Quiroga, who immediately entered into the plot with them, but with a purpose very different from that which actuated his new companions. Having procured files, the party disencumbered themselves of their fetters in the course of the night; and, when the turnkey entered in the morning, he was instantly killed. Quiroga played what seems to have been his favourite part in this affair. On rushing out with his fetters in his hand, he used them as a weapon, fracturing, with one blow of them, the skull of the sentinel at the gate. He then seized his musket and bayonet; and, while the Spanish soldiers, to the number of about a hundred, ran along the streets, tumultuously shouting "*Viva el Rey!*" Quiroga remained in the rear, and, whenever any of the Spaniards lagged behind, he ran them through the back with his bayonet. In this way he had slaughtered upwards of twenty, before they found out the nature of his designs; but then it was too late to revenge their murdered companions, as the troops of Dupuis approached in front, and engaged their attention.

The half-armed Spaniards were now soon massacred, Quiroga being one of the most eager in their destruction; and, for these services, Dupuis rewarded him by giving him a lieutenant's commission, with which, together with his freedom and these new honours, he soon afterwards returned to La Rioja, and arrived there just as an expedition was preparing by Davila, the then governor of that province, against a military chief named Corro, who had just before revolutionized the province of San Juan, and rendered himself absolute. In this service, Quiroga soon attained the rank of captain; in which capacity he contributed so much to the success of the enterprise against Corro (who was defeated and shot), that the governor gave him a commission, as second in command of the troops of the province—the governor's brother, a gallant young man, being the first in command.

Quiroga now, for the first time in his life, began to entertain ambitious views, and to see the possibility of making himself absolute in his native province; and the tyrannical conduct of the two Davilas, soon afterwards gave him the opportunity of putting his views into effect. The governor had, just at this time, forced such heavy contributions on the inhabitants of the province, that all but those immediately connected with the government offices were inimical to him; and Quiroga, who was very popular among the *gauchos* of the Llanos, soon found that they would prove willing assistants if he attempted a revolution.

After intriguing with his friends for a short time, he threw off the mask, and took the field against the Davilas, at the head of about three hundred *gauchos*, half of whom were armed with sabres, and the remainder with knives and lazos. The governor became alarmed at this formidable conspiracy, and held himself aloof from action; but not so his more gallant brother. The latter, finding that his number of men was far inferior to those of Quiroga, left him in possession of the city of La Rioja, and retreated to Chilecito, where, having procured some old church bells, he caused four

rude cannon to be cast for him by a silversmith, with balls formed of the same metal. The balls and cartridges were packed up in boxes, placed on low wheels, so that they could be drawn along with a lazo fixed to a horse. To prevent the boxes from splitting, they were bound up with raw hide; and, when Quiroga suddenly made his appearance one morning, unexpectedly, at the head of his mounted *gauchos*, neither ball nor cartridge could be come at. However, the appearance of artillery made the *gaucho* cavalry keep their distance, and at last the boxes were opened; but a worse error was now discovered, for they found that the balls were too large for the bore of the cannon. Quiroga's party finding they were not fired at, again put their horses to their speed, and came to the attack; but a discharge of blank cartridge put them all to flight. They again rallied, and a second discharge again dispersed them; but they now found that the cannon were harmless, and, on the third attempt, they closed with their opponents, and rode down the artillerymen. Davila's troops now all dispersed; and their commander, finding that he was left alone, reined round his horse, with the intention of flying; but it was too late, a party had cut off his retreat, and all that remained for him was to sell his life as dearly as possible. He, therefore, placed the rear of his horse against a mud hut, and killed his two foremost assailants with pistol-shots, stunning a third with the pistols, which he threw at him. A fourth he cut down, and his horse then fell dead under him, killed by a carbine shot. He now disengaged himself from the fallen animal, and made it serve him as a rampart, over which the other horses would not charge for some time; but the unceasing efforts of the *gauchos* at last obliged them. Davila now cut down his fifth opponent; but his sabre breaking with the effort, he remained disarmed, and retreated into the hut. The *gauchos* with a furious shout of merciless exultation, now dismounted from their horses, and, rushing into the hut, after a vain struggle on his part, dragged him out by his long hair, on which he had greatly prided himself. One of the strongest of them then seated himself on the carcass of the dead horse, and, throwing Davila on his back across his knees, drew his head down by the hair, and after feeling the edge of his knife, with all the coolness of an experienced butcher, deliberately severed his head from his body; for, before the fight commenced, Quiroga had given orders to his men that Davila should have no quarter. As soon as he was dead, they disfigured his body most brutally.*

The governor, when he heard the news of his brother's defeat, fled away to Catamarca; and Quiroga who was anxious to extinguish the family tried a great many arts in order to procure his return, promising to treat him kindly. But Davila was too well acquainted with the object of his opponent to again trust himself within reach of his sword.

* This fact was communicated to the author in the village of Chilecito, by Dona Manuela Davila, the beautiful and accomplished sister of the unfortunate commandant.

The members of the Cabildo now begged of Quiroga to take upon himself the office of governor; but this did not, at the moment, coincide with his views. He considered that it was better for the present merely to retain the command of the troops; by which means he would be more absolute than the governor himself, whom he might displace whenever it answered his purpose. He, therefore, with much pretended humility, told the Cabildo that an ignorant man like himself was not qualified to fill so important an office, and that they had better elect some one else; at the same time, however, he took care to have it privately intimated to them on whom it was that he wished their choice to devolve. This was a man named Agueros, who had, during many years, been a travelling pedlar, and who possessed all the cunning and chicanery of his profession. This plan succeeded to his wishes; and Quiroga's influence was now unbounded. He also, by this time, possessed enormous estates—almost half the Llanos being his property—with a large number of cattle and horses; so that he left Agueros at full liberty to exercise what speculation he pleased in his office, and turn it to the best account, so long as he took no political measures which were disagreeable to his employer.

Quiroga now caused his house in the Llanos to be fitted up as a kind of fort, whither he removed Davila's four unfortunate cannon, and sent to Cordova to purchase 300 muskets and sabres, on the state account, which were also deposited in his house. He now ruled with absolute authority, there being no appeal from him, even on a matter of life and death. He also maintained a body of twenty mounted *gauchos* constantly about his house, as a sort of body-guard, who were ready, on all occasions, to ride and do his bidding. At two hours' notice he could, at any time, have 500 militia cavalry in readiness at his doors, to take their arms, and obey all his orders without questioning them; and, to prevent the possibility of these men being tampered with, he always retained the arms in his own custody when there was no necessity for taking the field: in fact, no eastern pacha could be more absolute. At the same time, he did not disdain those arts which tended to make him popular among the people on whom he depended for support. His dress and amusements were constantly those of the *gaucho*; and, whenever any dispute occurred before him, in which a rich and a poor man were concerned, he invariably took the part of the poor man, and decided in his favour, right or wrong; so that the poorer classes all spoke loudly in his praise, as the only refuge of the oppressed. He would sometimes kill a bullock, and set a barrel of wine running, to feast the *gauchos*, when they were collected together, and, by this means, rendered them devoted to his service.

Although Quiroga is, in person, a small, spare man, with a downcast countenance, he is possessed of great muscular and constitutional strength; and, owing to the influence which a strong mind always possesses over weak ones, he governs his followers as much by fear as by attachment. On one occasion, a man from the country came before him with a large sabre-

wound on his arm, which he complained had been given him by one of the *gauchos* then on guard, without any provocation. Quiroga ordered the guards into the apartment; and the wounded man pointed out the *gaucho* who had struck him. Quiroga addressed the *gaucho* as follows: "I shall punish you for two reasons; first, for the injustice you have done to this poor man; and, secondly, for not having used your sabre more dexterously than in the infliction of a mere flesh-wound, which is a disgrace to a soldier of mine." He then snatched a sabre from the man who stood next to him; and the *gaucho*, fearing what was about to take place, lifted his arm to protect himself—when Quiroga severed his arm from his body at a blow, and it fell powerless on the floor.—"Take him out," he added, as the man was bleeding to death, "and let the rest of you learn, from my example, how to strike." The infliction of such a blow from a small spare man like Quiroga, appeared to the men like the effect of magic, and they conveyed their dying comrade out of the apartment without a word.

Like most South American landholders, Quiroga does not despise any means of gain, however small; and, therefore, he keeps a shop at one end of his house, supplied with all the articles in request amongst the *gauchos*—as Manchester prints, men's coarse clothing, shirts, jackets, drawers, ponchos, red baize for making them, brandy, wine, *Yerra de Paraguay*, sugar, dried meat, bread, salt, red pepper, lard, tallow, candles, dried fruits, knives, flints and steels, tinder-boxes, tobacco, paper, small common prints of the Virgin and saints, shoes, bridle-bitts, stirrups, hide-reins, lazos, balls, and every other article in request. Of course, all the *gauchos* who wish to stand in favour with him purchase their necessities at his shop, in which one of his relations serves. By this means, he has a constant supply of ready money to pay his workmen, and the people about him; and his profits are about cent per cent. He kills one or two bullocks every day, and all the superabundant meat is sold in the shop. On one occasion, a poor man who had been to the shop passed by, with a very discontented air, the front of the house where Quiroga was sitting. The latter called him, and asked what was the matter; he replied that the *Capataz* (bailiff) had refused to sell him a *medio's*-worth (2½d.) of beef. "Where is your money?" replied Quiroga; and the man gave it him. He was then ordered to throw his lazo over the horns of a fine fat ox in the corral, worth seventeen dollars; he did so, and brought the animal to Quiroga, who said, "Take him home, and kill him, that you may eat beef." The poor man in astonishment replied, "But, my patron, how shall I ever be able to pay for it?"—"Why," replied his patron, "I have got your *medio*, and you have got my ox; if you are satisfied, I am; if not, I will return the money." The man went away, and spread the story of Quiroga's generosity far and near, who was more than repaid for his outlay in the popularity it procured him.

Such apparently generous acts as these, occasionally performed, enable Quiroga to rule, as an absolute and merciless tyrant, with impunity. No one dares to steal any of his herds,

which wander unmolested through the plains; but if, by chance, such a thing occurs, the offender is instantly brought to his house, and shot without mercy, frequently upon the bare allegation of a spiteful neighbour. But, as a compensation for this, the country people are allowed to plunder any of the other estate-holders (*estancieros*) whenever they can, with impunity. Quiroga is also a perfect adept in gambling, and constantly contrives to have some of the militia officers in his house to enable him to follow this pursuit, which he also turns to profit, and wins the whole of their money; after which he lends them more, only to follow the same road; and thus he contrives to keep them continually in his debt. Sometimes he will remit a portion of what is owing; so that, partly by fear and partly by affection, he keeps them all dependent on him. Whenever he visits the town of La Rioja, he is almost constantly at the billiard-table, and is the best player there. Occasionally, when a player has nearly lost a game, he will purchase his chance of him, and invariably turns the tables on his antagonist.

While Quiroga was leading the kind of life described above, the pedlar-governor, Agueros, was also busy in his department, making the most of his office, which he was conscious he only held at the pleasure of a demi-savage, who could depose him with the same facility with which he had placed him in power, whenever his caprice or interest prompted him so to do. The mint of the province consisted of a coarse wooden frame, through which a coarser iron screw worked with a double lever, weighted with lead. This rude machinery served to cut out the planchets, and also to stamp the coin, which was performed by the repetition of two or more strokes. A mud furnace, a hammer, and anvil, for making the plates from the ingots, a pair of hand-shears, and a small laminating mill, worked by hand, completed the equipment. At this elegant establishment, the miners had formerly been permitted to have their bullion coined, at a moderate percentage; but the governor now took the concern into his own hands, and coined for the state, buying the bullion of the miners at his own price. For gold he paid at the rate of 14 dollars per ounce, which, when coined, produced him about 19 dollars. Silver he purchased at 6 dollars per mark, and it produced him 9 dollars in the state of coin. And against this species of plunder the poor miners had no remedy; for, if they went to the shopkeepers to purchase goods with their bullion, they had to pay for them at a greatly increased rate. About a twelvemonth after the period of Agueros taking the coining department into his own hands, a man in Chilecito, finding what enormous profits were made by the governor, contrived to procure some files, hammers, chisels, stamps, and an anvil, with the intention of making money on his own account; but the governor hearing of it, went and took possession of the whole plant without ceremony.

Things were in this state until about the beginning of June, 1835, when the wife of the governor, Agueros, wrote a letter (a great indication of superior education) to a friend in the Llanos, in which she descanted very freely

on the character of Quiroga, saying, that both her husband and herself considered him as a savage *gaucho*, without any pretensions to the station which he held. This letter, by some chance, fell into the hands of Quiroga, who opened it without hesitation, and read it. He then sealed it up again, and sent it forward to its destination; so that nothing was known of the discovery he had made. But, from that moment, he determined in his own mind the deposition of the governor, for which he only wanted a convenient plea. This soon presented itself. On the pretence that it was necessary to lay out a new town for the residence of the miners, who were now increasing in numbers, Quiroga caused it to be intimated to the new governor that he wished this to be done. The governor, delighted at the idea of being able to execute his master's wishes, and thus curry favour with him, proceeded to the performance of the task with all the fawning complaisance of a slave. He certainly selected the best situation for such a purpose, viz. the site of a small village called Anguinan, situated about a league to the south-west of Chilecito. This village, composed of a number of straggling huts, containing about 150 souls, descendants of the indigenous inhabitants, or Indians, of the country, was situated in a small plain, through which ran a fine rivulet, serving to water a number of corn-fields, vineyards, orchards, &c., disposed in irregular figures, according to the fancy of the owners. The governor now applied to these poor people for their title-deeds, or grant (*merced*) from the king for the possession of their lands; but they had none to produce, as they merely possessed them from their forefathers, by the right of inheritance, without ever considering that the King of Spain had any thing to do in the matter. This was sufficient for Agueros, who immediately turned them out of their possessions, without giving them any remuneration whatever, and commenced the business of laying out and cutting streets through the cultivated grounds of the poor Indians, which just at the period had green crops upon them. The consequence was that the cattle got in, and every thing was destroyed. The governor then returned to La Rioja, applauding himself on the dexterity of his plan, without reflecting on the misery of the poor families whom he had reduced to a state of starvation. But retribution was hanging over his head.

The Indians, as their only resource, went in a body to the Llanos, to complain to Quiroga of the outrage. The cunning soldier had from the first foreseen what would happen. Though he did not consider the misery the Indians endured as of the slightest importance, still it was an excellent pretext for crushing the governor; and he forthwith sent an order to Agueros to restore the Indians their possessions, which he complied with in fear and trembling. About a week afterwards, Quiroga appeared in the suburbs of the town, at the head of about 200 *gauchos*; and, ordering them to halt, he rode forward to the governor's house alone, where he dismounted at the door, and entered in a *gaucho*-dress. Agueros immediately received him with the greatest humility, and desired him to be seated. "No!" replied Quiroga;

"it does not become a vulgar countryman, so clownishly dressed, to sit down in the presence of my lord governor." Quiroga's pretended humility satisfied the governor that it was all over with him, and he began to deprecate his anger in the most abject terms. Two *gauchos* entered at this moment with a pair of fetters (*grillos*), which, by Quiroga's orders, they instantly placed upon the quondam governor, who was declared to be deposed; and Quiroga then seated himself in his chair, saying, he did not now break through the rules of etiquette, in sitting down, as the governor was once more a private citizen. He then commenced a strain of coarse invective on the deposed puppet—telling him of his villany with regard to the coin, swearing that he should pay the poor Indians the damage he had done them, and that he would never leave him till he had stripped him of all his ill-gotten plunder. This, however, was not to be got at; for Agueros, who had been in the constant expectation of such a mischance as now befel him, had taken care to remove his self out of reach. He was now carried across the *Plaza*, and thrown into the common prison (which, in Spanish towns, is almost always opposite to the governor's house,) amidst the shouts of the common people, who rejoiced over the fall of the petty tyrant—forgetting that he, by whose means he had been deposed, was a greater tyrant still. The province now remained for upwards of a month without a governor, Quiroga transacting all the public affairs, without holding any cognizable situation, except that of commander-in-chief.

Nearly two months after the deposition of Agueros, he was suffered to retire from the province; and the Cabildo met for the purpose of electing a new governor. Their choice, as might have been expected, devolved upon Quiroga; but he again declined the honour, as an office he was inadequate to discharge with credit to himself, or benefit to the community. They sent a deputation to him a second time, but he still refused; and a third deputation was sent in vain. Like Cæsar on the Lupercal,—

"They thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse."

In fact, Quiroga was not disposed to give up the actual power he possessed for any such puppet-like office. The Cabildo, finding that he was not to be prevailed upon, then sent him another humble deputation, saying that they felt themselves perfectly incompetent to the office of electing a governor, if he would not accept the offer; and they begged that he would name one for them. This was precisely what he had been aiming at; and he accordingly appointed to the office one of his ignorant *gaucho* neighbours—a man who could neither read nor write. When some of his confidants inquired of him the reason for so extraordinary an appointment, he replied with much *sang froid*, "A governor is a kind of animal, who will never cease to rob as long as he has an opportunity; no threat of punishment will deter him from it, or keep him honest. Now my friend, Silvestre Garban, would be as great a rogue in the office of governor as any other, but that, fortunately, he has been brought up entirely in the Llanos; so that he does not

know how to steal any thing but cattle. Now, as there are no cattle to steal in the town of La Rioja, the presumption is, that he will be an honest man, from want of temptation." And, as Quiroga had predicted, Silvestre Garban proved a very excellent King Log sort of a governor; making his *mark* occasionally, when a public document required it—like the lion's paw dipped in ink, recorded in the Turkish tale.

At the period of which we are now speaking, the brave and patriotic citizens of Mendoza had, with admirable good sense and resolution, freed their native province from the species of tyranny which had so long been exercised, and their writers had incited the neighbouring province of San Juan to follow the example, so that a free government was established therein. About this time the war with Brazil had caused a national congress to be assembled in Buenos Ayres, to which the provinces sent two members each. They had hardly been in session three months, when they received the news that the priests and fanatical party in San Juan, having conspired with the troops, had seized the person of the liberal governor, and formed a new despotism, on the old model, against the will of the people; and, at the same time, calling on the neighbouring provinces to assist them in purging the land from infidelity and atheism (liberalism!). The province of San Juan borders on that of La Rioja; and therefore Quiroga, now the virtual governor of the latter, secretly rejoiced at the change which had taken place, so congenial to his own views, but hesitated to make any open manifestations, wishing to see the farther result. Immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence, the congress sent orders to Mendoza to march a body of troops forthwith to San Juan, for the purpose of restoring the liberal government, and punishing the fanatical authors of the revolution. The orders of the congress were obeyed by the Mendocinos; and a desperate battle took place in the environs of the town of San Juan, in which the fanatics, headed by a furious priest named Astorga, after fighting with all the fury which bigotry could inspire, were defeated and taken prisoners; after which they were banished across the Andes to Chile.

Some time after this, Colonel Araoz de la Madrid, a gallant officer in the service of Buenos Ayres, was sent to recruit for the Brazilian war in his native province (Tucuman,) which bordered on that of La Rioja. Having delivered to the governor (Lopez) a large sum in dollars for bounty-money, the latter misapplied it; and La Madrid, in revenge, fomented a revolution amongst the indignant soldiery; and, after a pitched battle with Lopez—who, being defeated and severely wounded, took refuge in Salta—he was elected governor in his room. The congress would gladly have punished La Madrid for this act; but, as it was a time of public difficulty, and he was moreover a zealous advocate for Buenos Ayres, his offence was overlooked, and his new dignity confirmed.

Soon after this, the provinces of San Luis, La Rioja, Catamarca, Santiago del Estero, and Cordova, entered into a sort of treaty of alliance, professedly in defence of their religion;

but, in reality, it was an agreement between their despotic governors to assist each other in maintaining their authority, in case congress should show any disposition to put them down. Of Buenos Ayres, they entertained little dread, on account of the distance between them; but the provinces of Tucuman and Salta were as thorns in their sides, on account of their vicinity, and the known liberal principles of their respective governors. A very short time elapsed before a quarrel took place between La Madrid and Quiroga; and, with all the bravery and confidence of a veteran warrior, the former entered the territories of his enemy at the head of 200 men, and approached the Llanos, or plains of La Rioja, without any opposition, when he was suddenly met by Quiroga, at the head of 400 of his well-armed *gauchos*. The conflict was long and bloody, and, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, La Madrid made frequent charges with such success that victory had well nigh declared for him; when a chance carbine-shot struck him in the sword-arm, and thus rendered defenceless, he was instantly sabred by several of his surrounding opponents; on which his followers, struck with a sudden panic at seeing their hitherto invincible chief fallen, turned their bridles and fled. Upwards of sixty of Quiroga's men perished in the battle, and darkness put an end to the pursuit. Quiroga bivouacked for the night round a large fire, surrounded by his people on the open plain; and, in the morning, news was brought him that La Madrid, though dreadfully mangled, still breathed. Several of the *gauchos* started from their recumbent postures, and their half-unsheathed sabres announced their savage resolves. "Stay!" cried Quiroga; "by the Virgin of the Holy Rosary, I will cleave to the girdle the first man who moves. La Madrid is a gallant foeman; and, by Heaven, I am prouder of having conquered him than if I had been elected president of the congress. Let none harm him, and let him be treated with every mark of respect. Call all the surgeons of the province to his assistance, and, if they save his life, I will not forget their reward."

Thus did this barbarous chief exhibit a trait of magnanimity which could not have been exceeded in civilized life, and that towards the foe he had most reason to dread, at a time when, to hold up his finger would have sealed his fate, without any odium attaching to Quiroga himself. As soon as La Madrid could be removed, Quiroga caused him to be carried to his own house, and carefully attended for several months; when, being in a state of convalescence, he gave him his passport and an escort, with which he reached in safety the province of Salta. Since that period, Quiroga has remained in a state of quietude; and it is probable that his authority will endure to the end of his life, as he will most likely conciliate the congress, rather than set them openly at defiance; and surrounded as he is by men of great physical powers, and equally great mental ignorance, who possess rude feelings of attachment to him, from having been long accustomed to regard him as their protector, it would be no easy matter to extinguish his authority with the strong arm of power alone.

From the Bijou.

Mont Blanc.

BY L. E. L.

"Heaven knows our travellers have sufficiently alloyed the beautiful, and profaned the sublime, by associating these with themselves, the common-place, and the ridiculous; but out upon them, thus to tread on the grey hairs of centuries,—on the untrodden snows of Mont Blanc."

Thou monarch of the upper air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth but heaven;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.
Before that human step had felt
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below:
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turned to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating clouds,
The vague but not the vain
No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away,
Till blent with nature's mysteries
It half forgets its clay.
It catches loftier impulses;
And owns a nobler power;
The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream;
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair!
We looked for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there.
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwell in legends old,
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much, scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves;
Our only point of ignorance
Is centered in ourselves.
Alas! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow,
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none
To guard thy outraged brow?
Thy summit, once the unapproached,
Hath human presence owned,
With the first step upon thy crest,
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethron'd.

From the Monthly Review.

ON IRELAND AS A SEPARATE NATION.

NEARLY thirty years have now elapsed since Ireland was united by law to the kingdom of Great Britain. Nearly seven hundred years have passed into eternity since England first effectually attempted to exercise dominion over that island. Yet, strange to say, even to this hour, neither conquest nor law, neither force nor fraud, has succeeded in establishing an indissoluble, still less a tolerable connexion between the two countries. Ireland at this moment is a camp! It is held in military possession as much as France was by the army of occupation after the general peace. The king reigns in the hearts of the great majority of the Irish people, but the relations which ought to exist reciprocally between the sovereign and his Irish subjects, are and have long been thwarted and turned aside by the interposition of a faction, whose only wish is to keep the country in a perpetual state of discontent, in order that they might enjoy a monopoly of the offices through which the functions of the government are executed. This faction have always dreaded tranquillity; they are accustomed to look upon it as upon a sign of evil omen; they have done, and are still doing, all they can to prevent it from being established, except upon their own terms of ascendancy, and unless they be effectually put down and dissolved, they will for ever mar the prosperity of Ireland.

The existence of this faction costs the people of England upwards of *three millions* sterling a year; for if the course of justice and the career of government were left to their natural tendencies, and if every enactment were removed from the law which creates any obnoxious distinctions in the community, there would be no necessity for constantly keeping in that country a standing army of fifty thousand men. The fifth part of that number would be quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes—the island might be placed upon a peace establishment; and thus might be saved an enormous expenditure, which could not be much greater than it now is, if the soldiers, instead of idly lounging about the towns and villages, were engaged in active warfare against them.

What principle or element there is in the constitution of the faction—the Orange faction—to which we allude, that can render their preservation so essential to the British government as it would seem to be, we are at a loss to conjecture. Their allegiance is a conditional one; their wealth is not great; their talents are scarcely respectable; their discretion dubious, and their malignity inexorable. They once drove the peasantry into open rebellion, and in their endeavours to put it down again, they perpetrated cruelties, the bare recollection of which would be enough to wring the heart of a savage. So numerous and so wicked were their crimes, that the very name of Orangeman became odious every where: and when, upon a late occasion, they deemed it necessary again to bestir themselves, and to prepare the seeds of a new rebellion, knowing that their name had lost its spell, even *they* were

ashamed of it; and they adopted another, which they are doing all they can to render ten times more hateful than the former.

In both instances they have been equally felicitous in libelling the sources from which they have drawn their titles. They set up as their first ensign of intolerance the flag of the Prince of Orange, a man with whom toleration was a habit, and liberty almost a passion. For their second titular patron, they have had the presumption to select the house of Brunswick—a house which has more than once sanctioned the maxim, that the sovereign reigns for the benefit of the people, not for himself, and still less for a faction. Under this new name they have been recently seen congregating together from all parts of Ireland, and have been heard uttering open threats against the very sovereign whose family name they have usurped. They have professed their fervent attachment to religion; but from the doctrines which they promulgate, it would appear that the Alcoran, and not the Bible, is the authority upon which their religion is founded. They have pledged themselves to stand by the constitution; the constitution, however, which they promise to support, is not the constitution of Great Britain, but the laws which are exceptions to it, and which tarnish its original character—laws infinitely more suitable to the land of the scimitar and the bow-string, than to that of the *habeas corpus* and trial by jury.

We have never denied, nor do we mean now to dispute, that the union with Ireland has been productive of great advantages to that country. Of this, however, we are assured, that if the two crowns had been kept separate, like those of Hanover and England, though worn on the same head; if the treaty of Limerick had been faithfully fulfilled, instead of having been most disgracefully violated; if all the people of Ireland had been governed by equal laws; if the Orange faction had never existed there; if the legislature had carried on its proceedings in Dublin, instead of having been mixed up with the parliament of Great Britain, Ireland would by this time have assumed a much more prominent rank among the nations, than she ever can aspire to as the hand-maid of England. Ireland is not a nation, but a province, apparently under the rule of the British constitution, but, in fact, governed by satraps, under the specious names of justices of the peace, many of whom have perpetrated deeds at which even a Caligula would blush. They treat the peasantry infinitely worse than the Spaniards ever treated the Indians of Mexico or Peru; they know of no law but their own passions and prejudices, which influence them in every thing they do, and poison at its fountain head the practical administration of justice.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Irishmen, who truly love their country, now and then complain loudly of the wrongs which she is suffering, and remonstrate against the sort of dominion that is exercised over her by England, since it has been proved by the experience of seven centuries, that that dominion has been sufficiently potent for evil, but almost inefficient for good. The question of the separation of the two countries, or, in other words, of the repeal of the Act of Union, is happily one

which we can discuss, like any other question of political economy, without having our motives misinterpreted. It is competent to any person to petition the legislature for the repeal of that law; and we think we have already said enough to show, that the expediency of its much longer continuing on our statute books is, to say the least of it, very doubtful.

Assuming that the reader agrees with us upon this point, the next question would be, whether Ireland would be able to maintain her own national independence, without imposing any burden upon England. Let it be observed, that we are not here inculcating any doctrine at variance with the allegiance which the Irish people owe to George IV. If they had to elect a sovereign, we verily believe that his present Majesty would be the object of their unanimous choice. That is a question, however, which never can arise without a revolution; and of this we have no apprehension. The only change that seems desirable in this respect would be, that his Majesty should be entitled king of Great Britain and king of Ireland, instead of king of Great Britain and Ireland. The severance of the two crowns, the separation of the titles, would not in any degree affect the sovereignty of the house of Brunswick over Ireland; nor is it expedient that it should, for we sincerely believe, that there is no man in the empire who feels more warmly interested in the welfare of Ireland than the illustrious individual who now occupies the British throne.

It is the object of the publication, the title of which stands at the head of this article, to discuss the question which we have just stated. The name inserted in the title page is, we have no doubt, a *nom de guerre*. The author, whoever he may be, is perfectly well informed of the resources of Ireland, and indeed of the whole empire. He handles his subject in a scientific, and sometimes even in a technical manner, which renders his pamphlet not very acceptable, perhaps, to a general reader, but to an inquirer interested in the matter, makes it worth a whole library of declamation. It is a commentary on the *Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*, which we reviewed on a former occasion;* it has been printed at Paris, for what reason we know not, as there is not a syllable in the work which might not be printed and published with the greatest safety in London. The time has gone by when attorney-generals were on the constant look out for libels. Indeed, such is the state of public opinion amongst us, that there is hardly any question which we are not ready to discuss, and upon which we are not disposed to give our thoughts to the world. The law of libel, at least so far as the state is concerned, has sunk into a dead letter; for it is already settled amongst us as a maxim, that suppression of opinion on any particular topic, is only an indication that there is a rottenness about it which cannot suffer the touch. There are perhaps some expressions in the work which a purer taste would have discarded, but they do not in the least detract from the profound interest of the arguments which it sets forth, and the facts which it discloses.

* M. R. vol. iv. p. 488.

It is now well ascertained, that the real object of the army which Napoleon assembled at Boulogne, was the invasion not of England, as it was at that time generally believed, but of Ireland, of which nobody dreamt. "If I had," said he in the memoirs which he dedicated to Las Cases (tome ii. 3^e partie, p. 335), "instead of the expedition to Egypt, accomplished that which was destined for Ireland; if some slight mismanagement had not created obstacles to my enterprise at Boulogne, what would be the power of England to-day? Upon what trifles are the fates of empires suspended!" If England should ever again be engaged in a formidable war—a supposition not altogether, perhaps, out of the range of probability, it is useful for us to know that Ireland is capable of defending herself from foreign invasion. Such was decidedly the opinion of Tone.

"There is," said he (no one proposition, moral, physical, or political, that I hear with such extreme exacerbation of mind, as this, which denies to my country, the possibility of independent existence: it is not, however, my plan here to examine that question. I trust, whenever that necessity shall arise, as at some time, it infallibly must, it will be found, that we are as competent to our own government, regulation, and defence, as any state in Europe."

What Tone intended here, by the word *independence*, must not be mistaken. He explains it fully in another part of his work. "I trust in God, (he says,) we owe the *English nation* no allegiance—surely, this is no question of loyalty—the king of England is also king of Ireland. He is, in theory, and, I trust, in practice, equally interested in the welfare of both countries."—Again—"The loyalty of the most true and loyal subject in this kingdom, is to the *King of Ireland*, not to the honourable united company of merchants, trading, where he must never trade, to the East Indies; nor is it to the clothiers of Yorkshire, nor to the weavers of Manchester, nor yet to the constitutional reforming blacksmiths of Birmingham, that he owes allegiance. His first duty is to his country, his second to his king, and both are now, and, by God's blessing, will, I hope, remain united and inseparable."—pp. 9, 10.

Such was the language used by Tone in 1791. Subsequently, his views were indeed extended, and implicated him in designs which had undoubtedly for their object the establishment of a republic in Ireland. But the author before us desires it to be distinctly understood, that it is in the *first* sense of the word "independence," as explained by Tone, that he wishes the phrase to be understood, wherever it is used in the present work. We have already given for ourselves a similar precaution.

Mr. Pitt, Lord Minto, and many other statesmen, among them, and certainly not the least intelligent among them, Sir James Macintosh, have asserted that Ireland would be unable to maintain herself against foreign aggression. "Ireland," said the latter in his speech, on the fifteenth of February, 1825, "small in extent, feeble in means, could look to no higher destiny among surrounding nations, than that of being employed by ambitious persons to annoy another power." Our author asks, how

"smallness of extent," taken by itself, can, without relation to instruments of defence, constitute any portion of military weakness? "The rock of Gibraltar," he observes, "is, compared even with diminutive Ireland, very small in extent—so is the camp at Pirna. Nay these, and many other celebrated military positions, derive a principal part of their strength, from the very small extent of frontier to be defended. It is well known that relative extension of frontier is a source of weakness, not of strength."

The author proceeds to remark on this point:—

"A mere smattering of the knowledge of an engineer would have shown, to Sir James, the absurdity of his proposition.

"Look at the map of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Observe, in the former, the greater distances from John O'Groat's House to the Land's-End, and observe the length of the southern base of the triangle, and then observe the form of Ireland.

"The latter approaches nearer to the form of an ellipse, than to any other regular form—and to an ellipse, the conjugate axis of which is of considerable proportion to the transverse axis." This form, with the exception of an absolute circle, is the *most compact* to which any superficies can be reduced. Hence, the ease and rapidity with which any moveable force can be drawn from any one given point to any other given point, in the whole island—a capacity for defence, from its superficial form, which very few other natural positions can produce. A military force, far short of that which the population of Ireland could produce, and which the revenue of Ireland could maintain, might be so stationed, that, on no one part of the coast, could an attack be made, without the station of a native army being found within one or two days' march of the point of landing."—pp. 29, 30.

In conformity with this reasoning, the author, after giving a definition of what a fortress is, namely, "a strong place, rendered so by art, or, originally so by local advantages, or by means both of nature and art," observes, that,

"Ireland may be considered as a *natural fortress*, of the *first order*, her ditch, the Atlantic—her curtains, the lines of her rock-bound coast,—her bastions, her limestone and granite promontories, &c. &c. Her ditch, the Atlantic, may, it is true, be crossed; but it has this advantage, that it may be crossed by a relieving, as well as by an attacking army. This ditch may be crossed by an advancing enemy, but it presents a tremendous obstacle to a retreat. All blockade of Fort Erin is out of military question. Even if it were not, blockade must be ineffective. Bishop Berkeley proposes some such query as this:—If Ireland were surrounded by a wall of brass, of such an elevation as to be insurmountable by human effort, has she not, *within herself*, wherewithal to shelter and to nourish all her inhabitants?—i. e. her garrison?—Has she not more?—a pe-

rennial generative power of recruiting that garrison, so as that its members shall never diminish.

"Again. The curtains and bastions of Fort Erin are beyond all power of demolition, even from the modern improvements, of the bombardment, the battery, the mine, or the sap. There is, for an enemy, but one mode of attack, which presents a chance of success—a *coup de main* upon some of her accessible points, such as her ports or places of landing. These are as well known, and will be proved to be as capable of defence, as the gates of any regular work.

"It seems to be acknowledged, that there is scarcely any river, the passage of which, with every exertion for defence, may not, in some parts, be forced, nor any coast, on which a landing may not, in some parts, be effected. But in every mode of attack, on a fortified position, the difficulty lies, not so much in the approaches, as in the subsequent advance, after a breach has been made; and still more, after a lodgment has been established. Here, if the garrison perform their duty, is their glory to be acquired, and their safety to be preserved."—pp. 29, 30.

It is important in this discussion to observe, in answer to Bishop Berkeley's question, that Ireland has undoubtedly within herself the means of recruiting her garrison, and of maintaining it for any length of time. But upon the supposition that a foreign enemy had succeeded in effecting a landing, and in securing a post, the question then arises as to the means of obstruction, which the face of the interior of Ireland presents.

"With respect to the primary divisions of Ireland, she presents three great portions, differing in form, and, consequently, in modes of defence.

"The northern district—mountainous almost throughout—many portions of these mountains rocky—other portions boggy—others again rock and bog intermixed—full of intersections from rivers and lakes—these intersections pointing out, to the most inexperienced eye, lines of defence, peculiarly fitted to the mode of warfare, adapted to irregular troops. In the interior of these great aquatic and mountainous intersections, the surface, where it is not bog or rock, is, from the minute divisions of farms in Ireland, laid out in small portions of arable and pasture lands, the boundaries of which are all formed by hedges and ditches, every one of these, from the embankment raised by sinking the ditch, forming a defence against musketry, and, if the defenders should avail themselves of rear columns of pikes, capable, not only of resisting, but of punishing the temerity of a charge of bayonets—the hedges forming shelter for cattle, that, in a climate, but lightly visited by snow or frost, are seldom housed—the ditches being absolutely necessary to carry off the superfluous water, in an abundantly moist climate.

"The southern division of Ireland presents, as to its *military* aspect, but little difference from the northern. Its arable and pasture lands are much more fertile. In many places they are as minutely divided. In others, not so much—affording extensive feeding for cattle.

* Two hundred and seventy-eight miles long—one hundred and fifty-five broad.

But its mountains, its interior waters, and its sea-inlets, are as strongly marked with defensive features as most portions of the globe.

"There remains, of Ireland, a centre portion, which presents a different surface from either the northern or the southern divisions. Although not so level as the States of Holland or the Netherlands, the space from Dublin eastward to Galway westward, does not produce the bold and rocky eminences, which have been already described. Where the district approaches to a level it is extensively boggy, as in portions of the King's and Queen's Counties, and the County of Kildare: or, where it rises into firm ground, becomes a tissue of intersections, from the divisions of what is called the cottier population. Add to these artificial intersections, that, even with the arable and pasture grounds, are minutely interwoven small ramifications of the greater bogs—all these boggy portions impervious to cavalry and to artillery; and, if not totally impassable, extremely embarrassing to any infantry, attempting to act as *regulars*. Cavalry, from the intersections of ditches, and the frequency of bogs and mountains, may be considered as an almost useless arm in Ireland.

"Travelling still westward, new forms and new modes of division arise. The river Shannon may be said to insulate the western province from the rest of Ireland. Rising, towards the north, in the Leitrim mountains, those mountains, presenting insurmountable difficulty to a regular army (preserving at least its regular formations), it surrounds the whole western province to Loup-Head, its southern termination on the Atlantic. The western side of the Shannon presents, in many places, a surface for defence, to be seen in very few countries. A spectator, standing on the level, sees before him an extension for miles exhibiting nothing but a stony continuation of that level. Upon advancing into the apparently stony desert, he finds it composed of innumerable detached pieces of rock, almost all of equal height (evidently of alluvial formation), rising above the level of the soil, and inclosing, in their interstices, small patches of ground, covered with the richest pasture of the kingdom. Here, almost innumerable flocks of sheep are nourished by the interstitial herbage, and sheltered by the surrounding rocks. No *regular* army could, in its advance, among the stony *defenders*, preserve its formation, either in line or in column. It seems as if these surfaces were formed by the genius himself of modern and western war, for the exercise and safety of the *riflesman*. In these interstices, each *rifleman* would find a little redoubt, fitted by nature for the traverse of his rifle, and for the security of his person. No artillery can, in point blank range, touch him at all. If howitzer practice with shells should be made use of, an accidental shell may fall within the little fortress of a *rifleman*: but even from its explosion, it can carry its mischief no further—a moment of time also, would give, to the *rifleman*, an opportunity of evasion into another and adjoining barrier."—pp. 31—34.

We think it unnecessary to follow the author in the more detailed view which he gives of the military features of Ireland. He seems to be

thoroughly acquainted with its rivers and lakes, mountains and bogs, its roads, and divisions of hedge and ditch; and he points out the great advantages, which, together with the numerous inlets of the sea, they would afford to a defensive force. His observations on the roads, however, are so original and striking, that we must lay them before the reader.

"The roads, through Ireland, are numerous and excellent. This circumstance, at the first contemplation, would seem greatly to facilitate the march of a *regular* army, with all its *matériel*. But these roads are of a peculiar character. They resemble not the old Roman structures of the Appian and Flaminian ways, nor their modern imitations on some parts of the continent, viz. a strong and heavily paved causeway in the centre, with open spaces at the sides. The Irish roads are raised from a softer material—small limestone gravel, or limestone rock, broken into a gravel size. The plan of the road-makers of the modern roads in Ireland, has been to carry them, as much as possible, through the level parts of the island—through the intermingled bog and arable of the levels, or winding, with the course of the valleys, through the mountains. In these lower parts, through which the roads run, the superabundant moisture of the climate requires, that drains to carry off the water should be run parallel to each side of a road. Sinking drains necessarily produce embankments: hence a road in Ireland, may, in a military sense, be considered as a *defile*, where the march of troops can be annoyed, if not commanded, from every side; ditches and embankments running continually parallel, and, at small distances, being met by other ditches and embankments, intersecting the parallel ditches at different angles. All these afford protecting positions to troops capable of rapid movements, and trained as good marksmen, to impede in front, and to attack in flanks and rear, any bodies of *regular* troops; more especially, if they should move with their usual *impedimenta*.

"There is scarcely occasion to state, that the roads running through the valleys of the mountainous districts, are, each of them, a natural *defile*, as the roads on the levels are artificially so.

"On a defensive system, one advantage attends both. Various streams of water, fed by the moisture of the climate, cross, at very short intervals, both these classes of roads: they are generally conveyed through low arches, level with the surface of the road, and are called gulleys. To impede the march of *regular* troops, no other instruments are necessary than the pick-axe, the crow-bar, and the shovel. Break down these low arches, and a short way of the bed of the road, stop the water below, and the line of passage becomes inundated. Even if the dam below should be removed, the previously submerged portion will remain (especially in bog) an impassable mass of mud."—pp. 37—39.

The next topic which our author treats, is the "physical character" of the garrison occupying the natural fortress of Ireland. Taking the total number of the population at 7,000,000, it is computed that about 1,660,000 men are capable of bearing arms. There is scarcely

one of the number here mentioned who has not been inured to privations of every description. They have been reared up in Spartan poverty and vigour. They are wholly reckless of the severity of the climate. They are enabled to lie out at night upon the damp ground. They can subsist on potatoes without any other food. The bivouac of the Cossacks they could easily endure; the tents of a regular camp would be to them a luxury, and the rations of the soldier a "succession of gormandizing." So much for their physical character.

With respect to the moral character of our supposed Irish garrison, we presume that no one will doubt their determined and enthusiastic bravery. Their mental susceptibility has been kept alive by the government under which their country has long been ruled—a government which is truly described as "*irregular in its modes of oppression, capricious and variable in its ministers, and in its mandates,*" which is seated at a distance and never has assumed even the appearance of being domestic. That susceptibility has also been, and still continues to be, powerfully excited by a state religion, which, whatever be its merits, is not the religion of the mass of the people, and yet is established and predominant, "felt therefore as imposed, as exacting and rigorous, as wringing enormous revenues from a denying people, to whom it neither would nor could return adequate service—combining against it, in the feelings of the great mass of the people, two objects of detestation; the one of its unbelieving doctrine—the other of its credited rapacity."

"Another cause," adds the author, "operating to excite the *intellect* of that part (so nearly the whole) of the Irish, which has been held in exclusion from the public business, and the public honours of the British Empire is, that the very *exclusion* limits its attention to its own country, and to its own degradation. Attention, thus *concentrated*, becomes *passion*—passion, working in a country separated by nature, and in a race separated by policy."—p. 58.

In confirmation of this theory, the author adduces the authority of Mr. Wakefield, an Englishman by birth and prejudice, who visited Ireland for the purpose of inquiring into its physical and moral state. He describes the Irish as a people possessed of "great personal bravery, activity, and bodily strength." They have an advantage, he adds, "which will always give them a great superiority over an enemy; they are able to live on an inferior food, and which, in general, is ready for their immediate use: nothing, therefore, is required but to secure their affections, and to train them to military tactics." We cannot here refrain from adding to the testimony of Mr. Wakefield, that of a noble and eloquent writer who possesses an extensive property in Ireland, and has long served in the British army: he thus describes the character of an Irishman:—

"In any pursuit, he is sanguine, active, and intelligent. He possesses a great aptitude for the acquirement of reading and writing, and has a turn for mathematics. His imagination is fertile, and even ardent. This attaches him much to the Roman Catholic religion, which

addresses itself powerfully to its members.'—
"It were injustice to say, that he is not industrious. He labours like a galley-slave. The wretchedness of his habitation, and the want of certain comforts about him, often induce the superficial observer to pronounce him idle. He is warmly attached to his native soil, to his cabin, to his family; and to old customs and habits. His domestic attachments are superseded only by his love of arms. He quits all that is dear to him, to embrace a soldier's life; he delights in war, which is in truth his element, and most becomes him. These are among the principal features, which mark the character of that brilliant people; brilliant from the acknowledged vivacity and keenness of their native wit; brilliant from a copious flow of rich and luxurious eloquence; and brilliant, from a love of arms. Hence we have seen the offspring of peasants, frequently leading to battle, the armies of almost every military state in Europe, and emerging from want, from misery and squalidness at home, to honour, wealth, and power, abroad. *A people, whose spirits no misfortune could ever break, whose gaiety no misery could ever damp; a people, like the Irish, quick in thought, sanguine in enterprise, and rapid in action*—require only a government, the genius of which is capable of appreciating their character, and developing their native powers."—pp. 61, 62.

From this subject, the author proceeds to contrast the population of England with that of Ireland, for the purpose of showing that though the former is numerically greater, yet it cannot afford so large a military supply as the population of Ireland. The argument to this effect is founded on the census of 1801, which gives, as the total number of the population of England, 8,331,132. Of this number, only 1,524,227 persons appear to have been then employed in agriculture, and from this division only could a military supply be taken. The number of persons employed in trade, handicraft, and manufactures, appears to have been 1,789,531; but the operations in which the great majority of these persons are daily employed are of a nature to demoralize the mind, to shorten life, to render the frame imbecile, and wholly unfit for the exigencies of a soldier's duty. Since 1801 the gross numbers have been greatly augmented, but "the ratio of the agricultural population to the whole, has rather diminished than increased." Besides this, such have been the strides of pauperism, that within forty years the poor-rates have been increased four-fold. It is unnecessary for us to pursue this investigation farther, as our object is to show not what England is incapable of doing, but of what materials Ireland is composed.

The first element of independence, understood in the sense to which we have repeatedly referred, is financial power. It appears from the report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed, in 1815, to inquire into the public income and expenditure of Ireland, that during the twenty-four years of war in which England was engaged against France, the total sum raised from Ireland amounted to nearly 230,000,000, or about nine millions and a half annually. A country capable of produc-

ing so large an amount as this annually, cannot be destitute of the means, not only of acquiring, but of maintaining its own independence. If her position, soil, climate, population, and pecuniary resources, be compared with those of the States of Holland, from their rise to the time of Louis XIV.; with those of Prussia, under Frederic II. and since his time; and with those of the United States of North America, during the period of the war for their independence, her capabilities will be acknowledged as more than adequate to any purpose which might be required from her by the necessities of self-defence.

The territory of the States of Holland bears a proportion to that of Ireland of about one-third. Ireland is a natural fortification, girt by the sea—Holland a swamp in the Continent.

"A people with scarcely so much soil as deserves the name of country; no commodity of native growth; not one good harbour on their coast, remained for ages a horde of obscure fishermen, inhabiting an unwholesome swamp—suddenly expanded into a nation, and ranked among the leaders of Europe in arts and arms, founding their power upon the two great bases of human happiness, perseverance in acquiring, moderation in expending; being selfish in their private affairs, disinterested in their public duties, and industrious and frugal in both."—p. 107.

"A century afterwards, this handful of fishermen, risen into the state and character of 'High Mightinesses,' were attacked by Louis XIV.

"Against Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Vauban, 130,000 troops, innumerable artillery, Holland had to oppose but a young leader, of a delicate constitution, destitute of any military experience, and about 25,000 of badly disciplined soldiers.

"While the armies over-run her at land, she was attacked at sea, by the fleet of England.

"Holland did not despair. On shore, she fought to her last dyke—at sea, she sent the plebeian Van Tromp, to encounter the royal and legitimate Duke of York.

"Holland had the glory of having disputed the oceanic empire, with its great tyrant, and the address to transport the war by land, from her own, to the dominions of her legitimate and paternal invader.

"The triumphal arch, that Louis had begun to erect, in commemoration of his Dutch conquests, was not finished, when he was compelled to evacuate all his acquisitions.

"No cunning can pervert, no dulness can obscure, the visible connexion of cause and effect in the above instances. Spain, possessing the most fertile territory in Europe, troops the most renowned for discipline and bravery, a triumphant fleet, and the wealth of both Indies flowing into the coffers of the most religious and legitimate monarchy:—all these combining to form a paternal government, thrown off by a horde of fishermen! The fishermen becoming, by the very struggle, scientific captains, valiant soldiers, daring seamen, rich merchants, sober and industrious mechanics:—erecting a splendid state, and maintaining, against the greatest legitimacy of Europe, an illustrious

independence, with a revenue which hardly exceeded three millions per annum, and a territory amounting to about one-third of Ireland."—pp. 108, 109.

We need not pursue the comparison with Prussia, and with the United States. The object which we have in view does not require of us to go into the history of the revolutions which have been successfully effected in the New World. We are much deceived if the extracts which we have already taken from the able and interesting work before us, are not sufficient to show that, in case of a foreign invasion, Ireland, if by any chance she should be left to her own resources, would be fully competent to maintain her independence. When the apprehensions of her *protecting power* shall be dissipated on this subject, it will not be difficult to convince the people of England, that it would be highly advantageous even to them, not to speak of the people of Ireland, that the latter should have a domestic Parliament and administration, without producing any change in the allegiance which they owe to the house of Hanover.

We have now laid before the reader the substance of the first part of this curious work. We have done so at some length, as we believe that very few copies of it have as yet found their way into this country. We understand that the second part, which is already in progress of preparation, will "disclose much of the proposed military systems of General Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which have hitherto been very little understood. They likewise contain a criticism upon the present military system of Europe," with a view to show that it is founded on an erroneous basis, that of separating too widely the soldier from the citizen.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH OF A LATE NAVAL CHARACTER.

THERE are people in the world so constitutionally fortunate that, do what they will, they always fall upon their legs like cats. Without one grain of talent, without any abilities whatever, without any exertion on their part, and almost against their will, they succeed in whatever they undertake; indeed, in some cases, without undertaking any thing, fortune is as it were forced upon them. Captain — was one of these:—he had none of the advantages either of manners, appearance, or education; he had got on by sheer good fortune, and shrewd common sense; he was brave from ignorance of fear, and kind and benevolent from natural goodness of heart. He had prevented his friends from bestowing on him any of the advantages of education in early life, by running away from them; and had indulged his aquatic propensities by commencing his career on board a coal-barge. Of course he was lost to his family for some time; for who could have imagined that any human being in the rank of a gentleman could possibly have selected such a profession from choice? But Will did not do things like any body else, and God knows to

what honours he might have risen in the coal-trade, had he not been accidentally discovered by his friends.

It so happened that two of his sisters were on a visit to a family which resided on the coast of Kent, and the whole party were very much alarmed one evening by a prodigious uproar in the kitchen. On hastily proceeding in a body to learn the cause of this disturbance, the sisters, to their great astonishment, found their long lost brother established on the fat cook's lap, with a can of ale in his hand, roaring out "Tom Bowline," or some favourite sea song. It may easily be imagined they did not suffer him to return to his collier, but did all they possibly could to inspire him with better taste, and make him forego his low propensities. But all in vain; Will had a will of his own, which no persuasion could overcome,—an obstinacy of purpose which lasted all his life, and on this occasion prompted him to set off again; so that it was long ere his family heard any thing of him—indeed, they had almost given him up.

The first accounts they received were from the Cape of Good Hope; they informed them that he had been pressed into H. M. Ship *L——* from an Indianman, on board of which he was serving in the honourable and lucrative capacity of cook's mate. He was now in the way to be made a gentleman of, in spite of himself; for his family, exerting themselves in his behalf, got him rated a midshipman on board the ship into which he was pressed, and his career in the service was as fortunate as his forced entrance into it had been extraordinary.

The service was not then quite the same as it is now; naval officers were not such fine gentlemen as they are at present; but I doubt if they had more honourable devotion to their country's welfare. Be that as it may, the *L——* proceeded to the East Indies, and Will underwent the usual routine of a midshipman's life. The season happened to have been unusually sickly, and there was a great want of officers on the station, so that Will, before his time was served, was appointed acting lieutenant of the —, a small brig mounting sixteen nine-pounders, then under orders for the Cape station. Here his usual good fortune followed him; for he had not been long at the Cape of Good Hope before the first lieutenant was taken ill and obliged to go to the hospital, so that he became commanding officer whenever the Captain was absent; and in this state of things the — proceeded to, I forget the name of the Bay, where a number of Indianmen were at anchor, to protect them from attack.

It so happened that a French frigate of forty-four guns had been long cruising off the coast; and coming into the Bay, disguised as an Indianman, in hopes of taking a few prizes, she anchored in the midst of them without being aware that there was a man-of-war in the roadstead. Will, who had a sort of instinct for discovering an enemy, and could tell a Frenchman under any disguise, determined, with a very unusual exertion of prudence, to wait until it was dark before he commenced his operations against the intruder. By a still more strange coincidence, he was left on this occasion en-

tirely to his own resources; for the Captain was on shore, and the surf ran so tremendously high that it was quite impossible to communicate with him, and still more so for him to have got off had he known what was the matter. Will quietly prepared for action, harangued his men, whose numbers were greatly reduced by sickness, and, as soon as it was dark, slipped his cable without the least noise; and getting athwart-hawse of the frigate with-in pistol-shot, opened a most destructive fire of grape and canister on the unfortunate Frenchman, who was quite unprepared for such an attack. I have said before that Will was as brave as a lion, and it required no small exertion of bravery to engage so very superior an enemy; but, taking advantage of his first success, he kept up such an incessant fire on the frigate as left her no time to deliberate, when a report was made to him that the cartridges were nearly all expended. Here, again, his good fortune interposed, and what would have been any other body's ruin proved his advantage; for by some accident Will had got a woman on board, of a sort of piebald, half-caste mixture, who turned out a perfect Amazon at this pinch, and relieved her gentle officer's difficulties by converting all the stockings on board into cartridges, which she unremittently filled with powder with her own fair hands. Will, delighted with this new expedient, looked down with admiring approbation on his coadjutress, seated with a barrel of gunpowder on one side, and a pile of stockings on the other, filling them as fast as she could; while he ran about the deck encouraging his men, rubbing his hands, and calling out, in a voice of thunder, "More stockings, Nan; I say, Nan you —, more stockings!"

The fire was kept up with such spirit and success, that it was quite impossible for the Frenchman to resist; the first broadside killed a number of his men as it raked the ship "fore and aft," and several of the officers who were seated at supper in the gun-room, were swept off before the cloth was removed. Perceiving that the brig had judiciously kept at a sufficient distance to prevent boarding, there was nothing left but to cut and run, and "La Preneuse," of forty-four guns, was obliged fairly to make off from our little brig of sixteen long-nines, with a terrible loss in killed and wounded.

The noise of the guns brought the Captain and the Governor-General of the Cape, who happened at that time to be there, to witness the action; and nothing could exceed the admiration of the one, and the vexation of the other, at not being on board to fight his own ship; although he generously allowed that he could not have done it better himself. So little did Will think he had done any thing at all out of the way, that, in the simplicity and singleness of his heart, he was not even going to write to the Admiralty, when his messmates and the master and surgeon actually wrote for him and made him sign it. This exploit excited so much admiration at home, that orders came out to make Will a commander as soon as his time should be expired, and this proved his first stepping-stone to fortune. It also gained him the friendship of Governor Dundas,

who never failed to show him every attention, and invited him to all his parties,—a favour which Will would very readily have dispensed with, as he had an invincible objection to wearing braces, and I dare say very much preferred Nan's company to Lady Dundas's.

Honours, they say, change manners, but Will's remained incorruptibly the same: he was even constant to Nan as long as he continued on the station; and observing that his brother officers occasionally sent home the produce of the East as presents to their friends, he thought he could not do better than send a little specimen of himself, which proved his connexion was not entirely platonic. Accordingly he despatched a little yellow-pelted boy and girl to his sisters, with one of the very few letters he was ever known to have written in his life, informing them that "he had sent them two natural curiosities, excellent specimens," in which he must have adopted the phraseology he heard on all sides, as he was not much given to be facetious. If I recollect right, these little animals were placed at some cheap seminary in Yorkshire, until they could be put apprentices to some trade that would enable them to get their own living. A much wiser method than that which generally falls to the lot of the unfortunate offspring of such amours, who are either deserted at their birth, or pampered for a few years, and taken out of their station, until the caprice or economy of their fathers prompts them to some alteration in their intentions, when they are turned adrift without a sufficiency to support the false ideas that have been instilled into them, or left to perish under an accumulated weight of misery and neglect.

Fortune, however, continued to follow our young captain wherever he went; and, after various acts of bravery, he was actually made post-captain into a line of battle ship by mistake; and after an absence of less than ten years, he returned to England in the command of the very ship into which he had been pressed from under the cook's table in the *Indiaman*!

Circumstances in the mean time had equally befriended him at home; for, during his absence, one of his sisters had married an officer of high consideration and rank, from which circumstance Will derived additional consequence. On taking his flag, this officer, of course, out of consideration to his lady, nominated her brother his flag-captain, and in this capacity he joined us at Jamaica. It was there I first saw Captain —, and a more extraordinary-looking being I do not think was ever created. As he was universally allowed to be a sort of privileged person, he took no pains whatever to conceal or moderate his defects of either manners or appearance: he never cared in the least what he said or did, and every body wondered what sort of an animal the Admiral had imported. He was extremely plain in his person, but had nothing stern or forbidding about him; on the contrary, an expression of kindness and benevolence overcame his natural ugliness of countenance, in spite of his grotesque appearance, which he seemed to have done all in his power to heighten. In the hottest day in the West Indies he wore thick worsted stockings and coarse blue trowsers, which

no other person could have endured; with a sailor's jacket, having no insignia of his rank except the straps on his shoulders, which indicated his right to wear epaulettes; and his wizened face, which was more the colour of the under-part of a toad's stomach than any human complexion, was surmounted by an old three-cornered cocked hat, such as Admiral Benbow might have worn. This was his usual attire, but on great occasions the Admiral would prevail on him to dress himself suitably to his rank and station; though he was the only person who had sufficient influence over the Captain to effect such a change. It was evident, on these occasions, that his dignity was extremely irksome to him; but he loved and revered his brother-in-law, and obeyed him with the simplicity and deference of a child. With other people he was inflexibly obstinate, the more so when most in the wrong; but his shrewd sense whispered him on this particular occasion, that his own interest required blind obedience and non-resistance to his relative's will, whom he knew to be kindly disposed towards him. I have seen him, when escaped from all control, galloping about the park at the Penn, on an untamed South American horse that nobody else would have mounted, without saddle, bridle, or stirrups, dressed in tight buckskin pantaloons, in the full heat of a broiling Jamaica sun; and when reminded that the Admiral might want him, he would hurry to his own room to get himself dressed in time, when it would take the utmost exertion of two of the black servants of the Admiral's establishment to get him out of his buckskin inexpressibles, which stuck to him like a wet wash-leather glove from heat and perspiration. Nothing could be more ludicrous than this operation, which bore more resemblance to skinning an eel, than to any thing I have ever seen.

His brother-in-law's care was now to enrich him, having placed him in a station which his family consequence required, and his frequent trips to the Spanish Main fully answered that purpose. But Fortune was not yet tired of loading him with her favours; he had attained rank earlier and more rapidly, than most of his brother officers, riches had actually been put into his pocket;—but all this was not sufficient—the Admiral died, and he became Commodore and Commander-in-chief on the West India station! He sincerely lamented his benefactor's loss, and faithfully revered his memory, and I believe was more sorry for his death than he could have been for any thing else in the world. He, however, did not fail to secure his interest on the whole, partly for the sake of the Admiral's family, and partly for his own; for he collected all the specie he could find in the island, and leaving the station to shift for itself, he set sail for England, with his precious freight on board, which yielded him an abundant harvest. He was greatly blamed for quitting his post; but Will was a sort of person who did not much care what any body thought now that the poor Admiral was no more; and the conduct of those he left behind showed that they only wanted the same opportunity to do the same thing; for he was no sooner gone than each, as they succeeded to the command, set off for different parts of the

Spanish coast, that inexhaustible El Dorado of the Jamaica station.

Will arrived safely in England, having realized about £20,000 by freight, prize-money, and his previous successes in the East. But on shore he was a greater oddity even than at sea. He had married his mother's housekeeper on his first return to England, so that he had a home to go to; but as that lady had nothing to recommend her but her fat and good-nature—for she was as big round as the capstan of his own ship—she was not much countenanced by his family. Luckily, this tender union was not blessed with any results, and as he had no progeny, it is most probable that his money will go to his benefactor's children. The Commodore's good fortune attended him to the very last, and he was fortunate enough to die before he had experienced any reverses. His health had suffered considerably from hot climates, and his death was in my opinion an additional piece of good fortune, as it saved him from a painful and peevish old age; and he had no resources within himself, having never read any book but "Steel's List" in his life.

I do not think it possible to find a more perfect instance of unvarying good fortune than in this worthy but extraordinary man. One sees people possessed of talents, connexion, industry, and exertion, toiling through a long life to eke out a miserable competency without success; and this man, by sheer luck alone, attained rank, riches, and power, and all that is most desirable, at an early age, and died before he had experienced a single reverse. He certainly, when once in the road to fortune, did nothing to mar it; but he did nothing to deserve it; he had not even high feelings or spirit to enjoy it. When we do meet with such examples, it almost inclines us to believe in predestination, and give up every thing to Providence; indeed it would be easy to adopt this Turkish feeling, if one did not occasionally see instances of virtue, talent, and perseverance meeting their just reward; and when we do behold the contrary, it is salutary and comfortable for us to believe that these things are intended for some wise purpose which we cannot comprehend, and that, if we are not rewarded according to our liking in this world, we may be in the next; for man is an egregious over-rater of his own merits.

From the London Magazine.

THE ENGLISH ALMANACS.

THE history of almanacs in this country forms one of the most curious chapters in the records of literature. For a century and a half, the two Universities and the Stationers' Company held the monopoly of them, by letters patent of James I. During this period, according to the condition of the patent, almanacs received the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London; and yet it would be difficult to find, in so small a compass, an equal quantity of ignorance, profligacy, and imposture, as was condensed into these publications. By the persevering exertions of one individual the

monopoly was overthrown, about 1779;—and the parties claiming the patent-right, then applied to parliament for an act to confirm it. That bill was introduced by the minister of the day; but Erskine, then first coming into repute, appeared at the bar to oppose it,—and the monopoly was destroyed for ever, by a solemn vote of the House of Commons. From that time the Stationers' Company proceeded upon a different course. They secured their monopoly, by buying up all rival almanacs;—and they rendered the attempts of individuals to oppose them perfectly hopeless, by those arts of trade, which a powerful corporation knew how to exercise. For the last fifty years, they have rioted, as of old, in every abomination that could delude the vulgar to the purchase of their commodity. On a sudden, a new almanac started up, under the superintendence and authority of a society distinguished for its great and successful labours to improve the intellectual condition of the people. For the first time in the memory of man, an almanac at once rational and popular was produced. From that hour the empire of astrology was at an end. The public press, infinitely to their honour, took up the cause. The blasphemy of Francis Moore, and the obscenity of Poor Robin, were denounced and ridiculed through all quarters of the kingdom. In one little year the obscene book was discontinued—the blasphemous book retreated into pure stupidity—and the publishers of the blasphemy and the obscenity applied themselves, in imitation of the first powerful rival they had ever encountered, to make a rational and useful almanac. By the year 1832, (even see prophesy) the whole delusion will have vanished before the day-spring of knowledge:—and the people will then wonder, that for so many years they endured the insults habitually offered to their morals and their understandings. This is an abstract of this singular chapter in literary history.

From the London Magazine.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A THEATRE.

On for the quiet of the woods and hills,
Broke but by storms, (which make it more intense,
When they have passed in dread magnificence :)
Or by the gusty wind, that sadly shrills
Thorough their woods—or by the rippling rills
Running to some deep river, not far thence
Making a murmur as its channel fills!
Oh for the vales, where violets dispenae
Honey to bees, storing their frequent scrips;
Where the loud lark to listening cherubim
(Though we of earth may hear) sings his high hymn;
Where the full thrush among the hawthorn-hips
Prisons dumb wonder in some sylvan spot,—
Rather than smiling haunts, where inward joy
is not!

From the Monthly Review.

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES: *comprehending a Life of that celebrated Sculptor, and Memoirs of several contemporary Artists, from the time of Roubiliac, Hogarth, and Reynolds, to that of Fuseli, Flaxman, and Blake. By John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. In two vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.*

MR. HUNT's Memoir of Lord Byron and his Contemporaries, would appear to have suggested to Mr. John Thomas Smith the idea of these two volumes. The sculptor indeed might not stand a comparison with the poet, as far as refinement of manners and genius are concerned; but they both seem to have been equally unfortunate in having afforded protection to persons, who carefully registered all their eccentricities and faults, for the purpose of publishing them at a future day without any, or a very slight, intermixture of their virtues. Mr. Smith informs us that he had been a pupil with Nollekens for three years, and intimately known to him for nearly sixty. "When I was an infant," he adds, "he frequently danced me upon his knee." One would think, that circumstances such as these might have generated some feelings of kindness, if not of gratitude, in the breast of a pupil towards a master whose friendship he thought worth cultivating during so lengthened a period. We regret to say, however, that very little of tenderness, or even of that natural partiality, which the writer of a memoir usually entertains towards the subject of his labours, appears in the publication before us. It seems to have been expressly written for the purpose of bringing down ridicule and contempt on the memory of Nollekens.

That eminent sculptor—the most eminent perhaps for the execution of busts, who has yet appeared amongst us—had great eccentricities, no doubt, which sometimes degenerated into vices. Mr. Smith compares him in his pecuniary and domestic habits to the celebrated miser, Elwes. His personal habits appear certainly to have been of the rudest and most unamiable description; but not a great deal worse than those of Dr. Johnson. In pecuniary affairs he ought not, however, to have been set down as the companion of Elwes. Nollekens was fond of money, and accumulated a vast sum, considering that it was all the product of his own exertions. But when we consider the many acts of benevolence and of real charity, which he was accustomed to practise for several years before his death, lending money to some on scarcely any security, which was subsequently remitted, and presenting donations to others—acts, several, though by no means all, of which are recorded in this memoir, it is most unjust, and particularly unhandsome, in Mr. Smith, to endeavour to impress the world with an idea that Nollekens was a monster of penury. The man who on awaking of a morning would ask his attendant, "Do you know any person to whom a little money would be useful to-day?" and who would immediately act upon any considerate suggestion that was given in answer to his question,

Museum.—VOL. XIV.

could never have been a miser. His will is a document dictated in every line by a sound mind, and a heart that evidently had cultivated the best affections. Desirous of rendering his wealth as extensively useful as possible, and having no children of his own, he bequeathed legacies to upwards of fifty persons, or to the relatives of persons, all of whom he designates under some name of friendship. Some he rewards for acts of kindness towards himself or his late "dear wife." To the Baroness de Belmont he gives two hundred pounds "as a remembrance he had of her late father." His workmen and domestic servants he provides for most liberally, and he divides a sum of nine hundred pounds equally between three most meritorious charitable institutions—the Saint Patrick's Orphan Charity School, in Dean-street, Soho, the Middlesex Hospital, and the parish Charity School of St. Mary-le-bone.—To the Society for the Relief of Persons Imprisoned for small Debts, he gives three hundred pounds—a most considerate and useful bequest, and nineteen guineas (a favourite sum with Nollekens) to the society which provided relief, during a season of unparalleled distress, for the destitute seamen. Of this will Mr. Smith is one of the executors; we should therefore be the more surprised at the unfriendly and unfair manner in which he treats the memory of Nollekens, if we had not observed that the bulk of the property is left between three gentlemen, of whom Mr. Smith is not one; and that although he was danced upon the sculptor's knee, and assiduously cultivated his patronage and friendship for nearly sixty years, his expectations were ultimately gratified only by a legacy of one hundred pounds. *Hinc lachrymæ!* or rather *Hinc cachinnus!* The profits of the book may possibly compensate for the disappointment of the author's hopes in another way, and at all events, it seems to have afforded him gratification to have had an opportunity of caricaturing and exposing to the laughter of the public, the private faults and follies of the man, to whose early instructions he is perhaps chiefly indebted for the situation which he now enjoys.

Poor Mrs. Nollekens also comes in for her share—and that no small share too—of the ridicule which is lavished upon her husband. If it be said that they were both remarkable for their eccentricities, does it follow that those eccentricities ought therefore to be laid before the world? Does it follow that a person may, under the protection of early and intimate acquaintance, become thoroughly conversant with all the habits and private history of a family, and that because he is disappointed of a legacy, he is therefore entitled to publish every little broil, every hasty expression, every ludicrous or reprehensible transaction, which he may have witnessed within their circle? We say no. The man who can be guilty of such conduct, is unfit to be admitted into society, and ought to be deemed—if there were any moral feeling in such things—unfit to be engaged in the service of the public.

We need scarcely say that we have no knowledge whatever of Mr. Smith, and certainly have no desire to injure him; but we deem it our duty to reprobate in the strongest lan-

NO. 82.—2 E

guage that we can use, the fashion which has of late become so prevalent amongst us, of exploring every circumstance of the private history of individuals, and publishing every scandalous or piquant anecdote, which can be supposed saleable in a depraved market. This fashion should be allowed to remain exclusively with the low weekly press, with which it commenced. The genius and celebrity of Nollekens, as an artist, ought to have protected him from the pen of his pupil and friend, if no other motives could have operated in his favour.

As a piece of biography, the memoir before us is a very insignificant performance. It is desultory and digressive beyond all endurance. The author appears to have collected from the files of old newspapers, and other sources of that description, as well as from all the old gossips who frequent the British Museum, a vast number of anecdotes concerning all sorts of people, who were in any way remarkable during the last century. The mere incidental mention of any body concerning whom he has a paragraph among his stores, leads forthwith to the production of the precious treasure, and to its insertion in his work, whether it has any or no connexion with the affair of Nollekens. In this way he has contrived to make up two thick volumes, whereas about two hundred and fifty pages contain all that relates to the sculptor, and about half that number would very well embrace all that Mr. Smith, at least, should have stated about him.

The grandfather and father of Nollekens were both Dutchmen, and painters of some respectability; both however resided the greater part of their lives in England, and the subject of these memoirs was born in London on the 29th of January, 1737. He learned drawing at Shipley's school in the Strand, and in his thirteenth year was placed under the instruction of Peter Scheemakers, a sculptor of considerable eminence. From his earliest youth he was remarkable for his love of modelling, and of bell-ringing! Whenever the funeral bell of St. James's church was going, and young Nollekens was out of the way, Scheemakers instantly knew where his apprentice was to be found. However he appears, notwithstanding this idle trick, to have paid great attention to his art. His progress may be judged from the fact recorded in the Registrar's books, that in 1759, and 1760, he obtained three prizes from the Society of Arts, for models in clay. By means of the money thus acquired, amounting to about 60*l.* he was enabled, after having served his master for ten years, to proceed to Rome in 1760, where he arrived with twenty guineas in his pocket. Another prize for a basso relievo in stone, consigned to England in the same year, and one in 1762, of 52*l.* 10*s.* for a basso relievo in marble, placed him in easy circumstances, and he was thus at liberty to apply all the natural strength of his mind to his art, without any of those apprehensions which too often cloud the budding hours of genius. We may, in this instance, as well as in many others, perceive the real practical utility, which such Institutions, as that of the Society of Arts, produce to the community.

It was an auspicious beginning for Nollekens, that the first bust he made was executed

for Garrick. This good fortune happened to him in a manner highly honourable to Garrick, and perfectly indicative of his character. He recognised the young artist at Rome.—“What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?” “Yes, Sir,” being the answer, Mr. Garrick invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him 12*l.* 12*s.* Another bust, that of Sterne, who was then at Rome, brought him into great notice. Of this performance he was proud to the latest hour of his life.

We were much amused with the simplicity of the author in relating the following anecdote:—

“Barry, the Historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. ‘Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,’ answered Barry, ‘I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat.’ This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate.”—vol. i. p. 7.

Does not Mr. Smith know that Barry was mad on this subject? He conceived that all the world was in a conspiracy against him on account of his great talents as a painter, and hence he was in perpetual fear of assassination. Nollekens might have felt quietly enough in the laced hat, and even in the whole of Barry's costume, if he had asked to exchange with him.

While at Rome, Nollekens purchased, for a mere trifle, those ancient Roman terracottas, which are now let into the walls of the first room of the Gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum. They were purchased by the government from the late Mr. Townley, to whom Nollekens had sold them, and are much admired for the gracefulness of the figures, and the lightness and beauty of the foliated ornaments.

We can hardly believe that Nollekens was so dishonest, as the following anecdote represents him:—

“The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dextrously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums.”—vol. i. p. 11.

If this be true, Nollekens might just as well have taken those “enormous sums” out of the pockets of his patrons, and transferred them to his own. Another equally discreditable story is told of him by his biographer:—

“Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at

a price not exceeding one hundred guineas; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses.

"Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antiques, "restored it," which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now at Newby, in Yorkshire."—vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

Our author also accuses him of having been a great smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace, from Italy. His contrivance is said to have been this:—"all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back, across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts." It is hardly fair, and certainly is not very friendly, to ground a general charge of smuggling against Nollekens, upon the single fact that he brought over from Rome, enclosed in a bust of Sterne, the lace ruffles in which he usually went to court. This is the only evidence which his biographer brings against him; the imputation pretty clearly shows the spirit in which the whole work is written.

Upon his return to England, which as well as we can collect, appears to have been about the year 1770, Nollekens became at once the most fashionable sculptor of the day. In the two following years he was chosen, first an associate, and then a member of the Royal Academy. His next business was to marry. He fell desperately in love with Mary, second daughter of Saunders Welch, Esq., the successor in the magistracy of Henry Fielding, and obtained her hand. This lady, according to the author, was the very "pink of precision."

"Mary's figure was rather too tall, but yet graceful; her eyes were good, and she knew how to play with them; her blooming complexion stood in no need of milk of roses; her nose, I must own, and it was the opinion of Nollekens too, was rather of the shortest; her teeth were small, bespeaking a selfish disposition: indeed the whole of her features were what her husband would sometimes call *scornery*, particularly in their latter days during their little *fracas*: for be it known, she had no small sprinkling of pride in consequence of a compliment paid her by Dr. Johnson. Her light hair shone in natural and beautiful ringlets down her back to the lower part of her tightly-laced waist; such a shaped waist as her father's friend, Fielding, has given Sophia Western, in his 'Tom Jones.'"—vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

The author describes Mrs. Nollekens' wedding dress with all the particularity of a milliner. It was quite in the old court dress style, except that she wore no powder in her hair, the auburn beauty of which she had the good

sense to retain. Though she never experienced the luxury of being a mother, it appears, nevertheless, through all the varied and not very gentle colours in which the author represents her, that she was a virtuous and domestic woman, though perhaps a little too thrifty, and somewhat too much inclined to jealousy. Her husband's profession frequently rendered it necessary for him to obtain models from a certain class of females; the introduction of these persons into the artist's study, was never, even to the last hour of her life, borne very patiently by Mrs. Nollekens. This was not altogether unnatural; at least it was sufficiently justifiable to protect her from the ridicule, which Mr. Smith occasionally lavishes upon her on account of this propensity. She was famous for recipes for all sorts of economical dishes, and for her needlework. The only foreign language which she knew, was French: she had a sister who spoke seven of the continental dialects.

Among the sculptor's distinguished sitters was his late Majesty, with whom Nollekens (though a Catholic) was a great favourite. Dr. Johnson's bust, by Nollekens, is well known as an admirable likeness. The Doctor complained of the hair, with some justice, for it was modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar. The fellow, after sitting an hour, refused to take a shilling for his pains, representing that he could have made more by his trade!

"Most of his sitters were exceedingly amused with the oddity of his manner, particularly fine women, who were often gratified by being considered handsome by the Sculptor, though his admiration was expressed in the plainest language. I remember his once requesting a lady who squinted dreadfully, to 'look a little the other way, for then,' said he, 'I shall get rid of the shyness in the cast of your eye;' and to another lady of the highest rank, who had forgotten her position, and was looking down upon him, he cried, 'Don't look so *scornery*; you'll spoil my busto; and you're a very fine woman; I think it will be one of my best bustos.' I heard him ask the daughter of Lord Yarborough, in the presence of her husband, to prove to her that he had not forgotten all his Italian, if she did not recollect his dancing her upon his knee when she was a *Bambina*. He was very fond of speaking Italian, though I have been told it was exceedingly bad; and he would often attempt it even in the presence of the Royal Family, who good-temperedly smiled at his whimsicalities. Even the gravest of men, the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, when sitting to him for his bust for the Chancery Court, in his large wig, condescendingly endured the following collection of nonsense, in which at last his Lordship was obliged to join. *Nollekens*—'Ah! there goes the bell tolling; no,—it's only my clock on the stairs: when I was a boy, you would have liked to have seen me toll the bell; it's no very easy thing, I can tell you;—look a little that way,—you must toll, that is to say, I did, one hour for a man, three times three; and three times two for a woman:—now, your Lordship must mind, there's a Moving-bell and a Passing-bell; these the Romans always attended to.' 'You mean

the Roman Catholics, Mr. Nollekens,' observed his Lordship. 'Yes, my Lord, they call that the Moving-bell, which goes when they move a body out of one parish to the next, or so on. The Passing-bell, is when you are dying, and going from this world to another place.' 'Ay, Mr. Nollekens,' observed his Lordship, 'there is a curious little book, published in 1671, I think by Richard Duckworth, upon the art of Ringing, entitled *Tintannologia*.'—vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

The following anecdote is amusing:—

"A lady in weeds for her dear husband, drooping low like the willow, visited the Sculptor, and assured him that she did not care what money was expended on a monument to the memory of her beloved; 'Do what you please, but do it directly,' were her orders. Industry was a principle rivetted in Nollekens's constitution; he rose with the lark, and in a short time finished the model, strongly suspecting she might, like some others he had been employed by, change her mind. The lady, in about three months, made her second appearance, in which more courage is generally assumed, and was accosted by him, before she alighted, with 'Poor soul! I thought you'd come;' but her tripping down with a 'light fantastic toe,' and the snorting of her horses, which had been hard-driven, evinced a total change in her inclination, and he was now saluted with, 'How do you do, Nollekens: well, you have not commenced the model?'—'Yes, but I have though,' was the reply. *The Lady*—'Have you, indeed? These, my good friend, I own,' throwing herself into a chair, 'are early days; but since I saw you, an old Roman acquaintance of yours has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband; indeed, perhaps, after all, upon second thoughts, it would be considered quite enough if I got our mason to put up a mural inscription, and that, you know, he can cut very neatly.'—'My charge,' interrupted the artist, 'for my model will be one hundred guineas;' which she declared to be 'enormous.' However, she would pay it and 'have done with him.'"

From a great number of anecdotes without point, and sometimes, indeed, without meaning, we shall select a few, which will perhaps entertain the reader. They will require no observation from us, as they offer nothing that demands or admits of criticism:—

"Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens's studio, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, to see the bust of Lord Mansfield, when the Sculptor vociferated, 'I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer, over the water: his wife's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stocking people.'—'Nolly, Nolly,' observed the Doctor, 'I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue bag.' At which Mrs. Thrale smiled, and whispered to the Doctor, 'My dear Sir, you'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block.'"—vol. i. p. 114.

"Nollekens at all times strongly reprobated colossal sculpture, more especially when commenced by the too-daring student in the art;

and, indeed, whenever any one led to the subject, he would deliver his opinion, even to persons of the first fashion and rank, with as much freedom as if he were chiding his mason's boy, Kit Finny, for buying scanty paunches for his yard-dog Cerberus. 'No, no, my Lord,' he would vociferate, with an increased nasal and monotonous tone of voice, 'a grand thing don't depend upon the size, I can assure you of that. A large model certainly produces a stare, and is often admired by ignorant people: but the excellence of a work of art has nothing to do with the size, that you may depend upon from me.' In this, he unquestionably was correct; as the graceful elegance of a Cellini cup or a bell for the Pope's table, does not consist in immensity. I have a cast from an antique bronze figure only three inches in height, which, from its justness of proportion and dignity of attitude, strikes the beholder, when it is elevated only nine inches above his eye, with an idea of its being a figure full thirty feet in height.'—vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

"Those who recollect the figure of Dr. Wolcott in his robust upright state, and the diminutive appearance of Mr. Nollekens, can readily picture to themselves their extreme contrast, when the former accosted the latter one evening at his gate in Titchfield-street, nearly in the following manner. 'Why, Nollekens, you never speak to me now: pray what is the reason?' *Nollekens*—'Why, you have published such lies of the King, and had the impudence to send them to me; but Mrs. Nollekens burnt them, and I desire you'll send no more: the Royal family are very good to me, and are great friends to all the artists, and I don't like to hear any body say any thing against them.' Upon which the Doctor put his cane upon the Sculptor's shoulder, and exclaimed, 'Well said! little Nolly; I like the man who sticks to his friend; you shall make a bust of me for that.' 'I'll see you d—d first!' answered Nollekens, 'and I can tell you this besides, no man in the Royal Academy but Opie would have painted your picture, and you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford in Wright's shop: Mr. Cook, of Bedford-square, showed me his handkerchief dipped in your blood: and so now you know my mind. Come in, my Cerberus, come in.' His dog then followed him in, and he left the Doctor at the gate, which he barred up for the night."

The author thus contrasts Nollekens with Flaxman:—

"It was highly amusing to notice the glaring contrast of the two Sculptors, Nollekens and Flaxman, whenever they came in contact in a fashionable party, which I own was rarely the case. The former, upon these occasions, who was never known to expatiate upon Art, generally took out his pocket book, and, in order to make himself agreeable, presented his recipes, perhaps for an inveterate sore throat or a virulent scorbutic humour, to some elegant woman, with as much alacrity as Dr. Bossey, of Covent-garden fame, formerly did to the wife of a Fulham or a Mortlake market-gardener. The latter, however, like a true descendant of Phidias, was modestly discoursing with a select circle upon the exquisite productions of Greece; at the same time, assuring his audi-

tors, that every motion of the body of a well-proportioned, unaffected person, gave sufficient opportunities for the selection of similar attitudes of equal grace; that he considered himself frequently indebted to the simple and unadorned charity-girl for the best of his attitudes; and that these he had often collected during his walks in the streets, when the innocent objects themselves had been wholly ignorant of his admiration of their positions. I have also often heard him declare, that the most successful of his figures displayed in his illustrations of Homer, Eschylus, and Dante, were procured from similarly natural and unsophisticated sources."—vol. i. pp. 316—318.

"Whenever Nollekens was asked, in the presence of his wife, if he had any family, she would answer, pointing to his figures, 'A very great family, Sir; all these are Mr. Nollekens's children; and as they behave so well, and never make a noise, they shall be his representatives'; at the same time making a most formal courtesy to Mr. Nollekens."—vol. i. p. 361.

"I have been assured by Mr. Turner, the Royal Academician, that when he solicited Mr. Nollekens for his subscription to 'The Artists' Fund,' he inquired how much he wanted from him; 'Only a guinea,' was the answer; upon which the Sculptor immediately opened a table-drawer, and gave Mr. Turner *thirty guineas*, saying, 'There, take that.' Mr. Bailey, the Royal Academician, was also equally surprised, when he applied to him on behalf of the 'Artists' Society,' to which he is a subscriber."—vol. i. p. 364.

Does it not seem, therefore, rather hard to pin upon poor Nollekens the title of a miser? Of the roughness of his manners, however, there can be no doubt. The following is a characteristic specimen of them:

"Nollekens being once in expectation of a very high personage to visit his studio, was dressed to receive him; and after walking up and down the passage for nearly an hour, being deprived of the advantage of using his clay, for fear of spoiling his clothes, he at length heard the equipage arrive. According to his usual custom, he opened the street-door, and as the illustrious visitor alighted, he cried out, 'So, you're come at last! why, you are an hour beyond your time; you would not have found me at home, if I had had any where to have gone to, I assure you!'"—Vol. ii. p. 338.

"For many years, every summer's morn, Mr. Nollekens was up with the rising sun. He began his work by watering his clay, when he modelled till eight o'clock, at which hour he generally breakfasted; and then, as he entered his studio, would observe to his workmen, that every man should earn his breakfast before he ate it."—Vol. i. p. 407.

Our sculptor is said to have experienced the greatest delight when modelling, for his own amusement, small figures in clay, either singly or in groups. Of these he accumulated a great number as he never sold them, and gave away but a few of them as presents. When-

ever he read in the papers the death of any distinguished person, he immediately got his clay ready, in order that he might lose no time in case he should be applied to for the purpose of taking a caste of the face. As he was returning from Putney Common with the mask of Mr. Pitt's face, he exclaimed to a friend, pointing to it on the opposite seat of the coach, 'There, I would not take fifty guineas for that mask, I can tell ye.' From this mask and Hoppner's picture, he subsequently produced the statue of that distinguished statesman, which is now erected in the senate-house of Cambridge, and for which he received three thousand guineas. He obtained for the pedestal one thousand, and for seventy-four marble busts, and about six hundred casts, of Mr. Pitt, he had eleven thousand more, amounting in all to fifteen thousand guineas. It is a remarkable circumstance, that in consequence of some trifling and unintentional offence, Mr. Pitt always refused to sit to Nollekens. In this respect, however, the late Lord Londonderry was no imitator of his great master. An anecdote is told of his visit to the sculptor's study, which must not be omitted.

"When the late Marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust, coals were at an enormous price; and the noble Lord, who had been for some time shivering in his seat, took the opportunity, when the sculptor went out for more clay, of throwing some coals upon the fire. 'Oh! my good Lord, I don't know what Mr. Nollekens will say!' exclaimed Mrs. Nollekens, who was bolstered up and bound to an old night-chair by the fire-side: 'Never mind, my good lady,' answered his lordship; 'tell him to put them into my bill.' Lonsdale, the portrait-painter, who found him one severe winter's evening starving himself before a handful of fire, requested to be permitted to throw a few coals on; and before Mr. Nollekens could reply, on they were. Lonsdale, strongly suspecting that they would be taken off as soon as he was gone, was determined to be convinced; and when he had reached the street-door, pretended to have forgotten something, re-ascended to the room, and found him, as he suspected, taking them off with the fire-feeder, so strongly recommended to him by the Bishop of St. Asaph; at the same time muttering to himself, 'shameful! shameful extravagance!' He never left the kind-hearted Lonsdale a legacy; at least, I know of none; though it was his intention to have put him down in a former will for 1000*l*."—vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

Mrs. Nollekens died in 1817, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. After her death, our sculptor's second childhood commenced. He was confined much to his bed, and became very imbecile. He had in the course of his life three attacks of paralysis, and after much suffering, he departed from this scene of his fame on the 23d of April, 1823.

To the memoirs of his life are added biographical sketches of Roubiliac, Proctor, Zoffany, Gainsborough, and several other artists of eminence. We are happy to observe, that they are untinted by any of that personal ill will which we have complained of as manifesting itself too frequently, and too bitterly, in almost every thing that relates to Nollekens.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NO MORE.

—“There came a sound of song
From the dark ruins—a faint strain
As if some Echo that among
Those minstrel halls had slumber’d long,
Were murmuring into life again.

Ah! where are they, who heard in former hours
The voice of song in those neglected bowers?
They are gone—they all are gone!
’Tis thus in future hours, some hard will say,
Of her who sings, and him that hears this lay,
They are gone—they too are gone.”—

Evenings in Greece.

No more!—a harp-string’s deep, sad, *breaking*
tone,

A last low summer-breeze, a far-off knell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—those mur-
murs of farewell—

No more!

To dwell in peace with home-affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother’s voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—

No more!

A dirge-like sound!—to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—

No more!

Through woods that shadow’d our first years
to rove,

With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn and meet our own heart’s answer
there—

No more!

Words of Despair!—yet Earth’s, all Earth’s—
the wo

Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—oh! image *then* the
flow

Of gladness in its tones!—to part, to weep—

No more!

To watch in dying hope, Affection’s wane,
To see the Beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart—

No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to
yearn

For human love, and never quench that
thirst;—

To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O’er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—

No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
To mourn the changed, the far away, the
dead;

To send our searching spirits through th’ un-
seen,

Intensely questioning for treasures fled—

No more!

* “*Jamais, jamais! Je ne serai aimé comme j’aime,*” was the mournful expression of Madame de Staël.

Words of triumphant music!—bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, th’ ungenial
air;

Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are
done.

To learn in joy:—to struggle, to despair—
No more!

*From the New Monthly Magazine.*NARES’S LIFE AND ADMINISTRATION
OF LORD BURGHLEY.*

THIS is of a good school: by a veteran in literature—familiar with the story of the times in which his hero flourished, and evidently fond of discussing them—bringing to the task he has undertaken, the advantages of long practice and matured experience—accustomed to search and sift, to unravel intricacies, to balance probabilities, and fix results—neither daunted by labours, nor shrinking from difficulties, but boldly diving into the depths of his subject, and bringing forth treasures new and old. His authentic materials were abundant; Lord Burghley was a man of business, carefully gathering papers and documents, and his descendants have religiously preserved them. They have been picked and culled by numbers, but never with the direct purpose of illustrating the merits of the original possessor. Singularly enough, Lord Burghley has never had fair justice done him—his actions have never been fully detected and canvassed—though confessedly the leading counsellor of the whole of Elizabeth’s reign, the main spring and support of a successful government of forty years, at a period when society, thrown into a state of disturbance by the fermentation of new opinions and principles, required the very wisest and most watchful management while superintending its subsidence. He has been mixed up, impersonally, with the general government, and has, in a measure, lost some of the individualizing features of the man.

In the common estimate, which after all perhaps seldom very widely misses the mark, Lord Burghley is the very representative of prudence and political sagacity—a man of a Macchiavelian cast, not, apparently, very nice about the means of accomplishing important ends—the protector of Protestantism and the church hierarchy—the persecutor of heretics—the unscrupulous agent of Elizabeth’s worst excesses; but, at the same time, the resolute defender of his country’s superiority—the seaman who safely conducted the vessel among shoals and quicksands—the pilot that weathered the storm. Let his faults have been what they may, success has thrown a veil over them, and success, with those at least who share the advantages of it, if it be not made the measure of worth exactly, is pretty sure of

* *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* By the Rev. Edward Nares, D. D. Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. 4to.

a liberal construction. Besides, the depreciators of Lord Burghley were a defeated, we need not add, an oppressed party, and a party notoriously distinguished (we are not speaking with any invidious allusion to existing circumstances) for sticking at no calumnies or corruptions; and therefore the less entitled, and the less likely, in the long run, to fix a lasting stain upon those they desire to asperse.

Nevertheless, looking to the unmitigated facts of Burghley's history—and few do more—the balance is decidedly against him. We know him to have been charged with betraying both Somerset and Northumberland—we know him to have been trusted by the one, and to have acted officially under the other; and we find him successively in the service of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. The bare facts irresistibly suggest the existence of pliancy of principle; and yet the known influence he possessed with *one party*, permanently and uninterruptedly, shows a sort of confidence which nothing surely but consistency, steadiness, and sincerity, in no common degree, could justify or originate. That he must, however, have submitted to compliances is indisputable—the question will be, how far they were warrantable, how far they were specifically prompted by private interests, or how far they were directed and contributed to the establishment of permanent and pervading good. The end is not to justify the means; but the greatness of the end will nevertheless, in the eyes apparently of the sober and practical moralist, and certainly in the estimate of common observers, excuse occasional obliquity. We are much afraid, if it were even nakedly stated, that his conformity to Catholic rites and practices enabled him to further the interests of Protestantism, few would be found staunch enough to censure him very deeply for conforming; and Dr. Nares, upon due examination, and full evidence of the fact, discovers reasons for justification, evidently, with very little difficulty.

Glancing at the character of the man generally, we must conclude him to have been a very able person—originally well introduced, and closely and early connected with a set of men, scholars and statesmen, who were bent upon introducing the “new learning”—when favoured with opportunities for action, active, prompt, and prudent—useful by these qualities to political leaders—advanced by them to places of trust and confidence, and by his efficiency, gaining at every step new influence—when repulsed, never defeated nor disheartened—yielding to the storm, bending till it blew over—when associates and patrons were suffering, himself by dexterity escaping—when thrown out of office by one party, quickly recalled by another from his known experience and promptitude of expedient—and finally, when what was strictly his own party recovered the ascendancy, becoming, all competitors being now swept away, their sole and acknowledged leader—a post, which in spite of court favourites and political enemies, in troops, he maintained for forty years—a result which implies, no doubt, extraordinary talent, but also extraordinary pliancy and management.

Dr. Nares has taken a large and liberal view of the matter, and entered very fully into the chief events of the times, the more fairly and completely to estimate the actions and importance of the subject of his biography. He has successfully traced his agency upon occasions in which he was before scarcely known to have had any share, and has thus been enabled effectively to rebut and remove some calumnies, and alleviate the pressure of others. He finds him to have been a much more influential person in the days of Edward, than he was before supposed to have been, and at a very early period regarded, by the scholars of the day, and the chief of the reformers, as the main pillar, at least politically, of the great cause of Protestantism. From the very extensive range which the author has taken, the biography is brought down, in the very considerable volume before us, only to the death of Mary. This, however, is the period of Cecil's life, with which the public is least acquainted; after Elizabeth's accession, his course is better known; and it is always more interesting, more instructive, to trace the rise of an extraordinary person while fighting his way to distinction, than to contemplate his after-career, when the character is fixed, the authority established, and all plain sailing. We shall, therefore, glance over this early period, which will enable us to appreciate the author's success—how far, we mean, he has succeeded in one main object of his performance, removing the calumnies which have been penned upon Lord Burghley—effacing the stains which have somewhat tarnished the splendour and purity of his fame.

Cecil was born in 1539, at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, and though not, beyond all dispute, as his admirers eventually asserted, descended in a right line from the Roman Cæcili, yet undoubtedly of a very respectable Welsh family, the Sitsils. His father was master of the robes to Henry VIII. Young Cecil, at the age of fourteen, according to the custom of those times, was sent from Grantham school to St. John's, Cambridge, where he was quickly distinguished by propriety of conduct, and extraordinary acquirements. At a period when Greek was but newly introduced at Cambridge, he entered eagerly into the study of it; and before he was nineteen actually gave volunteer lectures on the language. Greek came in with the “new learning,” which in those days meant the new doctrines of Protestantism, and all the early promoters of Greek at Cambridge were either avowedly favourers of them, or laboured under the scandal of being so. Cecil's acquaintance lay wholly among the leading scholars, all of them older than himself, and some considerably so—Smith, Cheke, Parker, Ascham, Bacon,—and among them seemed destined for academical distinctions.

Circumstances, however, not at all developed, diverted him from his course; and at twenty we find him at Gray's Inn, where he had the reputation, with great ardour, of coupling antiquarian researches with his legal studies. These must have quickly met with interruptions, nor indeed is it known that he was studying for the bar. From his father's

position, the court seemed open to him, and a political career the most obvious. Scarcely had he been three months at Gray's Inn when he married a sister of Cheke's; and the same year chance introduced him personally to the King's notice. On some occasion, in the presence chamber, to which his father's office gave him a ready entrance, he got into a dispute with two chaplains in attendance on the great Irish chieftain O'Neale, and by dint of argument fairly reduced them to silence. The dispute had been carried on in Latin, was long and warm, and excited the notice of some of the courtiers, who, by way of chit-chat, told the King young Cecil's victory. The King sent for him forthwith, and after a long talk with him, being exceedingly delighted with his ready and prudent answers, desired his father to find out "a suit for him," which of course was speedily accomplished, and the reversion of Custos Brevium in the Common Pleas accordingly solicited and granted. The dispute apparently concerned the King's supremacy—a subject of deep interest with the King; and Cecil luckily took the right side. The reversion did not fall in till after the King's death, and it is not certainly known that he either obtained any thing else, or ever had another personal interview. But his connexions with the court were rapidly increasing. Cheke, his brother-in-law, was appointed tutor to the young prince; and in 1545—his first wife dying within two years of the marriage—he married one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, himself one of the Prince's governors. Cooke's other daughters, being all of them well married, multiplied Cecil's court connexions, and tended of course materially to forward his interests.

Through Cheke apparently he became known also to Somerset (then Lord Hertford) and Cranmer; and immediately on the accession of Edward, he reaped the fruits of these fortunate, or rather, perhaps, well chosen connexions. About this time also the reversion of Custos Brevium fell in, worth then, it appears, 240*l.* a-year; and among the first acts of Somerset was Cecil's appointment to be "his Master of Requests,"—a matter of great importance, as bringing him in immediate contact with the Protector. The office, whatever it might really have been, is spoken of as a new one, and Camden, it is stated, asserted that Cecil told him, he was the first who ever held it; but Courts of Requests, if not instituted in the reign of Henry VII., were certainly in existence in that of Henry VIII., for Sir Thomas More had been a master. This office of Cecil's was undoubtedly something quite different, and though represented as destined for the "furtherance of poor men's suits, and for the more effectual speeding them without the delays and charges of law," it seems more probably to have been what in modern terms would have been called the private secretaryship. Still the office was in some degree recognised as a public one, and evidently by the numerous letters still in existence, addressed to him, was considered as the direct and regular channel of communication with the government. The duties, some of them at least, were such as have since merged in those of

the secretary for the home department. The circumstances of the times made it of considerable importance, and more, as Dr. Nares suggests, was certainly done in those days by letter than now—a suitor could not so readily then be whisked from one end of the country to the other.

The same year Cecil accompanied his patron in the expedition to Scotland—"the rough wooing,"—partly in his capacity of "Master of Requests," or private secretary rather, for the office plainly attached him to the Protector, and partly also, apparently, as one of a judge-advocate *dumvirate*. One Patten, who published an account of the expedition, and the battle of Pinkey, calls himself a judge of the Marshalsea, and speaks of Cecil as his colleague. Robertson evidently understood this to be a military appointment—a sort of provost-marshalship, and accordingly calls him judge marshal of the army; but he may be wholly mistaken, and the office, after all, nothing but a civil one, and connected, as appears from Patten's title-page, with the Marshalsea courts. Dr. Nares, who is probably somewhat too much disposed to magnify Cecil before his time, and on all occasions to find full employment for him, conjectures that he may have been consulted in this new capacity, or actually engaged in penning state papers; but that his quality of private secretary to the Protector, for such we must persist in thinking it to have been, might call upon him to do. Cecil supplied the materials, or at least some part of them, to Patten's "*Diarium Expeditionis Scotice*."

In the meanwhile Cranmer, who had become paramount in ecclesiastical matters, was pushing the progress of the Reformation, or "Restoration," as Dr. Nares would have it called, in every possible way; and, among other changes, the bishops were called upon to take out new commissions, Cranmer himself setting the example—the *congé d'élire* was suppressed, and a patent substituted, and the office held during pleasure. A royal visitation also was appointed, consisting of civilians and divines, during the exercise of whose functions all episcopal powers were suspended. The first book of homilies was published, and Erasmus's Paraphrase of the Gospels translated and circulated. To all these innovations Gardiner and Bonner were vehemently opposed: Gardiner in particular declared the visitation altogether illegal, and was, in consequence of his intemperate declarations, by the Council committed to the Fleet. He was, however, very soon offered his liberty, on condition of admitting the homilies; but still objecting to the homily on salvation in particular, he required a few days to consider, and was remanded. During this interval, Cecil and Dr. Ridley were especially commissioned by the Protector and Cranmer to visit and confer with him, and they finally overcame his scruples. The bishop's own account is—the matter, to be sure is, not a very important one, except that Cecil was personally concerned—that he reappeared before the Council at the end of a fortnight, and still persisting in his objections, was committed a prisoner to his own house, and that not till then did Cecil

and Ridley attend him. Dr. Nares contrives to make this version of the story tell still more to Cecil's glory; for, on the bishop's own showing, Cecil and Ridley (they were two) did more in one short interview, than Gardiner's own cogitations could accomplish in a whole fortnight.

Gardiner, however, did Cecil and Ridley little credit, for he quickly forgot his convictions, and being again summoned before the Council, in a few months, was commanded to "tarry in town." This was about Whitsuntide, and on St. Peter's day he preached before the King, but so intemperately, or at least so hostilely to the ruling party, that he was forthwith committed to the Tower, for obstinately resisting the King's authority. How Gardiner came to be allowed to preach on this occasion, is a matter of warm dispute—whether, that is, he demanded permission to do so, in order to give himself an opportunity of expressing his sentiments in the most public manner, or whether the task was imposed upon him, for the purpose of showing him up to his friends, as a man who succumbed to his masters. Cecil was a prime agent in the business, and, accordingly, Dr. Nares discusses the matter at some length. We may, we think, safely take his conclusion, which is, that Gardiner did in fact, with whatever view, ask permission to preach, and that St. Peter's day was assigned him on his own request—that after this permission had been thus indiscreetly given, Cecil was despatched to propose to him to preach from notes, to be seen beforehand by the Council, to acknowledge the legality of the acts of the Council, and abstain altogether from controverted points—that the bishop naturally spurned at these conditions—that finally Cecil failing in his embassy, Sir Thomas Smith, the secretary, was then employed on the same errand, and failing also, the bishop was left to take his own course. Gardiner treated the whole affair—the Council and their agents, with entire contempt—he neither wrote his sermon, nor acknowledged the Council's authority, nor abstained from controverted matters—a great tumult was excited among the audience by his contumacy, and he was committed, as was said, to the Tower. Cecil's commission will at least serve to show the degree of importance which he had obtained with the Protector and Cranmer;—the employment was still a subordinate one—that of an agent.

Soon after this event, Cecil was taken into the secretary of state's office; not made one of the two principal secretaries, as has been supposed, chiefly from a misconception of Cecil's Latin. The words in his journal are, "Sept. 1548, co-optatus sum in officium Secretarii," by which he probably meant he was appointed first clerk, or under secretary, as we should phrase it. It was not till two years after this, that under the patronage of Warwick, he succeeded Wootton as secretary. At this period there were but two principal secretaries, and the names of both are known—Smith and Petre; nor was it till quite the end of the reign that a third secretary was appointed, apparently for a temporary purpose.

The execution of the younger Seymour,

with the consent of his brother, gave the final blow to the popularity of the Protector, and furnished his rival Warwick with a complete triumph. The ground of the quarrels of the Seymours has been attributed, perhaps falsely, to the jealousies of their wives—the younger Seymour had married Katharine Parr, and there were probably squabbles about precedence—and Cecil has been charged, though no evidence now exists, with pricking on the hostility of the parties; but for what purpose likely to benefit either himself or his patron is scarcely conceivable; and it is too much to suppose him all the while a secret tool of Warwick's, or that Warwick could so early have believed his ambitious views would be promoted by the quarrel of the brothers, or that such quarrel could have brought about the death of the one and the ruin of the other.

On the committal of the Protector to the Tower, Cecil, as one of his confidential agents, was also sent thither, but was released before the duke, and soon, apparently, recovered the stroke, for within a few months we find him, under Warwick's supremacy, actually appointed Secretary of State. Except the bare facts just stated, nothing is known of the matter; the circumstances are wrapt in obscurity. In the severe handlings Cecil met with from his political opponents, he was charged with betraying his patron. Dr. Nares makes an elaborate defence, and perhaps an effective one. He deprecates the use of the term *patron*; but truly this is mere fastidiousness. Dr. Nares would have us believe Cecil, at this early period of so much importance in the state, as to be in reality the obliger, and not the obliged; but in matters of this kind, it is not a man's potentialities that give weight and station. The fact is indisputable, that in the common language and understanding of the term, Somerset was the patron, and Cecil the protégé—*he was the Protector's servant*, and so called. Of treachery there is, we think, no direct evidence. Cecil held office, and high office under Warwick, the rival and enemy of his first patron; but then he had suffered with that patron—that patron had himself been reconciled to Warwick, the son of one had married the daughter of the other, and had besides been readmitted into the Council, over which Warwick ruled supreme. The utmost that can be safely affirmed against Cecil is, that he was not so passionately devoted as to sacrifice a new chance of advancement by useless adherence to an impotent patron. Cecil could then probably bend and accommodate, as he afterwards undoubtedly showed he could do.

Under Warwick's dominion, at all events, Cecil grew and prospered. He was made Secretary of State—knighted—employed in an embassy of honour—appointed Chancellor of the order of the Garter—had an annuity from the crown—and the reversion for sixty years of Wimbledon rectory, where we find him residing the next year, and it may be supposed in some state—for in his journal is an entry, on his appointment to the Chancellorship of the Garter; "Paid the embroiderer for xxxvi schutchyns for my servants coats at 2s. each 3*l.* 12*s.*, that is 32 servants;" but possibly they might have had more than one coat apiece.

Through the remainder of the reign Cecil, no doubt, was an active and effective member of the government—still, it must be remembered, under Warwick—in settling the church, arranging the finances, in protecting trade, especially in reducing the privileges of the foreign merchants in the steelyard, and was one of Cranmer's chief coadjutors in furthering the Reformation, to whom, indeed, together with Cheke, he submitted the forty-two articles, as to "wise and good men, very well seen in divine learning, and the two great patrons of the Reformation at court." To the young King himself he was personally acceptable, and was supposed to have had no small share in those productions, which are ostensibly attributed to him—particularly the letter addressed to his sister Mary for her conversion—"Ah," said she, on receiving it, "good Mr. Cecil took much pains here."

Just before Edward's death, Warwick, then Duke of Northumberland, had prevailed upon the dying boy to change the order of succession—setting aside his sisters as illegitimate, and appointing Jane Gray as his immediate successor. To the act of Council, sanctioning this appointment, the members affixed their signatures—some of them at the earnest importunity of the King, and among them Cranmer and Cecil. This document, a part of which Dr. Nares has printed, bears evident marks, by the erasures and interlineations in Northumberland's own hand, of trickery. It seems pretty manifest Edward had been seduced into setting aside his sisters under the notion of excluding females, and Jane Gray among the rest.

By this act Cecil, with the rest of the Council, was brought into difficulties on Mary's accession: but before Edward's death, penetrating the purposes of Northumberland, he had holden back, and for a time even feigned sickness to be out of the way; and on the King's death, when he as well as the Council were all at Greenwich, and Northumberland required him, as Secretary of State, to prepare a proclamation setting forth Jane's title, he refused; and again, also, when commanded to pen a letter justificatory of that title, in which Mary was to be designated *bastard*. So far from Cecil's seconding his views, Northumberland had apparently, for some time, been contemplating his removal, and from some distrust of him it probably was, that he at this time appointed Cheke a third secretary.

Cecil, according to his own account, "practised" with the members of the Council; and as soon as they had withdrawn to Baynard's Castle, Lord Arundel and Sir W. Paget were despatched to Mary with an offer of service, and were soon afterwards followed by Cecil, who met with a very gracious reception. In the arrangements consequent on her accession, the new Queen offered to continue him in the office of Secretary, if he would change his religion—a condition which he, of course, rejected. This we learn from the testimony of his "domestic," who wrote a brief account of his master, and from whom the chief information, indeed, relative to his earlier days is derived—a man who was in his service twenty-five years, apparently in some confidential em-

ployment, secretary perhaps, or steward, and "incapable," as Dr. Nares says, we do not know why, "of flattery." But be the story true or false, he was dismissed, and moreover the Chancellorship of the Garter was taken from him; but within a very few months matters are prodigiously changed, and no good reason assigned for it. The main pillar and stay of Protestantism conformed,—*outwardly*, says his excellent biographer, which may be very true—he had a priest in his house, he confessed, he attended mass, was, in short, a professed Catholic. Upon this change too, and it ceases to be a matter of wonder, we find the good man in favour again, though not restored to his old office, but actually appointed, in company with Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings, to go to Brussels and conduct to England Cardinal Pole, then invested with a legatine commission. This, Dr. Nares is with some regret compelled to acknowledge, is something extraordinary, but then it is extraordinary on both sides, not only that Cecil, so stout and staunch a reformer, should accept the appointment, but that Mary and her Council should trust a Protestant:—why the truth is, he was no Protestant,—he "conformed," or, in plain terms, he relapsed—he had a priest, confessed, attended mass, &c.

The probability which finally suggests itself to the biographer is, that he must in this otherwise unaccountable embassy, have been also politically employed, to discuss, perhaps, the affairs of Europe with the Emperor, admirably fitted as he must be allowed to have been from the confidential situation he had held under the late King, and his "well known eminence." But this is all pure conjecture. The Emperor, to be sure, was at Brussels—Pole was there at his court—and thither the commission went to fetch him—and time enough, no doubt, there might be to talk of the affairs of Europe; but this is not evidence. In his journal he says, "vi. Nov. 1554, *expi iter cum Dom. Paget et Mag. Hastings versus Cesarem pro reducendo Cardinale*;" but surely it was perfectly natural to say he was going to the Emperor's (this we suppose is all that was meant—very little can be said at any time for Cecil's Latin) without its involving a political implication. Nor did Cecil's connexion with the Cardinal cease with the embassy; he was remarked on his return to have had more of the Cardinal's favour than any other Englishman, and he again accompanied him when he went back to the continent to negotiate the peace. At court he was so much in favour, that when summoned before the Council on a somewhat suspicious occasion, he was dismissed with the utmost courtesy on his own simple explanation; and though not conspicuously employed—there might perhaps have been no present opportunity—he was among those who presented and received new-year's gifts, no slight distinction in those days.

But all this his friends in their confiding good-nature, and certainly by a natural bias, his able and amiable biographer, are willing to understand as a wise compliance with the times, for the sake of watching over the latent interests of Protestantism, and protecting, and counselling, and advising the Princess Eliza-

beth. It is pretty evident that he did keep up a correspondence with her, and did advise her on all important occasions; and if all this intercourse did not escape the notice of the court, as we can scarcely imagine it could, then the fair inference is, that he was playing a double and a triple game, and we must admire the good luck with which he finally fell on his legs.

But if we cannot concur entirely and absolutely with the biographer in his admiration, and even veneration for his very distinguished subject, we can well appreciate his own merits—they are of the very highest order. His work exhibits great research, great honesty, powerful statement, good feeling, liberal interpretations, and no little ingenuity; and no man, be he king, priest, or minister, need wish for a gentler chronicler.

From the London Magazine.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

THE season is begun—not the parliamentary or the fashionable season—but the booksellers'. This season is in some sort a campaign; but a campaign in very odd weather. It commences in November, and it lasts till July. The Longmans take the field with the heavy horse, the Murrys with the dragoons, and the Colburns with the light infantry. Heavens! what bloodless battles of the books, and what Buonaparteish bulletins of the booksellers. Volume after volume perish in the affray—"they course each other down like the generations of men, and after a moment's space are hurried together to oblivion." We delight in the excitement. We love to mark the progress of the strategy. We can trace the genius of the commander, from the insinuating paragraph in the "Morning Post," to the elaborate praise of all magazines (we had forgotten our own and one or two others). It is a stirring time; and to us the peculiar happiness is that we look upon the bustle and the brain-smashing with the same satisfying composure with which Campbell looked upon the fight of Hohenlinden.

But we have our own work to do; and certes light reading is the heaviest work in the world. The annuals have well nigh killed us. In the days of folios reviewing must have been a treat. We should have delighted to have grappled with the Cudworths and Barrows—the Hobbes' and Lockes of the old glorious times. Grotius and Puffendorf would have furnished recreation for a year, after the toil of novel-reading and essay-writing upon passing things. There are no such books now published. Even the lawyers and doctors are labouring to make their enigmas popular.

The Americans have begun to turn their thoughts to this all-engrossing manufacture of literary sweetmeats. Have they no more woods to clear? What have they to do with art or literature (by literature we mean those useless dishes of whipt cream which every body with us writes as well as reads) for a century at least? Can they not republish what we per-

petrate in this way, till there is a surplus quantity of labour that may be removed from profitable occupations? There should be an express law of congress to prevent any citizen indulging in the luxury of romance composition while there was a slave in the land. At any rate they should write history. Five years ago, who would have dreamt of seeing a Philadelphia Annual?

But it is a pretty Annual, this same "Atlantic Souvenir;" and comes forth with as jaunty a new coat as the best of the family. The engravings are, of course, inferior to ours; for England possesses the finest engravers in the world; but they are exceedingly creditable to the artists of the West. The best plates of this little book are after Newton (we recant all that we profanely hinted about American art), and Farrier, and Corbould. Mrs. Hemans has sent a contribution all over the Atlantic. Her industry is beyond all praise. Blank verse is a tempting instrument for aspirants; but it is like the violin—very easily tortured into most execrable noise. We must try a specimen which is meant to be funny:—

LOVE ASLEEP.

'Tis said that music is the food of Love,
Light diet, certes, though excess of it,
As the bard sings—THE BARD, par excellence—

May give a surfeit and the appetite
Sicken and die—the Irish way, perhaps,
The poet meant—to live a little longer.
If some have died for love, 'tis probable
Not over-eating, but the lack of food
Led to such sad catastrophes. The limners
Have sometimes made this Love a chubby
child,

Like Clara Fisher, (who's a little love,
Par parenthese,) in Gobbleton. But who
Would think of Cupid, as of one o' the quorum,
(Not but that aldermen can love, however,)

Dying of calipash and calipee!—
Yet music is the food of love, nay more,
It is the vital air of love, its soul,
Its very essence, love is harmony
Or nothing; love's the music of the mind—
(Perhaps that thought is stolen from Lady

Morgan,
Whose books I read with pleasure notwithstanding

Some pigny critics here, and those they ape,
Those barbarous, one-eyed Polyphemuses,
The Cyclopes of the English Quarterly.)
But to return from rambling—Cupid's movements

Are the true "poetry of motion," (that
I'm sure belongs to Lady Morgan,) full
We must confess of strange variety,
From epic down to ballad.

The tales are too long for quotation; but several of them are exceedingly interesting. Of the poems we shall give one which we think far above mediocrity,—a character indeed which belongs to a great part of the book; and truly, since we have looked into the matter, we have no objection that the Americans do proceed with song and sentiment after the fashion of their own honourable ambition:—

FUNERAL RITES.

O **URN** not the dead by day,
When the bright sun is in the sky,
But let the evening's mantle gray
Upon the mouldering ashes lie,
And spread around its solemn tone,
Before ye give the earth its own.

The gaudy glare of noon-day light
Befits not well the hour of gloom,
When friend o'er friend performs the rite
That parts them till the day of doom—
Oh, no!—let twilight shadows come,
When heaven is still and nature dumb.

Then, when the zephyrs in the leaves
Scarce breathe amid their mazy round,
And every sigh that air receives
Is heard along her still profound—
Then at night's dusky hour of birth,
Yield the lamented dead to earth.

Yield him to earth—and let the dew
Weep o'er him its ambrosial tears,
And let the stars come forth and view
The close of human hopes and fears—
Their course goes on—he ne'er again
Shall tread the walks of living men.

Far in the west the ruddy glow
Of sunset clouds is lingering yet,
And with its brightness seems to show
The relics of a "golden set"—
But soon the fading grandeur flies,
And sadden'd night assumes the skies.

It is an holy hour of quiet,
By which the softened heart is woo'd
To thoughts that in the time of riot
Are rarely welcome to intrude—
To thoughts which evening's balmy kiss
Will often bring—nor bring amiss.

No sound awakes through all the sky,
Save the small voice of summer-bird,
That chants his little note on high,
So distant that it scarce is heard,
And yet comes floating softly by,
As 'twere a parted spirit's sigh.

A little cloud of snowy whiteness
Is sailing through the fields of air,
And seems with all its fleecy lightness,
Like a bright angel wandering there—
That little cloud so calmly stealing,
Brings to the heart a saddened feeling.

A spell of silence breathes around,
Or if a single voice is shed,
It is a soft and stilly sound—
Oh! what an hour to quit the dead!
Choose not the day—take twilight's tone,
And let the earth receive her own.

Ap[ro]pos of America, we are really grieved that the tariff, which must prove for half a century *imbelle telum* as regards this country, should be likely to become the apple of discord to the United States. We extract the following passage from the last Southern Review, which looks rather belligerent. We should be truly sorry to see any rupture in that greatest of republics. The very existence of its power and political energy is a standing reproach to all worn-out governments.

"In closing these remarks upon the constitutional jurisprudence of the United States, we repeat what we said at the beginning of them. We think the course which things are taking in this country, must lead to a passive and slavish acquiescence under usurpation and abuse. Liberty is a practical matter—it has nothing to do with metaphysics—with entity and quiddity. It is a thing to be judged of altogether in the *concrete*. Like the point of honour, or the beauties of art, or the highest perfection of virtue, it addresses itself to the common sense and feelings of mankind. There is no defining it with mathematical exactness—no reducing it to precise and inflexible rules. What, for instance, does it signify, that a skilful disputant might possibly prove the tariff law to be within the words of the constitution; would that prevent its being a selfish and oppressive, and, therefore, a tyrannical measure? Is there any practical difference whatever, between the usurpation of a power not granted, and the excessive and perverted exercise of one that is? If a man abuses an authority of law under which he is acting, he becomes a trespasser *ab initio*—and if it be an authority in fact, he is a trespasser for the excess. The master of a ship and other persons in authority, have a right to correct those who are subject to their control—is an act of immediate severity less a trespass and an offence on that account? What, if the government should suspend the *habeas corpus* act, without such an overruling necessity as could alone excuse the measure, and the courts would not control its discretion, would not the people, with reason, laugh at the man who should talk of such an outrageous abuse of power as constitutional, because the judges did not pronounce it otherwise? Nor does this depend upon the express provision in the constitution. Not at all. In a free country, every act of injustice, every violation of the principles of equality and equity, is *ex terminis* a breach of all their fundamental laws and institutions. In the ordinary administration of the law, indeed, the distinction between usurpation and abuse may sometimes be important, but in great questions of public liberty, in reason, and in good faith, it is wholly immaterial. The moment that this sensibility to its rights and dignity is gone, a people, be its *apparent* or nominal constitution what it may, is no longer free. A quick sense of injustice, with a determination to resist it in every shape and under every name and pretext, is of the very essence and definition of liberty, political as well as personal. How far, indeed, this resistance is to be carried in any particular instance, is a question of circumstances and discretion. So dreadful are all revolutions in their immediate effects—so uncertain in their ultimate issues, that a wise man would doubt long—that a moderate and virtuous man would bear much—before he could be prevailed upon to give his consent to extreme measures. We would be any thing rather than apostles of discord and dismemberment, sorely as the government to which South-Carolina, and the south in general, have been so loyal and devoted, is beginning to press upon all our dearest interests and sensibilities. But we feel it to be our duty to exhort our fellow-citizens to renewed

exertion, and to a jealous and sleepless vigilance upon this subject. The battle must be fought inch by inch—no concession or compromise must be thought of. The courage and constancy of a free people can never fail, when they are exerted in defence of right. It is, indeed, an affecting spectacle, to look around us at the decay and desolation which are invading our pleasant places and the seats of our former industry and opulence—there is something unnatural and shocking in such a state of things. A young country already sinking into decrepitude and exhaustion—a fertile soil encroached upon again by the forests from which it has been so recently conquered—the marts and sea-ports of what might be a rich country, depopulated and in ruins. Contrast with this our actual condition, the hope and the buoyancy, and the vigour and the life that animated the same scenes only twenty-five years ago, and which have now fled away from us to bless other and more-favoured regions of this land. It is scarcely less discouraging to reflect upon the probable effects which the admission of an indefinite number of new states into the union, with political opinions, perhaps, altogether unsettled and unsafe, will produce. But we are yielding too much to feelings, with which recent events have, we own, made our minds but too familiar, and we will break off here.

“We take our leave of Chancellor Kent, in the hope of soon meeting with him again. We have generally given him, throughout this article, the title which he honoured far more than it honoured him, and which it is an everlasting disgrace to the greatest state in the union, that he does not still bear. What a mean and miserable policy! Lest it should have to pay their paltry salaries to a few supernuated public servants, to deprive itself of the accumulated learning, the diversified experience, and the ripe wisdom of such a man at the age of sixty! A commonwealth, flourishing beyond example or even imagination, wantoning and rioting in the favours of fortune which have been poured upon it without stint, chaffering and haggling in by far the most important concern of society, like an usurious pawnbroker, for a few thousand dollars. In some of the poorer states, such stupid economy would be more excusable, or rather less unaccountable, for nothing can excuse it. The rarest thing in nature—certainly, the rarest thing in America—is a learned and able judge, at the same time, that he is not only, in the immediate administration of justice, but still more, if possible, by his immense influence over the bar and the community at large, beyond all price. But we Americans do not think so, or rather we act as if we did not. The only means of having a good bench, is to adopt the English plan—give liberal salaries to your judges, let them hold their offices during good behaviour, and when they begin to exhibit symptoms of senility and decay, hint to them that their pensions are ready to be paid them. The last is a necessary part of the system—but it is what the American people can never be brought to submit to. They are economical, (God save the mark!) and, therefore, will not spend money without a present and palpable *quid pro quo*—they are metaphysical, and, therefore, they will not violate what is called,

Museum.—VOL. XIV.

we know not why, *principle*. They deem any thing preferable. Extinguish the light of a Kent or a Spenser—submit to the drivellings of dotage and imbecility—nay, even resort to the abominations of an elective judiciary system—any thing rather than adopt the plain, manly, and only sure means of securing the greatest blessing, but liberty, which civil society can attain to, the able administration of the laws.”

Lord Lyttleton's Letters.—Upon the last mentioned book we have an amusing communication from a bencher of the Inner Temple, which we shall now print:—

“I think this book is sufficient to shake all faith in what is called ‘internal evidence’ in literary disputes. That these letters are *not* written by Lord Lyttleton proves to what a degree of perfection literary simulation can be carried. I was familiar with the letters long before I ever heard a doubt as to their authenticity. When I first was told that they were by another hand, I said, ‘If that be so, I will never believe in the internal evidence of a book;’ and, now that the truth (which, I believe was always currently reported, but which I had never chanced to hear) is become fully known to me, I certainly never will trust to such evidence, unless corroborated by extraneous circumstances. The letters bear, to an extraordinary degree, the character of being the easy, unpremeditated *talk* of an acute and cultivated mind. There is not the slightest trace of effort or restraint of any kind. It is true that ordinary letters have more (though in these there is a good deal) of merely passing and insignificant topics; but this never shook my faith in them; for, I concluded, that (as ought always to be the case) the majority of such parts had been omitted in arranging them for publication. Setting the question of authorship aside, it is impossible that there can be more delightful reading than these celebrated letters. They are always lively, always acute, displaying great knowledge of the world, and of human nature, and, here and there, making a remark of a depth beyond what, from their general lightness of style, would be anticipated. They are a little wicked, occasionally, it is true; but that is the more in character, and they are never offensive. The vice is that of an accomplished, not of a coarse, profligate. Nor is the profligacy wholly unreddeemed. There is occasional indication both of generosity of feeling and of goodness of heart, seldom possessed by men of dissolute manners. Such men are often careless and good-humoured, but rarely *good-natured*, in its truer and higher sense. When they are so, the union is, generally, very fascinating; and, certainly, in this case, a strong feeling of favour towards the party is the result of (that which appears to be) the exhibition of his mind and heart in perfect undress.

“There is also a very great quantity of something between wit and humour, though not exactly either, in these letters. The story of the King of the Cats, and, still more, the history of the Plum Pudding, are admirable. The latter, also, has the merit of being the best receipt for a plum pudding extant. The rea-

No. 82.—2 F

sons too, which he gives for the severity of his father's anathemas against his intriguing 'with two ladies of quality at once'—how fine and keen the satire! The first Lord Lyttleton was a good man, and an affectionate father; but he was an egregious *twaddler*; and that in itself was enough to counteract all his usefulness in the education of his son. Although, writing to you, I do not profess to give quotations, I cannot resist transcribing the following remarks, for the sake of their extreme justice, force, and truth:—'I do not mean to write disrespectfully of my father, but he was very ignorant of mankind;—though an able writer, with considerable understanding and knowledge, he was almost childish in his management of domestic parental concerns. He wanted that necessary discernment which enables a father to read the character of his child, to watch its growing dispositions, and gently mould them to his will. I have been sacrificed to family vanity, and at a time when I was not sensible of it. There is a good deal of difference between a good man and a good father. I have known bad men who excelled my father as much in parental care, as he was superior to them in real virtue. Being the only boy, and only hope of the family, and taught almost before I could understand it, that I had an hereditary and collateral right to genius, talents, and virtue, my earliest prattle was the subject of continual admiration; as I increased in years, I was encouraged in boldness, which partial fancy called manly confidence; while sallies of impertinence, for which I ought to have been scourged, were fondly and fatally considered as marks of an astonishing prematurity of abilities. . . . After travelling, without any control in point of expense, and gratifying every excess and every passion, at my return, because I made a bold flowery speech in Parliament, I was received at home with a warmth, and delight, and triumph, which were due to virtue alone. To give solidity to my character, and to correct youthful inexperience, a rich and amiable young lady was chosen for my wife. I confess she was handsome, and had many good qualities; but she was cold as an anchorite, and though formed to be the best wife in the world to a good husband, was by no means calculated to reclaim a bad one.'—These are among the more sober reflections; and are, I think, admirable. The chief fire, however, of the book lies in the invectives against the sycophants who abandoned, and affected to censure, Mr. Lyttleton, when he lay under the ban of his father's displeasure. There is a vein of this in the following letter, (which purposes to be) written immediately on hearing of his father's death: but there are other qualities in it also:—'And I awoke, and behold I was a Lord! No disagreeable change from infernal dreams, and an uneasy pillow, from insignificance and desertion, to a peerage, with all its privileges, and a good estate! The carriage of those about me is already altered, and I shall now have it in my power to look down on those who have pretended to disdain me; my coronet shall glitter scorn at them, and insult their low souls to the extreme of mortification. I have received a letter from that dirty parasite —, full of

condolence and congratulation, with a my lord in every line. I will make that rascal lick the dust, and when he has flattered me till his tongue is parched with lies, I will upbraid him with his meanness and duplicity, and turn my back upon him for ever. May eternal ignominy overtake me if I have not ample revenge on him, and a score or two more of reptiles of the same character! I will make the tenderest vein in their hearts ache with my reproach!'—Who would think that this was not written by the person into whose mouth it is put? How exactly it speaks the feelings of a man of great vices and abilities, but not of great mind, who was suddenly become possessed of the power to revenge and return the indignities shown him by persons he despised!

"The more I dwell upon this charming little book, the more its authorship is to me matter of wonder. Nay, its authorship, as regards talent, as well as in the view in which I have hitherto considered it, surprises me. It is the work of Mr. Coombe, a literary gentleman of the last age, who lately died very far advanced in years. He wrote in his youth a book called the 'Diaboliad,' which I have never seen, and in his old age, a work very widely known, 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax.' Of this, Rowlandson's prints form the chief attraction. It is vain to seek in the grotesqueness of this work, sometimes funny, but more often feeble, the fine irony and wit, the force, or the delicacy, of the fascinating book upon which I have been remarking. In every point of view, it is a literary phenomenon, of a very extraordinary kind."

From the Monthly Review.

SYDNEY'S LETTER TO THE KING;
and other Correspondence, connected with
the reported exclamation of Lord Byron's Monu-
ment from Westminster Abbey. 12mo. pp.
56. London: Cuththorn. 1828.

"SIRE,—THE hand of Death has laid its sceptre on the Poet's head! His laurelled brows are trailed along the dust, like Hector's corse, insulted, *not* dishonoured. A mighty aspirant appears before Your Majesty, and appeals to your benevolence and justice. The remains of Genius, cry out, Sire—from the tomb. A voice is in its ashes, which invokes Your Majesty to spare the *living* and protect the *dead*!"

"The chains of Superstition are unloosed;—The empire of Idolatry is at an end; and forth has rushed one universal and Angelic shout, proclaiming loud:—*Peace upon earth—Grace and good will to men!*"

"But there are Household deities which still survive, and find a temple and a shrine in the breast of every faithful Englishman. Among the holiest and the first of these are '*Civil and Religious Liberty*.'"

"Between these deities we place *your Royal* bust, the tutelary genius and the guard of both."—p. 8.

Such is the opening of this farrago of prose run mad—and it is quite enough, we think, to

prevent our readers from falling into a paroxysm of surprise, when we tell them that the author, page 33, zealously argues from internal evidence, that the lines beginning

"Within this awful volume lies,"

are Lord Byron's, though they are well known to be by Sir Walter Scott, and occur in the *Monastery*, vol. ii. So much for the knowledge of Byron's "peculiar style and genius" possessed by this letter-writer, who is not in the least abashed at confessing his blunder in a postscript to the reader.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE PARTED YEAR.

I stood upon the sunless shore
Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw its sluggish waves break o'er
The by-gone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Join in the lapse of time's career,
The pass'd eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
To see it part from day,
And dim among the depths of night
Fade with its dreams away,—
And dark and shapeless with it go
A thousand hopes, once rich in glow,
Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
How much there was of mine
Gone with that year, of perish'd thought,
And ill-delay'd design,
A part, too, of the vital flame
Quench'd beneath time's incessant stream,
A march towards decline.

From out those waves no palmy isle
Uphears its sunny head,
Where shipwreck'd Hope may light her smile;
Boundless, and drear and dread,
The billows break without a roar,
"Nameless" is stamp'd upon the shore,
And "Death"—there all is dead!

And Love turns trembling from the sight,
Hiding his face with fear,
And Beauty shrieks in pale affright,
And Fame stands silent near,
And Glory's laurels shrink and die,
Changeless alone one brow and eye,
But they are of Despair.

All watch the last skirts of the year,
The wreck of minutes done,
In those deep waters disappear
For ever from the sun,
Leaving a dread tranquillity,
As when a mighty ship at sea
Has just gone wildly down.

Where fleets the past?—But to life's task—
The where, the when, the how,
Becomes no thing of earth to ask,
With "finite" on its brow;
Far better to the future bear
Calm courage, not o'er-anxious care,
And let the minutes go.

Time's lapse may be a change of scene

Time will itself explain,
A night before a morn serene
When lost years rise again,
Renew'd, and with a greener prime,
To run once more a destined time,
Nor seem to run in vain.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HANSEL MONDAY.

"WILL you never hold your little, yelping tongues to-night?" said Beaty Lawson to the nursery brood, whom she had presided over ever since their birth, and whom she had just tucked into the various sized cribs which surrounded an ample nursery. "Your elder brothers are all *quiet* in the next room, and so is your sister; I'll warrant they dinna get leave to cheep a word at school, after they are in their beds; and they will be weel sleepit, and up before any of you bairns, to wish their mamma a good Hansel Monday."

"Well but, Beaty, just answer me this one question," said a pertinacious little rogue, raising a curly bullet of a head from a well tumbled pillow;—"I'll go to sleep this instant if you will only tell me. Was that a guinea mamma sent out to get silver for?—I wonder how much we'll get to our hansels?"

"Oh, Jemmy, you should not be thinking about money after you have said your prayers," whispered a fair-haired little girl, whom Beaty loved above all the rest; "you know that nurse says, the fairies can turn it all into chucky stones, if we think about money in our beds."

"Tut, nonsense!" said Jemmy;—"Mary is always dreaming about the fairies, because papa calls her his little elf. Well, if I get five shillings for my hansel, I'll buy you a little green coaty, Mary, if you'll promise not to turn my money into chucky stones."

"Well, do not say another word about it, but go to sleep this instant. See, you are wakening Willie, and I'll have the whole pack of you up; and if that's the case, Jemmy, I'll positively leave you at home when we go to the shops in the morning."

This terrible threat had the desired effect, for Beaty was known to reign despotic in the nursery; and her judgments being as merciful as just, they were never interfered with by Mrs. Seaton, the mother of these children.

Sweet were the young voices, and the pattering of little feet, which assailed the happy parents' ears, as the little troop burst into their room to wish them a good Hansel Monday. Mr. Seaton kissed his children, and then led them to their mother's bed. The three elder of Beaty's charge could just on tiptoe reach the mother's lips; whilst the father helped a round face little girl to scramble up the bed, and Beaty held the crowing baby in her arms.

"Now, little Jane, you must not sit on mamma's pillow," exclaimed the dauntless James; "for I know all our hansels are under it."

"No, not all," said the silver-tongued Mary, "for I see something very pretty peeping out

on the other side. Oh, mamma, may I see what it is?"

The mother smiled, and Mary drew out a little green silk frock, with silver clasps.

"Oh, it is for me," said the happy child, "because I am papa's fairy!—And here is a doll for Jane, and a purse for James, and another for William; and a little one for me, I declare, besides my pretty frock!"

"Oh, mamma and papa, how good you are!" exclaimed the joyous creatures, and the kisses were renewed.

"Now, my little ones, you must go to breakfast. Nurse, take your boy; his mother's kiss is all he cares for yet."

"May God bless my infant!" breathed the grateful mother, imprinting a kiss upon his rosy cheeks.

To breakfast the little ones went; but what child who knows the value of a sixpence, and sees before him the toy-shop's boundless range, can look at "parritch," on a Hansel Monday! No! we may all remember the tumbled bed, the untasted breakfast, which told how unnecessary was sleep or food to the happy expectants of a day like this!

And now the little coats, the worsted gloves, and snow-boots were duly buckled on, and the mother saw the joyous troop depart. She did not detain them with ill-timed cautions, lectures, or advice, to check the freedom of their wildest wishes; she stayed but for a moment her little Mary, and, wrapping the Indian shawl still closer on her breast, she bade Beaty take care of her gentle child. The two elder boys had already gone out with Mr. Seaton; and Fanny, being a little beyond Beaty's control, remained to accompany her mother.

It was a pleasant sight for old and young, to behold the various groups of restless, happy beings, which that day crowded the far-stretched line of Prince's Street. Already were to be seen some impatient little urchins, the offspring of chicken-pecked mothers, returning with their load of gilded baubles from their early walk. And passing them came upright, pale-faced girls the governess's pride! Poor things, one day of freedom might have been permitted you, just to gild the gloom of such a life of vain and heartless toil! And now came youthful mothers, and proud young papas, with riotous boys, and giggling rosy girls, as happy in the toy-shop as their children were. But amongst all the various throng, none were more naturally joyous than Beaty Lawson's brood. They were the children of a good old-fashioned nursery, where much kindness and little discipline kept all in order. Beaty knew nothing of the thousand methods and never-ending books, which are now thought necessary for the education of youth. But she had all her Bible by heart, and the greater part of Shakespeare, besides a superabundance of fairy tales, and romantic ballads; and the little Seaton's knew no severer punishment than Beaty's declaring that she would not tell a story for a week. Never was an impure word or a base action known in Beaty's nursery. Her own mind was the mirror of purity and truth; her heart the seat of ardent and active feeling.

The little Seaton's felt it no penance to be confined to such a nursery. They looked upon

it as privileged ground, where they could enact a thousand sports, sure of Beaty Lawson's assistance and applause. Even Sunday, that day of injudicious gloom to many, shone a holiday to them; nay, it was the happiest day of all the seven, for the pious father spent it with his children; and when retired from their parents, they had still to look to Beaty's Bible story; and whether it was to be Daniel in the lion's den—the children in the fiery furnace, or Mary's favourite Ruth, was the only question.

But we must not forget that Monday is already come, and that Beaty has to attend to other high behests. No light task was hers, to hear and answer the thousand questions and never-ending projects, as to what their exhaustless wealth might be equal to procure. But, before entering the tempting precincts of the toy-shop, Beaty's custom had ever been to exact from each child a tenth of its treasure, to be appropriated by her to some object of charity; and this being given with open heart and willing hand, there was no farther check to the disposal of the rest. It was delightful to listen to the various projected purchases—the magnificent presents they intended to bestow. William knew his papa wanted a barometer, and did nurse think they would get it at the toy-shop, and that Mrs. Connel would give it him for half a crown? Then came a list of gifts, commencing with a satin gown for mamma, and ending with a tea-canister for Betty the cook. If these things were at last discovered to be beyond their grasp, and something humbler was suggested when in the toy-shop, great at least had been their delight in talking of them, and Beaty was sure to make honourable mention of the first intention on their return home. And now the toy-shops having been ransacked, and the merits of good-humoured Mrs. Connel been thoroughly discussed, another pleasure was still in store—a visit to George's Square, to taste old aunty Stewart's bun. This had always formed a part of the routine of Hansel Monday.

As long as the little Seaton's could remember George's Square, so long had aunty Stewart inhabited the same house, and sat at her little wheel in the same chair, just between the fire-place and the window. Her grey silk gown, her beautiful pinched cap, her silver hair and smooth unwrinkled skin, these had never altered. There stood the little table with her Bible, the newspapers and a volume of the Spectator, and from year to year these dear children had come, and still found all the same. The bright brass grate with its shining utensils, the mahogany cat, on which the frothy buttered toast was placed at breakfast, and the plates were warmed at dinner;—the china figures on the mantel piece, where Sir John Falstaff, with his paunch stuffed full of fun, still stood so temptingly beyond their reach; these well-known sights were sure to meet their eyes as the little folk marched into aunt Stewart's parlour.

"Well, my bairns, and is this you?" said the good old lady laying aside her spectacles, and carefully marking with a pin the place in the newspaper she had been reading; for since her memory had begun to fail, she found this the surest way of making straight work of the pa-

pers." "Is this you, my bairns, come to wish your old aunty a good Hansel Monday, and tell her all your news? Mary, my little woman, give Annie a cry; she'll be up in the store-room looking after the bun." But it was not necessary to hurry Annie, for she had heard the well-known little tongues in the parlour, and, "Is that the little Seatons?" in her kindly voice, was answered by their running to meet her as she came down the stair, with a beaming face, and a plate well heaped with short-bread and with bun.

Annie, the unmarried daughter of Mrs. Stewart, was past the age of beauty, if she ever had possessed it; but there was a charm about the whole of the Stewart family far beyond that of beauty, although some of them had been eminent for loveliness,—their minds seemed never to grow old. There was within a springing well of warmth and kindness, of cheerful thoughts and lively fun, which all the cares of this weary world had never checked. They had met with many trials, yet still they saw the bright side of every thing, and their lives seemed but a continual song of thankfulness to God.

The children now being seated, the great coats unbuckled, the cold shoes taken off, and the little feet rubbed into a glow, a drop of Aunty's cordial and a piece of bun was duly administered to each. Then came the display of all the wonderful things which had been bought—the large Hansels which they had got; and how the little tongues did go about all that had been felt, seen, and done since the morning! Oh, what a pity that Hansel Monday should ever end! But Beaty Lawson reminded them that it was getting late, and they had still to visit cousin Stewart in his room. It was not to every one that this gentleman chose to show himself, and few besides the little Seatons dared to intrude on his *Sanctum Sanctorum*; but they were always sure of a kind reception. How, with his kindly feelings and lively delight in every thing which looked young and happy, Mr. Stewart had remained a bachelor, was like many other wonders, never rightly understood. But there he sat surrounded by his books, the picture of content. His pen seemed never idle, yet what he wrote; or where it went, or if the world was ever the wiser for it, no one ever knew; but at all events he was the busiest and the happiest of men. Himself, his room, and all about him, was the picture of comfort, order and scrupulous tidiness. He had been a very handsome man, and when dress was more the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman than it now is, his had still been conspicuous. Regularly as nine o'clock struck was Mr. Stewart to be seen under the hands of an ancient barber, who had shaved, powdered, and tied his cue for more than thirty years, discussing at the same time the politics of the day, mourning over the degeneracy of the times, and quitting his master with the daily renewed feeling, that it would be well for the country in general, and his pocket in particular, if there were many such gentlemen of the good old school.

The entrance of the little cousins was preceded by a gentle tap from Mary, who, being the decided favourite, was the first to peer in her

little head. "Come in, my little Fairy—God bless the little creature—it is Queen Mab herself.

"And where got ye that gown sae gay,
My little Fairy Queen?
I got it in the Fairies' land,
Where you have never been."

And where are my little men, Jemmy and Willie?—Will your purses hold another half-crown, boys? God bless their comely faces! Annie! have you given them plenty of short-bread? and Beaty, did you get a glass of wine? Remember,

"Christmas comes but once a-year,
But once a-year, but once a-year;
Christmas comes but once a-year,
And therefore we'll be merry."

So sung the old gentleman in the glee of his heart, rubbing his hands in pure delight. "And now, my little Fairy, you must give cousin Stewart his song." The little maid needed no second bidding, for she had sat and sung on cousin Stewart's knee, as long as she could remember, and still her song had been,

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysell a drop of dew,
Into her bonny breast I'd fa'."

He had heard her mother sing it when she was somewhat older than Mary; and, perhaps, that might account for the tears that dimmed the good man's eyes when he kissed the child, and said she was the image of her mother. But Beaty must now collect her flock and carry them off; for there was yet one visit to be paid, which her benevolent heart could not omit. It was a visit to the house of mourning.

In one of those narrow closes which abound in the old part of the town of Edinburgh, lived a poor widow of the name of Gray. This day of happiness to many, rose to her the anniversary of lasting sorrow. But it had not always been thus: No,—one year ago and not the youngest heart on Hansel Monday had looked for fuller happiness than that of widow Gray. On that day twenty-two years before, she had been made the blessed mother of a thriving boy. He was her only child,—long wished for, and granted when hope was almost dead. He seemed to bring a blessing with him, for every thing had thriven with Agnes Gray since George's birth. Hansel Monday had been to her the happiest day of her life,—it was the birth-day of her child; and though she had since mourned over the grave of a kind husband, yet, when the day came round, the heart of Agnes still renewed her hymn of gratitude to God.

That day twelve months past had been the day which the mother had fixed upon for the wedding of her son. "It was the happiest day of my life, George," said she, "and I would have it the happiest day of yours; and if God spare me to see your Peggy as blest a mother as I have been, then may I say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" Thus, with his mother's blessing warm at his heart, and happiness brightening every feature,

did the youthful bridegroom quit his parent's roof. He was to return in the evening with his bride, who was henceforward to be the inmate of his mother's dwelling. The widow had no fears or misgivings as to the worth or excellency of George's wife; for she had known and loved her from a child; and the first wish of her heart had been, that George should marry pretty Peggy Burns.

The daylight had long passed away, and more than once had widow Gray trimmed the fire, and looked with pride and pleasure at the well-furnished room which was to be the abode of her new daughter. The hours passed by, and still they did not come; Oh, what could stay them now? And for the first time alarm arose in the mother's heart. She took her seat beside the fire, and tried to read her Bible; but her heart throbbed and fluttered so, it was in vain. At last she heard a noise,—her ears could not be deceived,—it was *their* footsteps on the stair. She hurried to the door with a light,—a man, indeed, stood there; but the light fell upon the face of a stranger. "Who are you?" said the agitated mother. "Why do I see you here? My God; has any thing happened to my boy? Whose are those voices that I hear below?" And she would have rushed past him, but he caught her arm. "Come into the house," said the compassionate stranger, "and I will tell you all."—"Oh, I know it all already," said the mother; "my boy, my boy is gone!"—"No, he is not dead; believe me, my poor woman, your son lives, but he has been severely hurt, and they are now bringing him here at his own desire. I have dressed his wound and perhaps"—The mother heard not what he said—she remained fixed to the spot—her eyes raised to heaven—her heart in silent prayer, as if imploring God for strength to bear her misery. It was indeed a sight to harrow up the soul; her brave, her beautiful boy, was now brought back to his mother's house, and laid upon the bed, pale, bleeding, and almost lifeless. He was supported by the surgeon and some of the bridal party whilst his poor Peggy pressed close to his side, her face as white as her bridal garments.

The mother asked not a question, but the facts were soon made known by those around her. Her son had arrived within a few paces of his father-in-law's door, when his attention was attracted to the opposite side of the street, by the screams of a young girl, apparently struggling to disengage herself from the rude attack of two young men. He stopt for a moment, but persuading himself they were only claiming the privilege of Hansel Monday, to obtain a kiss from a pretty girl, he prepared to hurry on to his own appointment. A second appeal for help, however, in a voice of unequivocal terror and supplication, rendered him ashamed of his momentary selfishness, and thinking of his own Peggy, he flew to the assistance of the poor girl. Forcefully seizing the arm of the most troublesome of the two ruffians, he enabled the girl to make her escape; but at that moment, the other young man turning upon George, threw him head foremost with all his force against the iron lamp-post. The blow was fatally severe, and he lay at their feet bleeding and senseless. A party of the

wedding guests were the first to observe him, and come to his assistance; he was carried into the house of his Peggy's father, and it was some time before he uttered a word. At last he opened his eyes; and as Peggy hung over him, he pressed her hand, and faintly uttered, "Let them carry me to my mother." After a while, however, he recovered so far, as to be able to give some account of what had happened. The surgeon who had been called in, having now made his appearance, the poor young man again petitioned to be taken to his mother's house; and seeing that quiet was not to be obtained where he was, the surgeon agreed to his immediate removal.

All now having quitted the house of Mrs. Gray, except the surgeon and poor Peggy, the mother, with trembling hands, assisted to undress her son, and stood by while he was bled. The doctor now saw him laid quiet, and proposed to leave them for the night. He had given no hope—he had said nothing; and the unhappy widow dared not to ask a question, for she read in his face the sentence of her son's death. Next morning, George desired to see the surgeon alone, and after conversing with him for some moments, he sent for Peggy. They remained for some time together, and when the mother entered the room, the poor girl was seated by the bed, holding the hand of her lover, paler if possible than before, but still, and silent, as death itself.

"Mother, I have been telling Peggy what I need not tell you, for I saw you knew how it would be, when you laid me on this bed. And now, dear mother, I have only one wish, and that is to see our good minister, and once more hear his voice in prayer.—Oh! I hoped to have seen him perform an office far different from this! but the Lord's will be done." The good man came, and after a few words to the afflicted mother, he seated himself by the bed of her son. Peggy now rose for the first time, and taking the widow aside, she said some words in a low and earnest voice, but at that moment the minister called to them to kneel round George's bed, and then he prayed aloud with all the fervour of a feeling and a pious heart. His were indeed the words of eternal life; and as he poured out his spirit in prayer, this world, with all its sins and its sorrows, faded from their eyes.

The holy man now arose, and would have left them, but Peggy starting forward, laid her hand upon his arm with a look of earnest supplication, and tried to speak; but the effort was too much for her, and the mother then advanced to explain her wishes. "If you think there is naething wrang in it, sir, Peggy wishes to be made the wife of my poor boy." The minister looked at the dying man, and shook his head. "Peggy knows that, sir," said widow Gray; "she knows he has not many hours to live, but yet it is natural for her to wish —And then her father could let her live with me." "And then," said Peggy, rousing herself to speak, "Oh! then, sir, I would be laid in —" She could not say the word, but George clasping her hand, added, "In my grave, Peggy! it is that you would say. God bless you, dearest, for the wish." The good man made no further objection, and their hands were now joined in

wedlock. George's strength supported him through the sacred ceremony, and when the clergyman pronounced them man and wife, he opened his arms, received her to his bosom, and saying, "God bless my Peggy," he expired.

Such was the story which the children had heard from their nurse soon after it had happened. Since then they had frequently visited the widow and her daughter, for Peggy had never left her mother-in-law. Though poor now, they were not altogether destitute, and the young widow added to their little stock, by taking in plain work. This was all she was able for. She had always been a delicate girl; and now sorrow, though quietly endured, was making deep inroads in her feeble frame. The cold of winter had borne hard upon Peggy; and when Beaty now saw her seated by the poor old woman, she felt that it would be difficult to say, whether the ripe fruit or the blighted flower was likely to be soonest taken. The children, with instinctive feeling, had hid their toys in Beaty's mantle as they ascended the stair. "Do not let poor Peggy see our playthings, to put her in mind of Hansel Monday," said little William. Poor things, it was kindly meant; but Hansel Monday was written in Peggy's heart in characters too deep to be ever effaced from it. As they softly entered, they found the widow seated by the fire, her wheel, for that day, was laid aside, while Peggy sat beside her with her open Bible upon her knee, apparently reading to her. "Do not let me interrupt you, Peggy," said the nurse; "our visit must be very short; but my bairns have brought Agnes and yourself some little things to show their good-will, for they well know it is not what this world can now bestow that is any thing to you."—"That is true," said Peggy, clasping her Bible to her breast, "this book is my best treasure; and oh! may these dear bairns feel it to be such even in their young days of happiness and joy! So may God spare them the sore lesson He saw fit that I should learn; yet sweet are the uses of adversity."—"Yes," said the old woman, "Peggy doesna mean to murmur. And do not, dear children, amongst all the happy faces you have seen to-day, think that God has forgotten us. No; he has made his face to shine upon us in all our sorrow, and filled our hearts with peace, and hope, and joy! Poor Peggy had but one care when she rose this morning, and felt how weak she was; and even that is now removed, for both our good minister, and your dear mother, have been here to-day, and they have promised Peggy that if it pleased the Lord that she should join him that's gone, before his poor old mother does, they will take care of her. So now her poor heart is at rest, and we can both wait for God's good time in peace." The children now bestowed their little gifts, and received the blessing of the widow and her daughter. Their little hearts were full, and the tears stood in their bright eyes when they departed. But at their age, such tears may purify, but do not long sadden, the heart.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

"Implora pace."

ONE draught, kind Fairy! from that fountain deep,

To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
And lone affections which are griefs, to steep
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts
divine

Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made

The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine:
—Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface
All the vain lore by Memory's pride amass'd,
So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
And fill the hollow channels of the past!
And from the bosom's inmost-folded leaf
Raze the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more!—All, all thy soul hath known,

Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!

—Is there no voice whose kind, awakening tone

A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?

—Think—wouldst thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there are,
Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far,
Never, oh! never in my home to dwell!
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—

Fill high the oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again!—with Memory wilt thou cast
The undying hope away, of Memory born?
Hope of reunion, heart to heart at last,
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight,

That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!—yet stay—
—'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land,
Where smiles long lost, again shall light our way,
And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright band:

—Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,

I must remember still!

For *their* sake, for the dead—whose image nought
May dim within the temple of my breast,
For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought

May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
I ask not to forget!

F. H.

From the Monthly Review.

NARRATIVE OF THE IMPRISONMENT AND TRIAL OF WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq. H. P. British Service, late State Prisoner in Portugal; written by himself: and comprising a View of the present State of that Country under Don Miguel; accompanied by Official Documents. 8vo. pp. 352. London: Colburn. 1828.

We have already had occasion to show that we are not among the apologists or friends of Don Miguel's usurpation in Portugal. It is even painful to us to observe that one of the most perfidious tyrants whom the world has ever seen, has found advocates in any country, but above all in England, where every man is, or ought to be, by nature, a steadfast, and an incorruptible defender of the principles of liberty. It has been said, that if the minister of darkness himself had applied for a loan on the Stock Exchange two or three years ago, he would have succeeded in obtaining it. We do not go the length of saying that John Bull is altogether so credulous as this libel upon his love of gain supposes; but with the present state of the newspaper press before our eyes, remembering the unmanly and infamous attacks which have been made on the innocent young Queen of Portugal, and the industry which has been exerted in order to veil the atrocities of the monster who has robbed her of her throne, we should easily believe that if the mysterious ruler already alluded to were permitted to establish an empire in our world, he would find more than one daily and weekly journal in London ready to support him, provided they would thereby be likely to augment their circulation.

But although we detest the government, if such it ought to be called, of Don Miguel, as much as the author of this narrative could wish us to do, we cannot but condemn the disposition which betrays itself in every one of his pages, of attributing to the whole, or at least to the greater part of the nation, the crimes for which only a few really appear to be responsible. We are willing to make every allowance for the feelings of an Englishman who has been for a season deprived of his liberty, and has undergone the perils and sufferings to which Mr. Young was subjected. We may even concede that it is perhaps not altogether unnatural in a stranger to extend to a whole people the feelings of hatred which the tyranny of their rulers may have engendered in his breast, by acts of unprovoked aggression. But after making every abatement on this point, which ought in fairness to be demanded, we cannot prevail on ourselves to believe with Mr. Young, that all the clergy, nobles, and people of Portugal, a small exception, deserve to be ranked among the most depraved and worthless of mankind—such general censures are never just. Let the men, whether lay or ecclesiastical, who openly assist the tyranny of Miguel, and thus participate in his career of guilt, be branded with all the infamy which they deserve; but it is too much to say that, because the remainder of the population of Portugal do not rise up and hurl the usurper into the Tagus, they are therefore to be iden-

tified with him in his wickedness. In the constitutional armies many traitors were found, but would it be rational on that account to reprobate them in the mass as adverse to the charter? Neither should we conclude in all cases so positively as Mr. Young infers, that the heads of lay or of religious corporations, truly speak the sentiments of all the individuals whom they represent. When a government is unsettled, the more daring and the more profligate are always seen taking the lead in public affairs; the mass of the people remain for a long time indifferent to the destiny that awaits them; unarmed and without concert, they are as feeble as children, and unless they take an active part therefore in sanctioning the crimes of their rulers, it is the height of injustice to pronounce against them a sweeping sentence of condemnation; so also it is with the clergy. That there may be amongst them men who have disgraced their profession by gross misconduct, it would be ridiculous to deny. No church whatever can be exempt from the imperfections which belong to human nature, as long as its ordinances are to be administered by human agents. But for a foreigner, who has been living eighteen or twenty years in a retired country town of Portugal, following, as it would appear, no religion at all, and having very little intercourse with those who did; to say that more than three-fourths of the regular and irregular clergy of that country are capable of conniving at, or practising every vice that disgraces human nature, is of itself sufficient to awaken our suspicions as to the discretion, the impartiality and candour, with which his inquiries on this head have been conducted.

Nothing is more easy than to rail against whole classes of society; but if the defamer were required to prove his charges by the evidence, the probability is that he would himself be astonished at the variance which might be found between his accusations and his facts. Men who are fanatically wedded to their own system of belief, are too prone to vilify the tenets of others, as well as the ministers by whom those tenets are inculcated. The same thing happens where men have no religion at all: these deprecate every form of faith, and should they happen to be forced by circumstances into contact with the clergy, they treat them with a degree of acerbity which shows that there may be quite as much intolerance among non-religionists, as ever was charged upon the Inquisition itself. Hence it is that we are not inclined to pay any great respect to those passages in Mr. Young's narrative, which touch upon this subject. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to the story of his imprisonment, in order to sketch from it a view of the monstrous species of government which exists, or at least lately did exist in Portugal.

Mr. Young appears to have served in the army during some portion of the late Peninsular war, and to have retired on half-pay to the city of Leiria in 1814, having been married in 1811 to a Portuguese lady. He speaks of some lands which he held, and of his having been one of the agents to the committee at Lloyd's; but he seems during his residence in

that town to have occupied himself chiefly in forwarding its amusements. Among other things he introduced the drama, built a theatre; nay, he did not disdain occasionally to assume the sock or the buskin, for the gratification of the good people of Leiria.

The history of Don Pedro's constitution, and of the subversion of it by Don Miguel, is too well known to require any repetition of it here. During the existence of that charter, Mr. Young states that he was no more than three weeks at Leiria, and he appears anxious to have it inferred that he took no active part in supporting it. Had he taken a contrary course, there is no Englishman who would not applaud him; but the prudence which he observed with respect to the constitution, certainly augments the character of the wrongs which he was subsequently compelled to endure. Having witnessed at Lisbon the farcical circumstances which attended the usurpation of Don Miguel, he left that capital on the 24th of May (1827), on his return to Leiria. He went by water six leagues up the Tagus, to Carregado, where he slept the same night, and the next morning he mounted on a mule with a pack-saddle, and without stirrups, not being able to find any better accommodation. On the road he overtook a muleteer, well mounted, going to Coimbra; they were soon after joined by a militia man of Leiria, who having both a horse and mule under his charge, was able to lend Mr. Young a pair of stirrups. The three travellers journeyed on together; when they arrived at Alcoeiro, ten leagues from Lisbon, the muleteer politely proposed to change mules with Mr. Young; the offer was accepted. Three leagues further on they met the 22d regiment marching towards Leiria.

"Many of the officers and soldiers, from long acquaintance, embraced me (according to the usual form), and during the few minutes they remained, asked me the news of Lisbon, and whether the Royalist troops had marched. I told them the news then current in Lisbon, and that the troops had not marched.

"The regiment proceeded on its way, and I on mine. About a hundred yards further on there is an *estalagem*, where I and my companions stopped to dine—whilst we were at our meal the baggage of the 22d regiment passed by; two soldiers who were in the rear guard (and whom I knew perfectly well, in consequence of their having worked for me), caught my attention, and I asked them if they would have some wine? they drank a pint each, and then went on with the rear guard.

"After we had dined we proceeded towards Leiria; the weather being sultry we travelled after dark, and slept at Carvalhos, three leagues from that place. Next morning, about sunrise, we left for Leiria, and I arrived about nine o'clock at my own house."—pp. 60, 61.

It was necessary to state the circumstances of this journey with some minuteness, as they afforded a pretext for all the proceedings which were afterwards taken against Mr. Young. He does not tell us the particulars of the conversation which he held with the officers of the 22d regiment, or with the two soldiers to whom he gave wine. Possibly he

may have been too explicit as to his opinions and wishes; as he had not been many hours at home when his house was surrounded by a strong party of militia and a mob, and he was made a prisoner. He was hurried away without being even permitted to take leave of his wife; he was pushed down stairs, repeatedly struck with the butt end of a musket, and when he reached the street, he was assailed by the brutal multitude with such a shower of missiles, that he hastened to the prison as the best security for his life. He was there stripped of every thing valuable in his possession, and, shocking to relate, was confined in the common privy of the prison. This is a circumstance of so disgusting a nature, that we should have avoided mentioning it, if it had not formed a peculiar aggravation in Mr. Young's case. The next day the mob discovered the part of the prison in which he was shut up; they threw stones at his window, and some shouted "*Morra malhado Ingley do dinbo*," (Die you spotted English devil!); others cried, "bring him out, and cut off his ears!" In this horrid dungeon he was detained for several days. Sometimes he was told that he was to be shot, sometimes that he was to be hanged. Mrs. Young was refused permission to see him, or even to communicate with him. But the solicitude of a faithful wife devised a mode of deceiving his lynx-eyed sentinels, which is worthy of being recorded in the brightest pages of the annals of woman. His provisions were sent to him from home in a small basket, which was strictly searched before it was delivered to him. One day as he was taking his soup, he found a pencil in the liquid. This excited his surprise, but after a minute examination he could find nothing more. He detained the basket under the pretence that he was not able to eat his dinner at the usual hour. The jailer had no suspicion, and left him. "I immediately set to work," says Mr. Young, "and was about to pull the basket in pieces, when I found my wife's tenderness and ingenuity exemplified. She had rolled up small pieces of paper, like a quill or stick, and then had taken some of the sticks out of the basket, and put the rolls of paper in their places. This process was managed with such dexterity and neatness, that it was very difficult to detect." By means of this happy artifice they communicated afterwards with ease.

Remonstrance against his imprisonment was vain. The magistrates laughed at his charter privilege, which "forbids any person entering the house of an Englishman, without an order from the Judge Conservator." The exertions of his friends were equally fruitless, and not content with the miseries already inflicted upon him, the magistrates quartered as many soldiers in his house as it would contain, and they pilfered at discretion every thing they could lay hands on.

On the ninth day of his confinement, Mr. Young was allowed to see his lady, and on the tenth he was removed from his loathsome cell to a room which was also occupied by Sir John Milley Doyle, and two Portuguese gentlemen, who had been brought to the prison some days before. On the eighteenth day he was sub-

jected to an examination before a magistrate and two notaries. The character of the proceeding may be gathered from a few of the most grave interrogatories which were put to the prisoners.

"*Mag.* Pray tell me—what is your reason for hating Don Miguel the First, and his government?"

"*Pris.* I never said I hated either him or his government.

"*Mag.* Why did you come up the country armed, mounted on a mule, with bells, terrifying people with bad news?"

"*Pris.* I was not armed, neither did I tell any bad news.

"*Mag.* Did not you meet the twenty-second regiment, and tell them that you would show them the way to glory: and likewise tell them that the tenth regiment had run away?"

"*Pris.* I met the twenty-second regiment at Rio Maior, and I did tell them that the tenth regiment had run away, which was the fact, but the rest is false.

"*Mag.* Did you not tell them that the officers of the eighth cacadores were made prisoners?"

"*Pris.* I did: and it is true.

"*Mag.* But you have no business to tell the truth, and you will repent it.

"*Pris.* Never!

"*Mag.* If you do not behave yourself, I will send you to the dungeon; I am doing every thing in your favour.

"*Pris.* I thank you, Sir.

"*Mag.* Did you not in 1820, play the violin in a triumphal car through the streets of Leiria?"

"*Pris.* Yes, I did, in company with Doctor Saraiva and others.

"*Mag.* We are interrogating you, and we must not implicate others. We wish to know what you have done, and not what others have done.

"*Pris.* Except you put down the names of those who played with me, I will not sign.

"*Mag.* That makes no difference; here are two notaries present. Come, come, it is much more to your advantage to confess all, than to deny: every body knows you are a Freemason and a Republican; but I shall favour you by saying, you are an Englishman, and are noted for libertinism.

"*Pris.* You may put down what you please.

"*Mag.* Did you not give a dinner in 1820, when you drank certain healths? Did you not let off rockets at your house?"

"*Pris.* I have often given dinners to my friends, and I have often let off rockets."—pp. 87—89.

The day after this examination, the prisoner was ordered to be removed to Lisbon, where he arrived on the 16th of June, and was lodged in the state prison, St. George's Castle. It is unnecessary to our purpose to follow the author in his topographical description of that place, or in his remarks upon the general system on which prisons are managed throughout Portugal. There is, however, one feature in the latter branch of his remarks, which we are unwilling to pass over, as it places the people of that country in a most amiable and exemplary point of view. No gaol allowance, as in

England, is made in Portugal; but this defect is amply made up in another way. In all towns in which a prison is found, there is an institution called *Caridade* (charity), consisting of a confraternity, whose objects are carried into effect by a committee and treasurer. Each member contributes about seven pence annually, which is paid on a certain day of the year, when a charity sermon is preached, and a grand procession takes place. If their funds fall short at any time, they go round the town with baskets, and collect money, meat, vegetables, and whatever they can get, which are placed at the disposal of the treasurer and committee.—They obtain from the gaoler every evening, a list of those prisoners who have no means of their own to subsist upon, and they send every day to the gaol a supply of provisions to be distributed among those who are willing to accept it. This institution we consider as the best answer that can be given to the numberless libels which have recently issued from our presses against the character of the Portuguese people. When describing it, even Mr. Young, who has in other parts of his work been so loud and so unqualified in his denunciations against the Portuguese, admits that they are naturally a very humane and hospitable people; and that no nation can be more charitably disposed. Between the people and their government, with its numerous train of satellites, we of course draw a broad line of distinction; and it is much to be regretted that those Englishmen who have written about Portugal, have, almost without exception, failed to draw a similar line, since it is the height of injustice to visit the crimes of a few upon the mass of the community.

It will, we think, be pretty generally found, that instead of searching beyond the surface, and judging of the merits of a foreign people according to the rules of justice, travellers impart to their narratives too much of the hue of the feelings under which they happen to write. A solitary act of inhospitality or unkindness is enough to convince them that the whole nation deserves to be condemned. The reverse too produces a reciprocal effect. The tourist who is well received, and experiences civility even in a few instances—a circumstance that in nine cases out of ten, depends chiefly upon his own conduct—will leave the country under impressions so favourable to it, that he paints every thing in the most fascinating colours. Thus it is in some measure even with Mr. Young. When his attention is fixed upon his imprisonment, and the hardships attending it, he inveighs against the whole of the Portuguese, as if they could be fairly charged with the injustice of which he was the victim.—When, on the contrary, he speaks of the *caridade*, as we have already seen, he lauds the same people as the most charitable and humane people under the sun.

Another instance of this facility of temper, and of the effect which it produces in the estimate of character, occurs in a subsequent page. A man of the name of Silva, who had deserted from several regiments, and who was very little affected by any political changes, had opportunities of rendering Mr. Young some trifling services, while he was in prison. Silva

was in the habit of procuring him his breakfast in the morning, and sometimes contrived to fry him a bit of fish for dinner. He was ordered away for the expedition to Madeira, but such was his attachment to the Englishman, that he appears to have taken some steps to procure his liberation. All that remained to be done, was a written acknowledgment to be signed by Mr. Young, that he wished to live under the protection of "Miguel the First." Such a document the prisoner firmly declined to give; but, he observes, "although I scorned the suggestion, I was not insensible to the kindness which dictated it, and felt equally obliged to my friend Silva; and I will add my own conviction, that were the Portuguese blessed with a good government, there would be no where found a *better disposed people*." But such little admissions as these, take away the sting from a whole volume of abuse, and indeed unfold more of the true character of a nation, than the slanderous generalities in which Mr. Young, as well as other writers, is but too prone to indulge.

Mr. Young describes with considerable effect, the horrors of the situation to which he and his numerous companions were subjected, in the prison of Lisbon. It swarmed with the most loathsome vermin. The animal spirits were naturally depressed by incarceration in such a place. The only relief which they experienced, arose occasionally from the arrival of political intelligence unfavourable to Don Miguel, and in the same proportion cheering to the captives. They sometimes succeeded in smuggling in a Gazette from Oporto, which was at that time in opposition to the usurper, and it is interesting to observe the anxiety with which they looked for news from England. The slightest indication of any intention in that quarter, to recognise Don Miguel, or any of his acts, was next in their estimation to a sentence of death. "They could not believe that the prince would have acted as he had done, if he had not felt assured of being supported, and had not been encouraged by some one in England, who sends him instructions, and informs him of the sentiments of that government." The recognition of Miguel's blockades, tended not a little to strengthen this supposition, at least in the minds of men who were much more conversant with their own wrongs, than with the niceties of maritime law. The departure of the English squadron from the Tagus, very naturally filled them with despair: left to the mercy of Don Miguel, they had little to expect, save from the justice, or rather the mockery of justice administered in Portugal.

A shocking, and yet a somewhat whimsical circumstance, arising out of a mode in which the law deals with criminals in that country, is related by the author. As it is a short commentary on the whole system, we shall make no apology for adverting to it. A common soldier, named Goáo de Reis, was one of Mr. Young's fellow-prisoners. He was accused of several murders, and confessed fourteen. He broke prison frequently, and in short was a monster of wickedness. He had been in confinement upwards of six years. Four years before he was ordered for execution. Upon hearing this information he went up to a man who

was sitting in the prison with a child in his arms, stabbed him to death on the spot, and then sat down on the body and made himself a segar. For this new crime he was ordered to be tried, and his execution was stayed. The delay was all that the criminal wanted to achieve by the murder he had just perpetrated. He was removed to a strong dungeon in the castle, next to that, we are pained to say, in which Mr. Young was immured. He was permitted to make shoes and slippers, from the sale of which he was enabled to live well. The author gives us the substance of a conversation which he held with this fiend on one occasion, through the back window of each cell, which, however, did not permit the parties to see each other.

"He told me one day, 'he thought when he got his liberty, he should never commit any more murders; at least, if they would let him alone, for his temper would not suffer the least contradiction.' I asked him if he expected to be liberated? He said, 'he was saving money for that purpose, and he was sure his process would be quiet for the present, if he kept the *escrivaõ* in good humour; but, if they did order him for execution, he would kill another, and that would cause a new trial, and then he should live two or three years longer; but he hoped that there would be a row in Lisbon,' meaning a political disturbance, 'when it was not that iron gate that would hold him there.'"—p. 144.

This fellow, covered with the blood of his fellow creatures, was permitted to live in luxury, and even to accumulate the means of ultimate safety, while Sir John Milley Doyle, and other English and Portuguese gentlemen of high character and unsullied innocence, were treated with the utmost ignominy, though accused only of political offences, and even these founded on vague suspicion. No language can depict the brutal severity to which the pursers of the Brazilian 74-gun ship, Don John VI., was exposed after he was arrested by order of the Usurper. Such was the cruelty with which he was treated, that his mind was violently affected, and it became necessary to remove him to a mad-house. His irons weighed from thirty-five to forty pounds. In the rage of his insanity he made holes in the wall large enough to put his head into, and on the morning that he was removed, he was seen on opening the door, "covered with blood, filth, and lime, and had not the appearance of a human being." "He stood looking most wildly around him whilst they were knocking off his irons. The miserable man then looked at his fingers; the nails were all torn off in excavating the wall: and then he cast his eyes to his feet, and said, with the bitterest emotion, 'see what you have done!'" Here was a man in the prime of life, whose only crime was that he had been the pursuer of a ship commissioned by Don Pedro! The picture does not close here.

"This Brazilian officer was not the only person taken to the mad-house while I was in the castle, but the other cases were those of settled melancholy, and required no chastisement.

"It was truly dreadful to witness the despair of some of these unfortunate victims of despo-

tism. They would be often sitting and lying in the dark passages of the prison, moaning and groaning: and when asked the reason, some would say, 'My father is dead of grief;' another, 'My poor wife is dead;' a third, 'My property is all confiscated, and I have nothing left; my family are begging in the streets; for myself, my only hope of subsistence is the caridade.'

"When I left the castle there were numbers in this melancholy condition—persons of property to-day, and to-morrow not worth a farthing in the world. What is worse, if possible, the very friends of these unfortunate people do not dare to assist them; they are deterred by a well-grounded fear of sharing their fate.

"The despotism is so atrocious under this monster, that it does not require that there should be any thing like regular information against a person, in order to convey him to a prison; any blackguard in the street is at liberty to seize hold on whom he pleases, and conduct him to prison. I was an eye-witness of many instances of this kind. I have seen several brought to the castle by the common vagabonds of the streets in Lisbon, who had no authority or warrant whatever for their proceeding, but whose zeal in the usurper's cause must have been taken for granted by the municipal authorities and jailers.

"I have seen these fellows take hold of a man, saying, 'I seize you as a prisoner, in the name of the king,' the intendant of the police, or the general of the province, or whoever else they may think proper to name. The prisoners, in such a case, well know that if they offer any resistance they incur the risk of being murdered.

"When they arrive at the prison the secretary asks their name, profession, &c., and ultimately applies to those who bring in the prisoner, to say by whose order he is brought, to which those agents of iniquity reply as before, in the name of the king, the intendant, &c.

"Amongst a vast number of captives of this kind, I shall mention a man, and only mention him, because he got out again, a thing which seldom happens: although many thousands who now crowd the prisons of Portugal, owe their captivity to no higher offence than the hatred of some vagabond.

"A cadet of *cacadores* was brought to prison on a Sunday afternoon, by a very ragged fellow, and whilst the secretary was taking down his name, he declared that he could substantiate plenty of proofs against the cadet to hang him. The secretary, as usual, inquired under whose authority he was sent to the prison? The vagabond replied, after a pause of consideration, 'The king,' which was accordingly entered in the book.

"The young man then came into the *Salla Livre*, and told his own story—"I was walking," said he, "on the public promenade in Lisbon, when this ragged fellow came up to me, and accosted me thus, 'Oh! *Senor Malhado*, you are still out in the street: come along with me," and so saying, immediately collared me. I well knew if I resisted that I should be ill treated, and therefore told him I would go with him. He met another fellow of his acquaintance at the moment, and said to him, "Come

and help me to take this Freemason to the castle." On our arrival near the castle door, the second fellow said, "I will not go in, but I will wait for you here." "I cannot tell," continued the cadet, "what they can say against me, for I have committed no action whatever which can be construed as inimical to Don Miguel."

"The following day the young prisoner sent to his friends, and they went to the colonel of his regiment, and to the general of the province. No crime could be charged against him, nor even a suspicion of his being an enemy to Don Miguel; a court of investigation was immediately formed, and the court found him perfectly innocent, and ordered him to be acquitted. The proceedings were, however, to be sent to the general of the province, and all this was done as quick as possible: still it was not until the fourteenth day that an order came from the general to set him at liberty.

"On this occasion one of the guards came in, and said to the cadet, 'Get ready to go out, you are at liberty.' He was of course soon ready, embraced his fellow prisoners, and bade them farewell; but when he came to the secretary to have the order for his liberation inserted in the book, a difficulty occurred: his liberation was obtained from the general, while he had been confined by order of the king, and he was sent back again into the prison.

"The next day he presented a petition to the king, explaining the whole circumstances of his case, with the investigation that had taken place into his conduct, and the consequent order of the general of the province; the king referred him to the intendant, and he said he must investigate the case. This second investigation lasted five weeks, at the end of which time, through the great interest the young man possessed, he was at length liberated.

"The same thing, as nearly as possible, happened to the master of the band belonging to the 13th regiment: he was confined by mistake for the master of another band. When in the act of having his name set down in the book as being set at liberty, he was told to go back to the *Salla Livre*, where he remained nearly three weeks longer, because the order of liberation came from the intendant of police, and the man who brought him said it was in the name of the king.

"There were in Portugal, when I left it, thousands of persons in prison, of whom no one but the secretary, in large towns, and the jailer in small ones, know any thing, although every one is presumed to be imprisoned by order of the king, the intendant of police, or the general of the province."—pp. 154—159.

What an appalling picture of tyranny is this! We might imagine while viewing it, that we had opened by mistake the history of one of the ruthless chieftains of the dark ages, whose career was traced through every species of crime, from a private station to a throne.

With a view to relieve the horrid tenor of his narrative, Mr. Young occasionally introduces anecdotes of persons with whom he became acquainted, not only during his imprisonment, but during his residence in Portugal. Among these we were much amused with the account

which he gives of an old man named Quintino, who was a kind of general messenger and servant at the Castle. It reminded us of some of those little episodes in *Gil Blas*, which lay bare the operations of human ingenuity and wickedness in every class of society; is very well told, and contains a complete portrait of a Portuguese vagabond. Quintino's father was a cow-doctor; his mother sold second-hand clothes at Villa Franca. When he was only five years old, he was compelled to earn his living by picking up manure on the road. Unless he brought home a full basket every morning, his mother allowed him no breakfast. The young rogue soon set up for himself; he first turned beggar, and next became a thief. At twelve years of age he entered the army as a drummer, but was discharged at the end of five years for his bad performance. He next was employed as a sort of esquire to a noble old lady who was very poor.

"Quintino, at this juncture, according to his own account, had only, in the way of wardrobe, a soldier's jacket; but the old lady, who was an economist, soon arranged him a coat, and he became very speedily 'one of the family.' There were two other servants in this establishment—a common servant, and a ladies'-maid; the latter and himself frequently used to sit and play cards with the old lady, when no better company could be obtained; but on these occasions the old lady (probably considering the honour sufficient) always forgot to pay her losings, as well as servant's wages.

"The ladies'-maid was old and ugly, but nevertheless very fond of Quintino; but as he had a love affair in another quarter, he was anxious to get away from his place. For more than three years he received no more than fifteen shillings in the form of wages or money; but he was in the habit of selling a little corn now and then, on *his own account*, which was brought to the old lady by way of rent. He usually shared the profits with the ladies'-maid, which he could not well avoid, because she had the keys of the granary in which it was kept, though he candidly acknowledged that he always cheated her in the price, 'because she was ugly.'"—pp. 198, 199.

The girl to whom Quintino's heart was engaged, was the daughter of a shoemaker in the neighbourhood. He wished to marry her but the father refused, and the lover in consequence killed him, as he thought, on the spot. He fled to a convent, where he was employed as a mendicant for two years, begging with great effect, and not forgetting to put into his own pocket a proportion of the proceeds. We must conclude the story in Mr. Young's words.

"He went one day to a fair at some distance, to beg, and among others in his rounds, he stumbled on his old sweetheart, the shoemaker's daughter, selling lemonade. He looked at her, and passed by her two or three times; his heart beat with emotion, and he thought it probable she might not recognise him in his disguise as a friar, so he resolved on speaking to her.

"He went up to her stall, and asked charity of her; she knew him immediately, and cried, 'God be praised! is that you, Quintino?' He said, 'Yes, but for God's sake, don't call me

Quintino: call me Friar Peter, that's my name now.' 'I'll lay a wager,' cried she, 'you have been at some of your tricks, or why did you alter your name?' 'Why!' said he, 'because I killed your father.' She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, 'My father is in the fair somewhere, you did not hurt him.'

"Quintino was astonished and pleased beyond measure; he expressed a great desire to see the shoemaker, and attended the tent or stall while she went in search of him. They soon came together, embraced each other, all animosity ceased, and they retired into the tent to take refreshment.

"Our hero thought he liked Theresa better than ever, and communicated to her and her father how much he was possessed of in ready money. They persuaded him, as may be imagined, not to return to the convent; but to set up in the lemonade business. The lady explained the profit upon this article, as follows:—six-penny worth of lemons, and the same sum for a quart of treacle, with a barrel of water, one penny would, at a farthing a glass, (the ordinary price in Portugal,) bring a return of six or seven shillings.

"Quintino was seduced by these arguments, and resolved on leaving the convent; but he was obliged to return once more, because his hoard of money was hid in the garden: which fact he communicated to the shoemaker and his daughter. These worthy people laid their heads together; their first resolve was to go at night and get over the garden walls; but, on reflection, Quintino thought that dangerous. Theresa, however, showed her female sagacity, by recommending 'that he should go home that night, and give up all he had in the sack, say he was very much fatigued, and that next day he would not come home, but beg the fair out, which only lasted two days longer; that he could beg a great deal in those two days, and might beg a day or two afterwards in those parts, before he threw off his friar's habit.'

"This plan was adopted; and when the time came, he went home, and of course no suspicion was entertained; he told the friars, 'it was too far to come home after walking all day, and that he would return when the fair was over.'

"During the night, he went and got his money from the garden; and next morning went to the fair, and met his dear Theresa and her father. He lodged his money in the lady's hands, and made the most of his time during the fair; and as soon as that was over, they all set off together towards Lisbon. He was afraid of begging again on the road; and when it was night he took off his *capuchin* habit, and hung it on a hedge, with the white bag upon it. They pursued their journey, and arrived at Lisbon about twelve o'clock the same night.

"Next morning, the shoemaker went out and bought a coat and hat for Quintino, but he could not stir out of the house, on account of his hair being cut short, and his neck shaved all round. This was an unlucky circumstance, and a wig was proposed, which the shoemaker went in search of, and soon came home with a second-hand wig; they cut of all the remaining hair he had, and when he put his wig on

and was dressed, no one would have known he had been a friar.

"The shoemaker now proposed he should marry his daughter, which he agreed to, and they set about arranging matters for the ceremony. This took them more than a month, and they were finally married.

"They then resolved on travelling to the different fairs, in the lemonade trade. They went into Alentejo, and the summer being rather cool, people did not drink so much lemonade as Quintino and his wife could have wished. In consequence of this, the whole family took to drinking wine and brandy.

"In about twelve months, all he had obtained by begging was gone, and Mrs. Quintino and her husband did not agree so well together; he also fell out with her father, and, in short, they parted, and our hero went off to Lisbon. He was there some time, but could procure no employment.

"He then went to Coimbra, where he obtained a situation as assistant to the kitchen gardener of a convent; and after living a considerable period in that capacity, he went to a farm belonging to the friars, for the purpose of taking care of the cattle; here again he continued some time, but often lamented having put off his capuchin habit.

"He obtained nothing from the friars but his food, and now and then some old clothes; he resolved therefore to leave them, and one morning, instead of taking out the cattle, he set off to Oporto.

"On arriving at this city, he made his way into the barracks amongst the soldiers; with them he lived a short time, fetching them water, and assisting them to clean their accoutrements, &c.

"He next procured an old suit of drummer's uniform, with which he equipped himself, and then joined a blind beggar who played the guitar. Quintino, having a tolerable voice, was the vocalist, and they went round all the country fairs on a begging expedition."—pp. 203-207.

He was at length taken up by the police, and lodged in prison for some trifling offence. On his liberation, such was his attachment to prison-life, that he has now for four and twenty years continued to serve in the capacity already mentioned.

It is unnecessary for us to enter at any length into the form of trial which Mr. Young had to go through before he was liberated. The English reader, however, ought to peruse with attention the official report of that process, which occupies a considerable portion of the volume before us. The charges which were brought against Mr. Young, have been stated in a preceding page. If they were trivial and vague, still more so was the evidence by which they were supported. No difficulty seems to be felt by a Portuguese judge, in receiving the testimony of a man who speaks to facts not from his own knowledge, but from what he had heard others say! The slightest suspicion, the most ridiculous indiscretion, a word spoken ten or twelve years ago, a joke, or an evening's amusement at home or abroad, enjoyed at any period of a man's life, are all brought forward against him in the absence of

more urgent proof, in order to bolster up an accusation of disaffection to the new usurper! Under tribunals constituted like those of Portugal, governed by rules of evidence which throw a net over the subject from childhood to old age, it is clear that no individual who does not crawl upon the earth, and hermetically seal his eyes and his ears, can hope to live in safety.

Nor is this all. After being acquitted by one court, another court may, it seems step in and alter the situation of the prisoner to his disadvantage!

In Mr. Young's case, which was heard in the first instance by the British Conservatory—an institution peculiar, we believe, to Portugal and Brazil, for the protection of British subjects—he was ordered to be liberated, on condition that he should sign an obligation not to interfere with the political affairs of the nation. He was willing to conform to this condition, but such is the singular perversity of justice in Portugal, that he was obliged to appeal against this condition, or submit to a still more protracted detention! But when the process was thus brought before the Board of Commission, they actually revoked the judgment of the Conservator, and ordered the prisoner to be discharged, only on condition that he should quit Portugal, and never return to that kingdom, or any of its dependencies! Commentary on iniquity like this would be superfluous. No language supplies expressions stronger than the sentence itself, to rouse the indignation of the civilized world against a tyranny so savage as that which has for some months raged like a pestilence over the territory of Portugal. The reader can now be hardly surprised to hear, that when Mr. Young left that country, there were in its different prisons 10,000 political prisoners!—"10,000 victims of political vengeance and resentment, out of a population amounting to about 2,000,000!" As the arrests have since his departure been continued, it is not unreasonable to presume, that the number of victims has by this time swelled to fifteen or twenty thousand!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE COURSE OF THE PROPHECY.

The voice went forth—and ceased! Upward it seem'd

Withdrawn, but echoes still the theme prolonged

'Twas utter'd through the lips of prophets old,
And heard by millions; it was borne along
From Lebanon to Carmel, and throughout
Sandy Judea, to the purple shores

Of Tyre (now ruin'd) by the silver sea:

'Twas heard, yet unbeliev'd; albeit the
tongues

Which spake shook forth their sounding prophecies,

With inspiration arm'd, and truth divine.

Descending—like the dew, or thoughts which
fall

Soft on a sleeper—That Eternal Voice

Fell on Isaiah, till his words became

illuminations; and Ezekiel's brain
Teem'd with illustrious figures bright and
crown'd,

Fantastic like the poet's, and he saw
"The Likeness of the Glory of the LORD!"
And Jeremiah in sad song denounced
Vengeance, and sorrow, and the sins to be.
Last, and before Him, as a warrior comes
Proclaiming to some state his Lord's approach,
Or, as along the changing firmament
Bright stars go heralding the sun or moon,
Came John,—that foretold prophet, "like a
voice

Crying in the wilderness—Prepare! Prepare!"
Stern Baptist, in the desert woods he lived
Alone, communing with pure thoughts and
heaven,

Making the dust his bed, the forest trees
His temple, and with birds which woke the
morn

Mingled his orisons; and thus he fed
On locusts and wild honey, and was garb'd
With camel's hair, and skins all girded round,
And, with his desert voice, proclaimed to man
The coming of the gentle Nazarene!

C.

From the Monthly Review.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ITALIAN STATES.*

FROM the unconnected and unsatisfactory accounts of foreign tourists, we turn with pleasure to the more matter-of-fact statements of natives themselves, on the condition of their own country. For what knowledge have we hitherto derived of the present state of the people of Italy, from the generality of travellers who have visited that fine country since the peace? What information concerning the statistics, the administration, the laws and judiciary systems of the various states of the Peninsula? We can hardly gather so much as can furnish a clear idea of the present political division of the country. Valuable information upon particular points is found scattered, it is true, through the numerous volumes that have been published on that country, but most of it lies buried in a mass of crude, fantastic notions, irrelevant narrative, and common-place erudition.

To the Italians themselves we must therefore apply for more accurate intelligence. The Italians, however, seldom wrote till lately, concerning the internal structure of society in their own country. Baretti, in the last century, is almost the only instance that occurs to us now, of an Italian publishing professedly an account of the moral character and social condition of his countrymen. But Baretti published it in English, and for English readers;

we have now an Italian who writes his remarks upon Italy for the benefit of his countrymen. The writer of the first work mentioned at the head of this article, is already known to our readers, as the author of some letters upon Rome and Naples, which were noticed in vol. ii. of this Review. He has in the present volume returned from the classical south, and given us a description of Venice, which may be called his own country, for we are informed the author is Mr. Dandolo, the son of the late Count Dandolo, the writer on agriculture, who was by birth a Venetian, although he afterwards retired to Varese, near Milan.

We extract the following sketch of the modern Venetians:—

"Naturally lively and humorous, devoted to mirth and pleasure, the inhabitants of Venice are the most volatile among the Italians. Their graceful and epigrammatic dialect is admirably suited to the expression of wit or good-tempered jocularity. They live for the present day, and are little given to indulge in sad recollections or gloomy anticipations; one would suppose from their actual manner and language, that ages have elapsed since the extinction of their independence; the present generation seem hardly to remember the name of the once powerful republic. Thirty years of foreign rule under Austrians and French, have altered the character of the people, and assimilated it to that of the other Italian cities. Some elderly gentlemen, however, are to be met, who talk from personal recollection of times gone by,—of the former sway of the winged Lion,—of the pomp and power of the Senate,—of the dreaded Ten, and their mysterious polity."

One of these *elders* gave our author a candid account of former manners:—

"The aristocracy," said he, "in the latter times of our republic, had relaxed from the former austerity of its state maxims, and from the stern exercise of its authority; indolence and licentiousness sank the Patricians to the level of their subjects, whose respect they lost, whilst an inveterate passion of gambling made fearful inroads into their wealth and honour. The nobles alone had the disgraceful privilege of holding the bank at gambling tables, and it was no uncommon sight to behold some of our most conspicuous Senators who filled the first offices of state, appear clad in his toga at the public Ridotto, and deal at his own faro-table! Enormous sums were lost and won with the greatest apparent composure,—whole fortunes were transferred in one night,—and the abuse was defended under the plea that it furnished the best school for learning how to bear with firmness the vicissitudes of fortune. There was also a class of poor nobles called *Barnabotti*, from the name of the parish in which they originally resided, and who, not having the means of holding the bank on their own account, used to deal for merchants and other wealthy commoners, who stood by the side of the dealer, with masks on their faces, and quietly pocketed the profits."—pp. 22, 25.

The licentiousness of Venice was proverbial; celibacy was in fashion among men who had every facility to gratify their passions. The long season of the Carnival, during which masks were habitually worn out of doors, held

* 1. Lettere su Venezia. 1 vol. 16mo. Milano. 1827.

2. Prospetto statistico delle provincie Venete, con Atlante di LXXXII. tavole sinottiche; Opera dell' Imp. e Reale Segretario Antonio Quadri. 3 vols. 8vo. Venezia. 1827.

3. Annali d' Italia dal 1750 al 1819, compilati da A. Coppi. 4 vols. 8vo. Roma. 1827.

out encouragement and impunity for guilty intrigues. Marriages among the nobles were a matter of speculation between the parents, and in many cases, the betrothed did not see each other till the day of the nuptials. The anecdote of Leonardo, which our author relates, is an instance of the fatal consequences of such an immoral system. A young patrician being urged by his friends to marry the only daughter of an old and powerful senator, at last gave his assent, without having seen the countenance of the lady, who, whenever she happened to look out of her balcony, appeared invariably wrapped in a long veil. On the day of the wedding, the friends of both families being assembled, the bride, after some time, made her appearance; her veil being thrown off, disclosed features of the most perfect beauty, but which, unfortunately happened to be well known to Leonardo, for he had many months before seen them one night unknown to her, at his own *Casino*, to which she had come secretly and in disguise, to meet one of his intimate friends. Leonardo did not expose her, but firmly refused her hand, exclaiming, "I cannot be her husband." The offended father raved and threatened, but to no purpose; the match was broke off, and shortly after, the body of Leonardo was found one morning lifeless, and covered with wounds.—p. 35.

We shall not follow Dandolo in his temperate and well written description of the state policy of the Venetian Senate, and of the material changes that had taken place in the course of time in the constitution, and which led to the establishment of the council of Ten. The French historian, Daru, has amply treated of this in his elaborate history of Venice. This authority, however, is now questioned by Count Tiepolo, one of the surviving members of the old aristocracy of the Republic, and who has come forward to rectify the errors into which he asserts the French writer has fallen. *Audi alteram partem*, is a just and wholesome principle, and we are therefore waiting with some anxiety for Count Tiepolo's refutation.*

The social and political system of Venice was not, however, one of unmixed evil. Trade and industry were flourishing, the taxes were extremely moderate, property was protected, the people were ruled with gentleness and treated with affability by the patricians, justice, except in political cases, was impartially administered, the police of the capital was effective: "it is well remembered by some, that forty years ago, *four domestics* of the State Inquisitors, armed solely with their black wands of office, were sufficient to keep in order the immense crowd which filled the approaches to the great square where the senate gave a bull-fight in honour of Paul of Russia and his consort, then travelling in Italy." (p. 64.) The citizen, the merchant of Venice, in the enjoyment of affluence at home, and protection abroad, easily forgave the exclusive aristocracy of his rulers; and the sight of his flourishing

country, the activity of its commerce, its peace and security, its wealth and pleasures, were to him compensations for his political thralldom.

With regard to the dependencies of the *subjects*, as they were called, of the Republic, under which name were included the whole of the continental states, the policy of the Senate was various. Dandolo's statement upon this point is clear and concise:—

"The people of Vicenza, Padua, Verona, and the Frioul, having been the first to submit to the Republic, and being nearer the capital, were attached to the government, who treated them with mildness. The Podestats, or civil governors, sent by the Senate, administered justice so as to restrain the local feudal lords and protect the people. But the more remote provinces, situated on the right bank of the Mincio, namely, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema, were governed in a very different manner. Being on the frontiers of the States of Milan and Mantua, which were successively under the rule of Spain, France, and Germany, those three provinces occasioned much anxiety to the Venetian government. The fierce and turbulent character of the inhabitants rendered them formidable. The policy of the Senate, therefore, was to keep them divided, by means of a state of permanent anarchy unparalleled in a civil community. The local nobles, surrounded by their dependants or satellites, were generally at war among themselves; whole villages and districts sided with either party; hired ruffians bargained for and obtained the price of blood; the stiletto, for the manufacture of which the city of Brescia was long renowned, were in every body's hand, and tragical deaths were so frequent, as not to excite attention: a thousand mangled bodies were exposed to view at Brescia, in the course of one year. The magistrates shut their eyes to horrors which they were powerless to prevent; and if any of them attempted to make a display of justice, the relations of the guilty ran to Venice, where they were sure to obtain impunity. Thus the minds of the people, agitated by fierce domestic strife, were left open to foreign suggestion and to temptations of revolt. Lawless and criminal license was to them the most acceptable indulgence, and they felt favourably disposed towards a government that allowed them to satisfy their savage and unruly passions."—pp. 75, 76.

The only comment we shall add to this description is, that although in the last century things had assumed a milder and more orderly aspect, yet it was in those very provinces, Brescia and Bergamo, that the revolt against the Senate began in 1797, which afforded the French the first pretext for effecting the ruin of the Republic. Such were at last the fruits of the political education given by Venice to its continental subjects.

We are inclined to dissent from our author's assertion, that the Greek, or Ionian Islands, and the other Venetian colonies on the coast of Albania, were "governed with equity and humanity by the Venetian Nobles." We have heard very different stories from people of Zante and Corfu; we have heard of mercenary magistrates, of crimes unpunished, of arbitrary exactions; yet we can easily understand that,

* "Discorsi sulla storia Veneta, cioè rettificazione di alcuni equivoci riscontrati nella Storia del Sig. Daru, del Co. Domenico Tiepolo, patrizio, Veneto. Udine, 1828. In 3 vols."

comparing their situation with that of their brethren, placed under the sway of the Ottomans, the Venetian Greeks must have felt happy in being under the protection of the flag of St. Mark, safe from the visitation of the neighbouring infidel.

The wild regions of Dalmatia, inhabited by warlike races, were administered by the Venetians in a manner more congenial to the natives. They retained their local customs and authorities; a high officer was the representative of the senate at Zara, with the title of Provéditeur General, and was exchanged every three years.* The Slavonians showed themselves attached to Venice, even to the day of her fall, and furnished the Republic with its trustiest soldiers.

But we must return from republican Venice, to Venice such as she now is. Alas for the Adriatic Queen! her fate is truly melancholy, for there can be no doubt of her gradual and unavoidable decay. Of all the Italian cities, Venice has suffered most by the political changes; hers has been a case of unmitigated severity. Her patricians and her merchants are mostly ruined, her maritime commerce is removed to Trieste, the wealth of foreign trades, and the tribute of her own conquests, no longer flows to circulate among her citizens. The population of Venice is reduced to less than one half; it amounts now to hardly one hundred thousand, and it must decrease still, as there is not sufficient employment for it. But when we speak of the calamities of Venice, we must be understood to mean the city; for the continental provinces once subject to it, have not suffered in the same proportion. Considerable light is thrown on the present condition of this part of Italy, by the second work on our list, namely, the "Statistical prospect of the Venetian Provinces, by Quadri." The author, a Venetian, and secretary to the present government, has had access to authentic documents for the formation of his tables. It appears from his statement, that the Venetian provinces, now forming part of the Austrian dominions in Italy, contain upon an extent of 6,902 square miles, a population of 1,894,000 individuals, making thus 274 inhabitants for a mile; a ratio higher than that of the rest of Italy, with the exception of the Milanese and of Lucca.† The population

* "Carlo Gozzi, the dramatist, gives a curious account of the haughty importance assumed by the officers. Gozzi was on board the galley which conveyed the noble Querini to his Dalmatian government. 'When the latter came on board in full costume, in his crimson hat and shoes, he did not seem to notice our profound obeisances, nor to recognise any of the officers, although he had often received and entertained many of us, with the most republican affability, in his family mansion at Venice. He looked no one in the face, and the captain of the guard, a young man, having failed in some point of etiquette at his reception on board, Querini had him immediately put in chains and confined below.'"
—Gozzi's *Memoirs*.

† Italy, with the islands, comprise a surface of about ninety-three square miles, inhabited by nineteen millions of people.

has been for years past on the increase, owing in part to the almost universal introduction of vaccination. Before the introduction of this preservative, between five and six thousand victims of the small-pox died yearly in the Venetian States. The city of Padua alone, with a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, lost as many as five hundred in one single year.

The various classes bear the following proportion to the whole population.

Landed and other proprietors	-	1	5.
Merchants and tradesmen	-	1	36.
Artizans	-	1	19.
Employés	-	1	120.
Pensioners	-	1	291.
Sailors and boatmen	-	1	241.
Medical practitioners	-	1	926.
Clergymen	-	1	216.
Lawyers	-	1	2476.
Destitute, or paupers	-	1	26.

The total number of paupers is 70,961 individuals. About one-third of the population live in towns, and the rest inhabit the country and villages.

About one-fifth of the Venetian territory is unproductive, being marshy or mountainous; the growth of corn is in general equal to the consumption; in cattle there has been from 1818 to 1825, an increase of 166 thousand heads, of which four thousand are horses, and two thousand mules.

Table I.V. shows the amount of the revenue, which ascends to *fifty millions and half* of livres. Under the republic it was only *twelve millions*. The land tax is more than one-fourth of the estimated produce; two millions are raised by personal taxes. The indirect taxes or duties upon consumption, have been maintained according to Napoleon's system. The mines bring in something more than one million, and employ one thousand three hundred persons. The property of three hundred and fifty-six suppressed convents, which has become national, gives an income of three millions eight hundred thousand livres, of which one million and half is however paid in pensions. The expenses of collecting and administering the revenue, amount to about ten millions. Of the remainder, about four millions must be deducted, which belong to the *communes* or municipalities. The nett revenue of the state is therefore about thirty-six millions, which serve to defray the charges of the civil judiciary, ecclesiastical, military and

‡ "The church and convent property sold in the ex-kingdom of Italy, amounted to more than two hundred millions of livres, and the remainder, which was annexed to the *demanio* or treasury, amounted to at least an equal sum. If we add the property of the same description seized in Piedmont, Genoa, Parma, Tuscany, and the other parts of Italy annexed to the French empire, and that of the kingdom of Naples, the total amount of church property which has been alienated in Italy under the French, would appear enormous. Thirty millions of francs belong to the *Confraternite*, or lay brotherhoods, were also seized at Venice and its dependencies."

other departments. Of these charges, however, Quadri gives no detailed statement, the accounts are withheld from the public. A very heavy expense is incurred yearly for the object of restraining the waters of the numerous rivers and torrents, repairing the dykes and canals, and maintaining the celebrated *muraZZi*, or walls which protect the city of Venice from the storms of the Adriatic. The charge on the treasury for this item, is nearly one million and a half, independent of the charges defrayed by the communes and proprietors.

The means of instruction for the people, consist in 1,402 elementary schools, which are attended by 62,000 children; there are still, however, four hundred villages or cantons without any schools. It is calculated, that only one child in four receives public instruction. For the purposes of literary and professional education, we find 1° twenty-five *gymnassi*, having 164 professors, and frequented by about five thousand pupils. From the *gymnassi* the students pass into the royal lyceums to pursue their philosophical course, which lasts two years, and includes religious instruction, the various branches of philosophy, Greek and Latin literature, history, drawing, and the German language. The lyceums are four—at Venice, Verona, Vicenza, and Udine; they are supported by government, and frequented by about nine hundred students. From the lyceums, those who wish to follow the learned professions proceed to the University of Padua, which is divided into four faculties—theology, law, medicine, and philosophy and mathematics. It has sixty-one professors, and reckons in general about one thousand students. There are also eleven seminaries attached to the various episcopal sees, for those who devote themselves to the church; and sixteen religious establishments for the education of girls. Quadri gives a minute account of the accessory means of education, such as public libraries, which are met with even in second-rate towns, the museums, and the literary and scientific academies.

In the table of crimes and offences, we find a considerable amelioration since 1818. In that year the number of prisoners was as one to 515; it is now as one to 813. It is remarkable that the improvement in the condition of the country began to be felt only in 1818, the scarcity of the two preceding years having retarded the good effects of the restoration of peace. Since the same epoch, thefts and larcenies are reduced to one-fourth, robberies attended with violence, to one-third, murders to one-half, and crimes of false coinage from the number of 34 are reduced to three. Another improvement, which is especially creditable to the government, is observed in the list of charges for *abuse of authority* in civil officers, of which there were in 1817, twenty-nine cases, and in 1823, only seventeen. Under the suspicious name of *grave transgressions in police matters*, we find an increase in the years 1822-23, owing probably to the political effervescence of that period. We notice 3,413 *transgressions not mentioned in the Code*, and the nature of which is not stated by our author. This is one of the least satisfactory features in the whole prospect.

With regard to industry and commerce, the change, as we have before observed, has been severely felt by the city of Venice, after the loss of its independence in 1797. However, since the peace, the wool and silk trade seems reviving, as well as the glass and bead manufactures. In the provinces, the capital employed in agriculture has evidently increased. It is in the great towns that distress, and its attendant immorality, are most observable: the number of foundlings has increased in Venice—it is now to the births as one to forty-seven. Some good is expected from the establishment of saving banks, which has been introduced at Milan, since 1823.

We cannot follow our author in his details of the various other statistical divisions of his prospect, such as the administration political, judiciary, and economical, the military and naval forces, the department of public beneficence, the church and clergy, &c. We shall only observe, that the incomes of the episcopal and the parochial clergy are very moderate in the Venetian states: that they arise partly from tithes, which are, however, only one-fortieth of the produce; partly from fees and partly from funds; the deficit in many cases being supplied by the *demanio* or treasury, out of the income of alienated church property.

We consider it a favourable sign of the times when we see the government of Italy, Austrian and native, encouraging the publication of statistical works by their own official servant. In another important division of the Peninsula, the kingdom of Naples, a publication of the same nature is in progress, styled *Censimento, o statistica dei reali domini di qua dal Faro*, by Petroni, an officer in the Neapolitan administration, in which are valuable statements concerning the extent, population, resources and industry of the various provinces of that fine kingdom. The old system of secrecy and jealousy is thereby wisely discarded. Quadri himself observes, that the old Venetian government was by no means ignorant of the necessity of statistics in the science of state, and this he proves by reporting a speech delivered by the Doge Thomas Morenigo, as early as 1420, on the occasion of the impending war with the Duke of Milan; but those grave senators were of opinion, that the information ought to be confined to the rulers, and would prove useless or mischievous if imparted to the people. These ideas begin now to be exploded.

The same deference to the wants of our age has been exhibited by the compilation and publication of a code for each Italian state, in order that every citizen may be acquainted with the law under which he lives. The Austrian code is in vigour in the Venetian and Milanese territories, and an ample commentary and repertory of it was published in Italian soon after the restoration at Milan, by Councillor de Zeiller, in 8 vols. 8vo. In the Sardinian monarchy there is also a printed code, founded on the collection of the laws and edicts which was begun in 1770, by Charles Emmanuel. In the duchy of Modena the *Codice Estense* is in practice. Tuscany has the code given it by Leopold; and in the Roman states the late Pope promulgated, in

1817, a new civil code; and his successor, Leo XII., has published, in 1824, a "*Riforma*," or regulations for the better administration of justice, in which he also announced the speedy promulgation of a new criminal code. In the kingdom of Naples, the Code Napoleon, with some modifications, has been republished with the sanction of the restored government.

In order to appreciate the advantage of these enactments, we ought to compare the present state with the confusion which existed in the judiciary administration and practice of the Italian courts previous to the end of the last century. Laws, edicts, and sentences, promulgated at various epochs during eight or ten centuries, by conquerors and kings of almost every nation in Europe, and often construed in a sort of barbarous Latin, were jumbled together; canonical law clashed with the civil; feudal regulations and privileges were still in vigour in many places; most towns had their old municipal statutes. Of these latter, Tuscany alone reckoned more than five hundred. Leopold in Tuscany, and Joseph in Lombardy, began the reform, and at last the French swept away the whole heterogeneous mass in every part of Italy, and substituted the Code Napoleon. That celebrated compilation secured many valuable advantages to the people. The civil code, especially, was digested with great skill. Its system of *hypothèques*, or public register for mortgages, has been found so beneficial, that its provisions have been retained in almost every part of Italy to this day. With regard to the criminal code, notwithstanding its faults, it ensured one great and essential guarantee for individual security, namely, the practice of public trials. And here the Italians have materially lost by the late changes, for they have reverted to the old inquisitorial system of secret proceedings, interrogatories of the accused in prison, and written depositions; there is no cross-examination of witnesses by the defendant; in short, the whole responsibility of the trial rests in a great measure with the reporting judge and the fiscal advocate.

In many cases the punishment of death is accompanied by confiscation of property, the wife and children of the culprit having only claim to alimony, *ad arbitrium* of the Court.

There is, however, no longer any distinction of rank before the law; the use of torture and of torments in general is universally abolished.

The return to the old system of secret pleadings has met with many opponents. The superior advantages of public trials have been warmly sustained in several Italian journals. Romagnosi of Parma,* has boldly advocated the cause, refuting the objections of those who pretended that public trials were incompatible with the system of monarchy. Romagnosi, after mentioning the public pleadings of Rome, even under the Cæsars, quotes the authority of Pierre Ayrault, lieutenant criminal at Angers, in his work styled "*Ordre, formalités and*

instructions judiciaires," published so early as 1587, and which shows that, even under Justinian and Valens, trials were public; that they were so in the early councils of the church; "and likewise in the earlier times of the French monarchy; and of this," says Mr. Ayrault, "we have traces still at the gates of our churches, castles, markets, and in the public squares, where are to be seen the seats of the judges who tried the accused *coram populo*."* Romagnosi proceeds to prove that the publicity of trials is nowise incompatible with the system and spirit of a well regulated monarchy; that Catherine of Russia herself, in her "*Instructions for a new Code*," acknowledged that "secret proceedings savour too much of tyranny and oppression;" and that in the ancient Venetian statutes, "the *placiti*, or trials, were ordered to be carried on with open doors, for the terror of the guilty and the example of others, and for the satisfaction of the good, in order that every one may see strict justice awarded to each indiscriminately." This wise principle of the Venetian republic was, as is well known, put aside afterwards by the Council of Ten, in matters of state.

Romagnosi, in short, Rossi, and other Italian jurists, maintain that the secret examination by the informing judge, who reports the case to his colleagues, and then gives his own opinion upon it, tends to bias the judgment of the court; that written depositions afford not sufficient light to the judges, who are apt to trust too much to the diligence and wisdom of their active coadjutor; that, on the other side, although the accused is now secure from personal violence, yet his mind is often kept in a state of torture by the mysterious formalities of his trial; that, in short, public pleadings alone can combine the attainment of the ends of justice with the preservation of individual security. It seems strange that such palpable truth should want defenders in our days!

We have been led into these observations on the judicious system of Italy, by the third work on our list, the "*Annals of Coppi*," which is a register, not only of political events, but also of all the acts emanated from the various authorities that have succeeded each other in Italy, concerning matters of legislation, political economy, public instruction, &c. Coppi's work is meant as a continuation of Maratori's "*Annals of Italy*," and the diligence and impartiality of the writer are deserving of great praise. He has given a most useful directory for those who wish to become acquainted with the alterations that have taken place in Italian society since the middle of last century. And we must say that, upon the whole, the progress of improvement has been very great. Italy is now very different from what it was in the memory of living men; even the appearance of the towns, the streets lighted at night, the new roads, the more effectual police, and a hundred other things, attest the hand of improvement. Education is more generally spread, morality and decency have also gained, the noxious custom of *serrentism* is on the decline, domestic affection is better valued; there is more union in families, the heads of

* One of the most distinguished jurists of Italy. His principal works are—*Genesi del diritto Penale*, and his *Introduzione al diritto Pubblico Universale*. The Italians rank him with Beccaria and Filangeri.

* Ayrault, lib. iii. chap. 56. 69.

which no longer strive to force the inclinations of their sons and daughters in the choice of a state. There is more religion and less superstition among the lower classes, and the affectation of infidelity which prevailed in the junior part of the upper orders, is no longer in fashion. All the remains of feudality have been abolished; property is more distributed; agriculture improves, especially in the north; common lands have been enclosed. Some of the Italian states, such as Tuscany and Parma, may be said to be under a liberal administration; in others, such as Austrian Lombardy, the authorities have shown much severity in political matters, but public security is at the same time firmly protected, and the laws are administered with impartiality. Piedmont and Modena are perhaps the two states in which the old system of absolute government has been most scrupulously reinstated. From the very division of Italy, it follows, however, that measures of rigour are seldom general.

Among the disadvantages resulting from the subdivision of Italy into many little states,* must be reckoned the impediments thrown in the way of the communication between the various people. Each state has its line of custom-house, its passports, and police, its taxes, its laws, its peculiar currency. The inconvenience resulting from this to individuals is obvious. Industry, speculation, manufactures, literature, all suffer from the same cause. It has as yet, been impossible to establish diligences or stage-coaches throughout Italy, the interests of the *vetturini* having proved too strong in the southern States. The mails or letter-bags also suffer considerable delay, having to pass at the frontier of each State into the hands of a new courier, and being detained in each Capital a certain time. Goods and travellers are examined a dozen times at least, in proceeding from Milan to Naples. Duties or fees must be paid at every custom-house. Even vessels proceeding from one harbour to the other on the same coast, perform quarantine.—And all this, within the natural precincts of the Peninsula, “the Alps and the sea.” With regard to books, journals, and other literary intelligence, the consequences are equally injurious. The censors are more severe or scrupulous in some States than in others, and thus, a book which is allowed free circulation at Florence, may be seized on the frontiers of Lombardy, or of the Roman States. Another evil proceeding from the same cause, is the precarious tenure of copyright. A work published in Milan, if it be good for any thing, is reprinted immediately in a cheaper form at Florence, Turin, Bologna, and Naples. If published originally at Florence, it is still worse for the proprietor, for he can only depend on its circulation within the narrow limits of Tuscany. The consequence is, that booksellers seldom can afford to purchase MSS., and authors are obliged to publish their works by subscription, or at their own risk. Such a

* Three Kingdoms, viz:—Sardinia, Lombardy, and the Two Sicilies; five Duchies,—Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Lucca and Massa; the Papal States, and last and least, the Republic of San Marino.

state of things is fatal to literary spirit and independence. The abuse has been loudly complained of. Monti's poetical works were generally pirated soon after they appeared. Botta's history, and Manzoni's novel, have been reprinted in four or six different towns. But a case which has lately attracted much attention, is that of Dr. Ferrario, who some years ago began publishing at Milan, an expensive work in numbers, with plates, under the title of “Costume antico e Moderno,” being a description of the customs, dress, religion, government, arts and sciences of ancient and modern nations. The price of publication when complete, was fixed at four thousand livres. After many numbers had appeared, a bookseller of Florence announced a reprint at the price of four hundred livres! He prefaced his advertisement with the opinion of a legal friend, who had observed, “that as all the nations of Europe plundered each other's literary property, he did not see why the Tuscans should not do the same with a work published at Milan?” The strangeness of this reasoning called the attention of another Florentine advocate, Dr. Collini, who replied to the bookseller and his counsel, in a note which was inserted in the journals. Collini observes, that the practice of reprinting the works of living authors without their sanction, censurable as it is in general, is perfectly inexcusable between the inhabitants of one common country, speaking the same language, having the same literature, and living within a few miles of each other. “This is not so much a question between printer and printer,” adds Collini, “as between two weavers of silk or cloth; there is another person principally interested, and that is the author, the creator of the work, about whom neither the bookseller, nor his accommodating advocate, have given themselves any concern.”

We observe with pleasure, that the celebrated Angelo Mai obtained from the various Italian governments, the security of his copyright in their respective territories, for the books of Cicero, which he has discovered.—This principle of justice ought to extend to all cases of authorship. For this and many other interests which are common to all Italians, there ought to be some sort of federal pact between the various States. We heard not long ago, certain vague reports about a projected Italian confederation; this would perhaps be the only practicable approximation to some thing like union in the Peninsula.

—

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

—“The worship of the Earth
Is vowed to other gods of vulgar birth.”
Barry Cornwall.

FAIR Cousin mine! the golden days
Of old Romance are over;
And Minstrels now care nought for bays,
Nor Damsels for a Lover:
And hearts are cold, and lips are mute
That kindled once with passion,
And now we've neither lance nor lute,
And Tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time,
When Love found words in flowers;
When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,
And sweetest songs in bowers:
Now wedlock is a sober thing—
No more of chains or forges!—
A plain young man—a plain gold ring—
The Curate—and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,
And every heart a fetter;
And making love was quite the thing,
And making verses better:
And maiden-Aunts were never seen,
And gallant Beaux were plenty;
And Lasses married at sixteen,
And died at one-and-twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,
And chess a pretty science;
And Huntsmen learn'd to blow a morte,
And Heralds a defiance;
And Knights and Spearsmen showed their
night,
And timid hinds took warning;
And hypocras was warmed at night,
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,
And Patron-Saints were lauded;
And noble deeds were bravely dared,
And noble Dames applauded:
And Beauty play'd the Leech's part,
And wounds were heal'd with syrup;
And Warriors sometimes lost a heart,
But never lost a stirrup.

Then was there no such thing as fear,
And no such word as Reason;
And Faith was like a pointed spear,
And Fickleness was treason:
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard;
But when the fight was over,
A brimming goblet cheer'd the Bard,
His Lady's smile the Lover.

Ay, these were glorious days! The moon
Had then her true adorers;
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,
And no such things as snorers:
And Lovers swam and held at nought
Streams broader than the Mersey;
And fifty thousand would have fought
For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,
And had no use for tailors;
And the artizans who lived the best
Were armourers and nailers;
And steel was measured by the ell,
And trowsers lined with leather;—
And Jesters wore a cap and bell,
And Knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,
And married ones might sever;
Uncommon Doctors had their fees,
But Doctors Commons never:
Oh! had we in those times been bred,
Fair Cousin, for thy glances,
Instead of breaking Priscian's head,
I had been breaking lances!

From the Monthly Review.

SCENES OF WAR; AND OTHER PO-
EMS. By John Malcolm. Edinburgh. Oli-
ver and Boyd. 1828.

MR. MALCOLM writes with great simplicity and feeling. He must have a quiet and gentle spirit by nature, or he could not philosophize with the genuine poetic tenderness which appears in the general tone of his pieces. Such a style can never be acquired by imitation—for the thousand-and-one copies which may be found of Pope, Byron, Moore, or Scott, not half a dozen can be found of Montgomery. Poetic phrases and almost every variety of metre are at the command of the eye, the ear, or the memory; but that exquisite vein of thought, of calm, plaintive reflection, which is the soul of Montgomery's style, belongs to nature only, or, if to any thing beside, to experience of toil and vicissitude, bettering whatever is good in nature. In the works of the other great poets mentioned there is more of the external glory of imagination, and more, therefore, which inferior minds can enjoy and imitate. The author of the poems before us has evinced no ambition in any of his productions to borrow the gayer, and, when not original, the meretricious ornaments of the muse. His little volume presents nothing which either startles or disgusts, and what is good in it, therefore, is pure and simply thought. The following specimens will illustrate what we have said:—

“ MY BIRTHDAY.

“ Time shakes his glass, and swiftly run
Life's sands still ebbing grain by grain;
Yon weary, wan, autumnal sun
Brings round my birth-day once again;—
And lights me, like the fading bloom
Of pale October, to the tomb.

“ My birthday!—Each revolving year
It seems to me a darker day:
Whose dying flowers and leaflets sere
With solemn warning seem to say,
That all on earth like showers fly:—
That nought abideth 'neath the sky.

“ My birthday!—Where, when life was young,
Is now each promise which it gave?—
Hope's early wreaths have long been hung,—
Pale, faded garlands,—o'er its grave,
Where Memory waters with her tears
Those relics of departed years.

“ My birthday;—Where the loved ones now,
On whom in happier times it dawned?—
Each beaming eye and sunny brow
Low in the dark and dreamless land
Now sleep—where I shall slumber soon,
Like all beneath the sun and moon.

“ My birthday!—Once I loved to hear
These words by Friendship echoed round;
But now they fall upon mine ear
With thoughts too mournful and profound,
Fraught with a sad and solemn spell,
And startling as a wailing knell.”

pp. 156, 157.

Equally tender and elegant are the verses to the closing year, which we extract both for

their own excellence and their appropriateness to the season :—

"While midnight's chime beats deep and drear
The pulses of the parting year,
I will not hail another's birth
With reckless and unseemly mirth :
By me its welcome shall be said,
As in the presence of the dead.

"A smile the new-born year to greet,
A silent tear to that gone by ;
As blending in our bosoms meet
The dreams of hope and memory.
Again I hail each inmate gay
Assembled in the festal room ;
But some, alas ! are far away,
Some sleeping in the tomb !
A narrower circle seems to meet
Around the board :—each vacant seat
A dark and sad remembrance brings
Of faded and forsaken things :—
Of youth's sweet promise to the heart !
Of hopes that came but to depart,
Like phantom-waters of the waste,
That glad the sight, but shun the taste ;
Of bright eyes veiled in cold eclipse,—
The balm, the breath and bloom of lips
Where oft in silent rapture ours
Have clung like bees to honied flowers :
With their sweet voices past away,
E'en like the harp's expiring lay.
But fled and gone with all its ills
And dreams of good,—a long adieu !
Unto the year beyond the hills,
And welcome to the new :
And hoping oft to meet again,
To hail the sacred season's call,
Thus hand in hand the bowl we drain,—
'A good new year to all !'—pp. 131—133.

Whether it be that Mr. Malcolm has not so well succeeded in "The Campaign," which forms the leading poem of the volume, or that we have no taste for such subjects we know not, but we are unable to discover in it the merit which belongs to the author's usual style. The sleep of the brave, the flowers that spring from their graves, the muffled drum, and all such things are now silly and tiresome phrases, and should not be in the mouth of so good a writer as Mr. Malcolm—let him leave battle fields, and soldiers to their own proper minstrels, drum-majors and trumpeters. In infinitely better taste is such poetry as the following :—

"THE SHADOW.

"Upon yon dial stone
Behold the shade of Time,
For ever circling on and on,
In silence more sublime
Than if the thunders of the spheres
Pealed forth its march to mortal ears.

"It metes us hour by hour,
Doles out our little span,
Reveals a presence and a power,
Felt and confessed by Man ;—
The drop of moments day by day,
That rocks of ages wear away.

"Wov'n by a hand unseen,
Upon that stone survey

A robe of dark sepulchral green,

The mantle of decay,—
The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

"Day is the time for toil ;
Night balm the weary breast ;
Stars have their vigils ; seas a while,
Will sink to peaceful rest :
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not, nor sleeps :—

"Effacing all that's fair,—
Hushing the voice of mirth
Into the silence of despair
Around the lonesome hearth.—
And training ivy-garlands green
O'er the once gay and social scene.

"In beauty fading fast
Its silent trace appears,—
And, where a phantom of the past,
Din in the mists of years,—
Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
Like wreck's above their ocean-graves.

"Before the ceaseless shade
That round the world doth sail,—
Its towers and temples bow the head,—
The pyramids look pale :
The festal halls grow hushed and cold,
The everlasting hills wax old.

"Coeval with the sun
Its silent course began,—
And still its phantom-race shall run
Till worlds with age grow wan ;—
Till darkness spread her funeral-pall,
And one vast shadow circle all."

pp. 76—79.

We hope to meet with Mr. Malcolm's muse again, and that he will then come recommended to us with a more attractive title than "Scenes of War." We assure the author he succeeds in gentle, beyond comparison, better than in heroic strains. In the former, he writes naturally, and, therefore, originally ; in the latter we read what we have read over and over again in other authors ; not because he has designedly imitated, but because his own mind is not at home in the subject.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.*

—"Tither where he lies buried !
That single spot is the whole world to me."

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

Thy voice was in my soul !—it call'd me on—
O, my lost Friend ! thy voice was in my soul.
From the cold faded world, whence thou art gone
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
I come, I come !

Now speak to me again !—we lov'd so well—
We lov'd !—oh ! still, I know that still we love !

* See *Wallenstein*, Act 5th.

I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
Through these dim aisles in dreams of Thee
to rove.

This is my Home!

Speak to me in the thrilling Minster's gloom!
Speak!—Thou hast died and sent me no fare-
well!

I will not shrink:—oh! mighty is the Tomb,
But one thing mightier, which it cannot
quell—

This woman's heart!

This lone, full fragile heart!—the strong alone
In Love and Grief—of both the burning
shrine!

Thou, my Soul's friend! with Grief hast sure-
ly done,
But with the Love which made thy spirit
mine,

Say, could'st Thou part.

I hear the rustling banners; and I hear
The wind's low singing through the fretted
stone;

I hear not Thee—and yet I feel thee near—
What is this bound that keeps thee from
thine own?

Breathe it away!

I wait thee—I adjure thee!—hast Thou known
How I have lov'd thee!—couldst Thou dream
it all?

Am I not here, with Night and Death alone,
And fearing not?—and hath my Spirit's call
O'er Thine no sway?

Thou *canst* not come—or thus I should not
weep!

Thy Love is deathless—but no longer free!
Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
The viewless barrier, if such power might
be;

Soon, soon, and fast!

But I shall come to thee—to thee, dear Friend!
Our young affection hath not flow'd in vain;
In one bright stream the sever'd waves shall
blend,
The worn heart break its bonds—and Death
and Pain

Be with the Past! F. H.

From the Monthly Review.

1. *Commentaries on the Causes, Forms, Symptoms, and Treatment, Moral and Medical, of Insanity.* By George Man Burrows, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 716. London. 1828.
2. *Observations on the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Derangement of the Mind; founded on an extensive Moral and Medical Practice in the Treatment of Lunatics.* By Paul Slade Knight, M.D. Formerly a principal Surgeon in the Royal Navy, and many years Surgeon of the Lunatic Asylum for the County of Lancaster, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 167. London: Longman and Co. 1827.
3. *Practical Observations on Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane, &c.* By W. J.

Late a Keeper at a Lunatic Asylum. 8vo. pp. 127. London. 1828.

Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales. Article Folie. Par. M. Esquirol, D. M.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous publications and discussions in which mental derangement has been recently treated, we do not recollect to have had our attention much directed to the very singular relation under which it is viewed by medical men, as compared with other diseases. If a surgeon,—Mr. Brodie, for example,—acquires a reputation for curing diseases of the joints,—or if a physician, like Dr. Paris, become famous for treating indigestion,—an influx of patients is the certain consequence, and wealth increases proportionably with honourable fame. But though this holds as a general rule in diseases, insanity forms a decided and remarkable exception; and the reputation of a medical practitioner for the successful treatment of insane patients will seldom bring him either increase of practice or of reputation. On the contrary, the practitioner who devotes himself to the investigation and treatment of mania, is considered by his brethren, in most cases, as following pursuits of doubtful respectability, and as degrading himself into the lowest ranks of the profession. Physicians, accordingly, possessed of respectable talents and connexions, shrink from this department of the profession, lest they should be degraded in their career.

One obvious reason of this lamentable state of things is partly inseparable, we fear, from the disorders in question. Insane patients are seldom managed or manageable at home, and are, therefore, in most cases, consigned by their friends to some private or public establishment, where no one is interested in promoting their recovery. On the contrary, it is the interest of the proprietors and the attendants, that there should be no recoveries. The medical superintendents of such establishments may, indeed, be supposed, from their rank and education, to be actuated by humane and liberal feelings towards the wretched beings committed to their care; but when it is clear that they can have little or no interest—no increase of fame or of wealth from success, and no loss of either from the want of success—it would be expecting more of human nature than we are authorized to do, to anticipate requisite exertions from motives of pure humanity. The facts, indeed, which have been wrung from unwilling witnesses in recent public investigations, prove but too strongly that members of the medical profession,—how incapable soever they may be accounted of a dereliction of honourable and humane conduct,—have not, when stimulated by interest, refrained from participation in the inhuman practices, not to call them crimes, which prevail in the cells of the insane.

"It would be very important," says Sir Anthony Carlisle, in his examination before the Select Committee for Middlesex—"if the public were made better acquainted with the history, the progress, and the treatment of insanity; it has been kept a secret, it has been kept close, and in the hands of individuals for a purpose which it is not necessary to mention;

in consequence of which there is in the medical profession generally a great want of knowledge of what is done, or what ought to be done." This ignorance frequently leads to most deplorable consequences; for upon a medical man being called in to a patient evincing symptoms of insanity, he is at a loss how to proceed, and if, after administering a few doses of medicine, and abstracting a few ounces of blood, or applying a blister, the patient does not improve, he becomes fearful of the results of his own ignorance, and he hurries the hapless sufferer off to a lunatic asylum, where he is almost certain to meet with treatment equally bad, if not worse. He may be consigned to chains and a dungeon, and subjected to the control of mercenary wretches, who would scarcely be tolerated to look after a felon; and here he may pine in hopeless captivity, unvisited by charity, and shut out from pity and commiseration. Recent inquiries have brought the most atrocious cruelties to light, and have proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that so far from any means of cure having been tried, the treatment has been such, as could not fail to drive into irretrievable madness thousands, who, with proper care, might have been restored to soundness of mind. Mr. W. J. gives a very lamentable case in illustration of this, which, as it is long, we shall here abridge.

When the author was a keeper at a private lunatic asylum in the country, he was sent in a carriage along with a female keeper to remove to the establishment a lady, said to be a lunatic, under the order of a medical gentleman in the vicinity. He found the lady confined by a strait-waistcoat, and in a state of the most violent delirium. Her face and head were excessively hot and flushed; she was talking incoherently; one of her eyes appeared starting from its socket, and the corner of it was opaque. Her pulse was very quick, small, and wiry. She was about forty years of age, of a gross habit of body, and had complained of violent head-aches for several months, but had only become unmanageable the day before. A blister had been then prescribed to the nape of the neck, by the medical man who was called in, and upon her becoming outrageous he ordered the strait-waistcoat, and recommended her to be removed to the asylum immediately. Mr. J. accordingly removed her, though contrary to his own opinion of her case; and indeed every reader, medical or non-medical, must be struck with the cruelty of jolting a patient, evidently labouring under acute inflammation of the brain, for ten or twelve miles in a post-chaise. The poor lady expired in a few hours after arriving at the asylum, and the medical gentleman who had prescribed the blister and signed the order for her removal, refused to open the body, and treated her death as a matter of course. The lady in plain language appears to have been literally murdered, though no coroner's inquest was held upon the body.

When such is the general state of the medical profession with regard to insanity, we cannot but hail a work like that of Dr. Burrows now under review, as a publication calculated to be of considerable advantage, and we would gladly have added much wanted—but from the

facts which we have already stated, this would be far from the truth. The book, however, if it happen to find its way among professional readers, will tend to dispel many of the prejudices of ignorance, and impart sound, sensible, and rational principles of diagnosis and treatment. It is in fact a plain straight-forward detail of the author's investigations and experience, unincumbered with metaphysical mysteries or the nonsense of phrenology; and what, may we ask, has metaphysics to do with medicine? metaphysics, which Dr. Armstrong (we mean the poet) has well characterized as "the art of talking grave nonsense upon subjects beyond the reach of the human understanding." Dr. Burrows is too much a man of practice and business to waste the time of his readers with such useless speculations. We were very much pleased in particular with the manner in which he dismisses the phrenologists. He tells us that from all he has read, seen, or heard, of what the application of the knowledge phrenology is said to impart to the treatment of insanity, he has never learnt that the high expectations held out by its advocates, have in any instance been realized. (p. 66.) His scepticism with regard to the whole science, as it has been called, he illustrates by the following curious anecdotes.

"It has been aptly remarked, that the advocates of the phrenological system carefully publish every fact which supports their theories, but none which oppose them. Whether the anecdote I shall relate merely proves an error in judgment of the celebrated founder of the system, or the heads examined to be examples of perverse configuration, I cannot decide, and will leave others to conjecture.

"When Dr. Gall was in this country, he went, in company with Dr. H. to visit the studio of the eminent sculptor Chantrey.

"Mr. C. being at the moment engaged, they amused themselves in viewing the various efforts of his skill. Dr. Gall was requested to say, from the organs exhibited in a certain bust, what was the predominant propensity, or faculty of the individual. He pronounced the original must be a great poet. His attention was directed to a second bust. He declared the latter to be that of a great mathematician. The first was the bust of Troughton, the eminent mathematician; and the second that of Sir Walter Scott!

"Talent, the phrenologist asserts, is relating with the ample development of the cerebral mass. Mr. Chantrey exhibited to Dr. Gall drawings of numerous heads. The cranioscopist selected one whose ample development gave a sure index of vast talent. It was a facsimile of the head of the Earl of P—m—t"—Burrows, p. 68, note.

The classification of mental derangements which is now pretty generally adopted, and appears to be the best, is that of M. Esquirol, published in his very able article *FOLIE*, in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales," viz.:

1. *Mania*, in which the hallucination extends to all kinds of objects, and is accompanied with some excitement.

* Armstrong's *Miscellanies*, published under the name of Lancelot Temple, vol. iii. p. 25.

2. *Monomania*, or melancholy, in which the hallucination is confined to a single object, or to a small number of objects.

3. *Dementia*, wherein the person is rendered incapable of reasoning, in consequence of functional disorder of the brain, not congenital.

4. *Idiotism*, congenital, from original malformation of the organ of thought.

As it would be impossible for us to do justice to each of these forms of mental alienation within the limits of a single article, we shall confine our attention chiefly to such points as appear to be most novel and interesting. On investigating the facts connected with the causes of the various forms of deranged mind, we were particularly struck with the discrepancy (apparent only it may be) between the reports of the French Hospitals, La Salpêtrière and Bicêtre, and the inferences of our English authors with respect to religion as causing insanity. In the Bicêtre an average of the reports for six years gives fifty-five cases of insanity from religion out of 409; in La Salpêtrière, over which M. Esquirol presides, twenty cases out of 508. Dr. Knight, on the contrary, asserts that out of nearly seven hundred cases of insanity, he only once ascertained clearly that either a moral or a religious cause produced the disorder, and he has uniformly found, upon investigation, that devoteism was only an effect and not a cause of derangement. Dr. Burrows gives a more philosophic and rational account of the influence of religion. Any passion, according to his views, if excited to excess, may cause alienation of mind; and consequently religion, which influences the internal man more than all the passions collectively, may certainly cause insanity; though there can be "no doubt that a lunatic may imbibe a religious as well as another hallucination, and yet be insane from a cause the reverse of religious." With respect to Sectarian principles of religion producing insanity, Dr. Burrows refers to the description of the Quakers' Retreat for Lunatics, near York, for a remarkable proof, that even a sect, among whom, on account of their system, violent passions might be supposed rare, are not at all exempt from insanity. Mr. Tuke, indeed, informed Dr. Burrows "that he computed one in two hundred of the Society of Friends became deranged." (Page 29, note.) Dr. Burrows seems inclined to ascribe this, in part, to the propagation of hereditary insanity, by Quakers almost always intermarrying with each other. This may no doubt be one cause; but we should be more apt to ascribe it to the war which Quakers wage against their passions, or at least against the open manifestation of them,—a more frequent source of derangement, so far as we are able to judge, than the most unlicensed indulgence. "Concealment, like a worm in the bud, feeds on the damask cheek" in more instances than in love; and to suppressed anger, envy, jealousy, vanity, &c. could be traced, we are persuaded, a large proportion of the usual cases of insanity. But taking the philosophic views of Dr. Burrows just alluded to as correct, we shall be met with difficulties in the investigation of the causes of almost every individual case of insanity; for where any tendency to derangement exists, it may be excited by some

Museum.—VOL. XIV.

accidental cause which may henceforth predominate so as to appear to be the original, though in reality no more than the secondary, and entirely casual one. In illustration of our remarks, we shall quote the following case from the work of Dr. Knight.

"It chanced that one William Faulkner, a quiet, inoffensive, meek, and rather melancholy lunatic, was placed in the same range of apartments with Mr. Y., who took an early opportunity to question me respecting this *personage*, as he called him. I told him all I knew about Faulkner. He eyed me with suspicion and derision, and after a short pause, he said, 'If you don't know, Sir, I do. I have repeatedly told you, that I had seen his Majesty's person in the clouds, in broad daylight, when I was walking the streets of Liverpool. (It was true, he had repeatedly mentioned this.) Of course,' Mr. Y. continued, 'a phenomenon so extraordinary excited my astonishment, and roused my attention; I now understand wherefore this vision was vouchsafed to me. The features were too strongly impressed upon my mind ever to be forgotten; and this personage, who, for some diabolical and traitorous purpose is called William Faulkner, is no less than his Majesty, and it is impossible, Sir, but that you must be well aware of the fact.' So saying, in the most respectful and distant manner, bowing to the ground again and again, as he approached, and sidling round, that his back might be at no time towards the presence, he greeted William Faulkner, with 'I humbly, but most sincerely hope your gracious Majesty is well,' bowing again to the ground. His gracious Majesty cast a look of curiosity at his very humble and loyal subject, regarded him a moment, and then quietly and meekly resumed his walk. His subject, however, had a suit to prefer, and following, bowing, scraping, and sidling round, which produced a very comical effect, he entered on the history of his cruel and unjust confinement, counting the weeks, days, and even the hours, he had been confined, which he could always do, and concluding, by most humbly, but most earnestly beseeching that his Majesty would peremptorily order his liberation. During this address, which was well spoken, I observed the drooping William Faulkner gradually draw himself up, and at the conclusion, to my astonishment he replied with an air of dignity rather bombastic, 'My good fellow, I am sorry I can be of no use to you, my enemies confine me here.'—'But if your gracious Majesty would be only pleased to direct to this person,' pointing to myself, 'your royal order, under your sign manual, the gates would at once fly open.'—'My man,' his Majesty replied, 'you are mistaken. I am, I tell you, confined here, by my enemies, and I cannot at present, in this place command any thing. I sincerely wish I could help you, but I assure you it is out of my power;' so saying, he walked off, with all the air and dignity imaginable; *pride* took possession of his breast, and to the day of his death he called himself a king."—*Knight*, p. 25.

We recollect of meeting with another case of a very different description, in which the accidental cause seems to have been wholly

No. 82.—2 H

corporeal, affecting the mind through the medium of the stomach.

"A young lady, after eating some heavy paste, had been attacked with a sensation of burning heat at the pit of the stomach, which increased till the whole of the upper part of the body, both externally and internally, appeared to her to be all in flames. She rose up suddenly, left the dinner table, and ran out into the street, where she was immediately brought back. She soon came to herself, and thus described her horrible ideas, that she had been very wicked, and was dragged into the flames of hell. She continued in a precarious situation for some time. Whenever she experienced the burning sensation, of which she first complained, the same dreadful thoughts recurred to her mind. She seized hold of whatever was nearest, to prevent her from being forced away, and such was her alarm, that she dreaded to be alone. This lady had been long distressed by family concerns, and harassed by restless and disturbed nights, which had greatly injured her health."—*Willis*, p. 129.

Dr. Burrows appears to us to be quite correct in referring to disordered liver and gastric irritation as frequent causes of mental derangement, in consequence of their influence on the nervous system. He has known three instances in which violent nausea from sickness produced mania, and long continued nausea, he says, is a frequent precursor of a paroxysm of insanity. It seems to depend upon this, that derangement of the mind is so frequently induced, or at least developed, by drunkenness, which is certain to injure the stomach and liver. Accordingly we find that Dr. J. Cheyne reports the extraordinary prevalence of disordered livers among the lunatics who died and were dissected in the Dublin hospitals, where drunkenness is presumed to be a frequent cause of insanity; and out of 2,507 lunatics admitted into the French hospitals, 185 were insane from drunkenness; of whom 126 were men, and 59 women.* Dr. Halloran also, the physician to the Asylum at Cork, tells that out of 1,370 lunatics, he found 160 cases originating in inebriation.

We have been greatly pleased with the manner in which Dr. Burrows has treated the causes of insanity. Not being a theorist, as we have already hinted, he is not influenced by system to suppress, exaggerate, or pervert facts, in order to support his opinions. He is not influenced by the authorities of Cullen, Crichton, Good, Francis, Willis, &c., to believe that insanity depends on a specific diseased action of those fine vessels that secrete the nervous fluid of the brain; nor of Bordeu, Barthéz, Portal, Dumas, Cabanis, Pinel, Foderé, Leroy, Noest, Avenbrugger, &c., who refer to the abdomen as the seat of mania; of Bayle, Calmieu, Voisin, Falret, &c., who ascribe the symptoms to organic morbidity in the brain or its membranes; or of Winslow, Bichat, Sömmering, Cuvier, Magendie, &c., who explain the phenomena by the sympathetic affinities of the ganglionic nerves. Dr. Burrows is a disciple of none of those systems in particular, but judiciously selects from each

the facts which he thinks useful to illustrate his subject. The following table, drawn up by S. Pinel, and comprehending the dissections of maniacs made by MM. Esquirol, Villermé, Beauvais, and Schwilgacé, we think important upon these points:—

<i>Cases.</i>	
No diseased appearance visible in the brain, chest, or abdomen . . .	56
<i>Brain Morbid.</i>	
Apoplexy	27
Substance of the brain morbid . . .	19
Membranes of the brain morbid . . .	22
<i>Other Organs Morbid.</i>	
Peripneumony (chronic)	20
Phthisis	22
Peritonitis (chronic)	9
Pleuritis (chronic)	7
Enteritis (chronic)	50
Bowels otherwise morbid	13
Liver morbid	5
Kidneys morbid	3
Ovaries morbid	2
Uterus	4

259

"From these dissections it follows:—1. That lesions of the brain, the organ of the intellectual functions, are in the proportion of one to two of those of the other viscera; 2. That more than one in five corpses of maniacs present no evidence of any disease whatever! 3. That in a great majority of cases, the insanity was a sympathetic affection; and, 4. That as, in more than a fifth of 259 dissections, no lesion or alteration could be detected, it strongly corroborates the opinion, that, when such lesions or alterations are observed, they are posterior, and not anterior, to the development of mental derangement.

"These are very important pathological collaries, and being deduced from a collection of dissections by anatomists of high character, their accuracy ought not to be suspected."—*Burrows*, p. 75.

With respect to morbid appearances on dissection, however, we venture to remark, that when we can tell what constitutes the difference between the brain of a peasant, whose ideas extend little further than his wagon, his flock, or his hut, and that of a Bacon, a Milton, or a Newton, where so many fine ideas were arranged,—we may then, perhaps, discover the proximate cause of mania. It cannot be exactly known from inspecting the brains of maniacal patients after death, but there are strong presumptions that some disorder of the brain, structural or functional, has existed. For organic lesions are much more frequent in their brains than in the brains of other patients, and in the many cases where nothing can be detected to account for the maniacal symptoms, we have a right to suppose the cause to be in that organ whose texture and mode of action are least known. We are strongly borne out in this opinion by analogy, in the instance, for example, of gutta serena, or amaurosis, in which no appearance can be detected in the eyes, upon dissection, to account for the complete blindness which characterized the disease.

* *Compte Rendu*, &c. 1826.

One of the most important of the views under which mental derangement can be considered as generally interesting, is its hereditary transmission. Dr Burrows tell us, that sometimes all the forms and relations of insanity are developed in a remarkable manner in a single family when it chanced to be large; and mania, melancholia, hypochondriasis, apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, convulsions, chorea, hysteria, &c. or high nervous irritability, are often found to pervade one or the other of the same progeny. In a respectable family, for example, known to Dr Burrows, one son has transcendent talents, the second is inferior, the third has been for years in a state of fatuity, and the fourth is an idiot. The following case is striking:—

"A young lady of good family and fortune, was placed under my care, in whom mental derangement had been some time developed, till at length she was too violent to be at home. I made the usual inquiry into the probable causes of the malady, and whether hereditary predisposition might be suspected. This was positively denied, but it was suggested, that being very fond of hunting, she had several times experienced severe falls from her horse, and might have injured her head. Upon examining the cranium, I actually found a very singular depression of a part of the skull, but whether it was natural or accidental, no one could inform me. I stated to my patient's friends my suspicion that this depression might operate mechanically as a cause of the insanity; and with their consent, an eminent surgeon was consulted upon the propriety of applying the trephine, with a view of removing such cause. Before any decision upon this question, I learnt from another quarter, that several of this young lady's nearest relations had been insane, and that two died in that state. The operation was, therefore, declined, and she recovered. I believe few cases can occur where the inducements to a candid avowal of hereditary predisposition to insanity, were more powerful, yet they were not of sufficient force to elicit the truth. This perverse concealment has often a very baneful effect."—*Burrows*, p. 103.

We perceive that Dr. Knight denies the fact of insanity being transmitted, when accidentally produced, in persons whose predecessors have been free from the disorder; but the distinction we think is too refined to be useful.

It is a well ascertained and remarkable fact, that hereditary insanity is most common among the highest rank of society, in consequence, it is supposed, of intermarriages being common among family relatives, and it has accordingly been found most prevalent where the system of clanship has been strictly preserved. In ancient Scottish families, for example, where such intermarriages are frequent, hereditary insanity is common. The hereditary transmission of diseases from such intermarriages was discovered in Scotland at an early period, as we are informed by Hector Boetius, in his "*Cosmographie of Albion*," edit. Edinb. 1541; and in order to prevent families from hereditary taint, when any Scot was affected with disease supposed to be transmissible to his progeny, his sons were emasculated and his

daughters banished; and if any female affected by such disease became pregnant, she was buried alive!

In families in which insanity has once occurred, the first symptoms of aberration ought to be carefully watched, and if possible checked by timely measures, that the awful consequences of their becoming aggravated or confirmed may be averted. The grand panacea time, however, is but too frequently and vainly depended upon to remove the disorder; but time steals on, the malady increases, a physician is called in, and after receiving a few fees for doing nothing, he recommends a removal to a lunatic asylum,—precisely the very place where the patient ought not to be sent, for supposing the treatment the best and most humane, which can be devised—still it may be asked will the company of the melancholic cheer the mind which is dispirited, sunk, and ready to break down? Or, will the society of maniacs and the ravings of frenzy sooth and calm the mental excitement, which threatens to terminate in furious madness? The following case by Mr. W. J. bears strongly on this point.

"I have witnessed cases in which the most serious consequences have ensued, from placing patients in an incipient state of insanity in contact with confirmed lunatics. I remember a gentleman whose disorder was an excessive state of nervous irritability; he was a tradesman in affluent circumstances, and lived in a style suitable to his means. His friends deemed it necessary that he should be removed to a lunatic asylum, and the comforts provided for him there, were far inferior to what he had been used to at home. In a very short time, the change caused an accession of excitement, so that he became troublesome, and disturbed the more peaceable patients in that part of the house in which he was lodged, and he was removed into the common ward, and placed among lunatics of all classes. Never shall I forget the dreadful state of agitation in which he continued during the whole of one day; he refused to sit down, or take any food, and stood shaking like an aspen leaf, his wild eyes wandering from patient to patient, as their gestures or exclamations attracted his attention.

"Was such treatment as this calculated to remove nervous irritability? Or would it not more probably have the effect of rendering the patient for ever the inmate of a madhouse?"—*Pract. Observ.* p. 28.

It may not be irrelevant, therefore, on a subject so important to many families, to give a brief summary of some of the more common indications of approaching or begun insanity. The precursory symptoms are various, as might be expected in a malady so varied in form. Headache, giddiness, throbbing of the temples, or impaired vision, have severally, or combined, ushered in a paroxysm; and frequently hypochondriacal apprehensions, arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs, have terminated in maniacal delusions. In many instances the symptoms first remarked are, a defect in the power of attention, fits of absence, frequent talking or muttering of the patient to himself, an unmeaning and fixed

stare in the eyes, a dejected countenance, and sometimes jerking motions of the body, or odd gesticulations. Together with these appearances, the mind is sometimes under the depressing influence of hurt pride, disappointed hope, or religious apprehension; perhaps it is brooding over some feeling of remorse, fear, jealousy, or chagrin, on grounds which are wholly imaginary. Love is, in some instances, the predominant impression; and it is equally singular and characteristic, that the object of this affection and the patient are sometimes unacquainted with each other. The first indication in some patients, is an extraordinary flow of high spirits, about to end, at length, in maniacal delirium; in others, extreme terror is first noticed. The countenance is pale, ghastly, and strongly expressive of the inward emotion; the speech is hurried and tremulous; and the extremities are cold, perhaps bedewed with a cold sweat. Soon, however, the eye glares malignantly, the face flushes, and assumes the expression of ferocity; the objects of terror become the objects of vengeance, and the patient is furious. In some, there is an unusual degree of suspicion or of anticipation of evils, and a belief in imaginary plots or conspiracies. In others, there is great irascibility and malignity, and some act of desperation, vengeance, or cruelty, is perhaps the first obvious symptom of the malady. From the commencement of lunacy, and especially as long as the mind continues in a state of excitement, patients generally sleep little, if at all; yet some are disposed to lie constantly in bed, and are unwilling to answer questions, or to converse with their friends or relations. In some instances the patient carefully conceals his illusions for a long time after they have taken possession of the mind. Perhaps, for the first time, he reveals them confidentially to his clergyman, or to his medical attendant. As soon, however, as maniacal illusions are betrayed, the nature of the case is manifest. Cunning is a symptom which, in many cases, manifests itself early—usually accompanies the disorder in its progress—and even continues after a partial cure may have been effected. We have met with the following two remarkable cases illustrative of maniacal cunning, stated by Lord Erskine in his celebrated speech for James Hadfield:—

"I examined," says his Lordship, "for the greater part of a day in this very place (the Court of King's Bench), an unfortunate gentleman, who had indicted a most affectionate brother, together with the keeper of a madhouse at Hoxton, for having imprisoned him as a lunatic, whilst, according to his own evidence, he was in his perfect senses. I was, unfortunately, not instructed in what his lunacy consisted, although my instructions left me no doubt of the fact; but not having the clue, he completely foiled me in every attempt to expose his infirmity. You may believe that I left no means unemployed which long experience dictated, but without the smallest effect. The day was wasted, and the prosecutor, by the most affecting history of unmerited suffering, appeared to the judge and jury, and to a humane English audience, as the victim of the most wanton oppression. At last

Dr. Sims came into court, who had been prevented by business from an earlier attendance. From him I soon learned that the very man, whom I had been above an hour examining, and with every possible effort which counsel are so much in the habit of exerting, *believed himself to be the Lord and Saviour of mankind*, not merely at the time of his confinement, which was alone necessary for my defence, but during the whole time he had been triumphing over every attempt to surprise him, in the concealment of his disease. I then affected to lament the indecency of my ignorant examination, when he expressed his forgiveness, and said, with the utmost gravity and emphasis, in the face of the whole court, 'I AM THE CHRIST,' and so the cause ended!"

The other statement he derived from Lord Mansfield himself, who had tried the cause. "A man of the name of Wood had indicted Dr. Munro for keeping him as a prisoner when he was sane. He underwent the most severe examination by the defendant's counsel, without exposing his complaint; but Dr. Battie having come upon the bench by me, and having desired me to ask him what was become of the princess with whom he corresponded in cherry-juice, he showed in a moment what he was. He answered there was nothing at all in that, because having been (as every body knew) imprisoned in a high tower, and being debarred the use of ink, he had no other means of correspondence than in writing his letters in cherry-juice, and throwing them into the river which surrounded the tower, when the princess received them in a boat. There existed, of course, no tower, no imprisonment, no writing in cherry-juice, no river, no boat, but the whole was the inevitable phantom of a morbid imagination. I immediately," continued Lord Mansfield, "directed Dr. Munro to be acquitted; but this man, Wood, being a merchant in Philpot Lane, and having been carried through the city on his way to the madhouse, indicted Munro over again for the trespass and imprisonment in London, knowing he had lost his cause by speaking of the princess at Westminster. And such," said Lord Mansfield, "is the extraordinary subtlety and cunning of madmen, that he was cross-examined on the trial in London, as he had successfully been before, in order to expose his madness, but all the ingenuity of the bar, and all the authority of the court, could not make him say a single syllable upon the topic which had put an end to the indictment before, although he had still the same indelible impression upon his mind, as he had signified to those who were near him; but, conscious that the delusion had occasioned his defeat at Westminster, he obstinately persisted in holding it back."—*Vesey, Jun.'s Reports*, ii. 77, *ex parte Holyland*.

In the enumeration of symptoms, Dr. Burrows is very minute and full, distinguishing with considerable tact, the various shades and degrees which characterize the species into which he divides the disorder, and in which he differs from the classification of Esquirol, given above. He has adopted, and greatly improved upon, the tabular method proposed by M. Georget, of contrasting the symptoms which may lead to mistake, in contiguous columns, thus:—

"Mania.

1.

"The paroxysm preceded by a gradual change of disposition and habits, high spirits, rapid ideas, incoherent conversation, and symptoms of corporeal disorder. Headache, but not intense.

"Delirium partial.

2.

"No fever; and when the skin is very hot, it is from violent muscular exertion. Tongue white and foul, but moist.

3.

"&c. &c. &c.

It remains for us to take some notice of the methods of cure, and in reference to the deplorable state in which this branch of medicine stands, we cannot but admire the ingenious and rational proposal of Mr. W. J.

"It is said of an oriental monarch, that he pays his physicians only when he is in health; and, were this principle generally adopted, it would be attended with advantage. A modification of it, however, I would adopt, had I a relative or friend insane. I would pay just so much as would cover the expense of board, &c. and agree to pay a handsome premium when the patient should be discharged cured."—*Pract. Observ.* p. 18.

This, however, would not apply to such cases as that stated by Dr. Bright, the secretary to the commissioners for licensing mad-houses, in his evidence before the Middlesex Committee: "A person, a retail chemist and druggist, calling himself an apothecary, induced a brother of his to sign some instrument, by which property to the amount of about 3,000*l.* was disposed of, and two days after the execution of the instrument, he took this brother to a mad-house, he himself signing the certificate as a medical person."

We are happy to perceive, by the returns of various public and private establishments, both at home and on the Continent, which are given at large by Dr. Burrows, that under favourable circumstances more than one-half of all the cases of deranged mind may be considered curable. In the Quakers' Retreat at York, the proportion is considerably higher, owing to local and other circumstances. In Dr. Burrows' own establishment, at Clapham, (to the superior and even elegant accommodations in which, we can bear personal testimony,) the proportion of cures is fully a half, leaving out of consideration about a sixth considerably relieved. The methods of cure naturally resolve into moral and medical treatment.

Much must depend upon kind and soothing measures in cases of high excitement, and upon cheering the dark despondency of those afflicted with melancholia; but though this looks easy in theory, like a plausible book system of politics or morals, it is extremely difficult and often impossible to put it in practice. The following case will explain this better than any general argument which we could adduce:

"A nobleman of a fine and cultivated mind, was rather suddenly seized with mania. His

"Cephalitis.

[Inflammation of the brain.]

1.

"The paroxysm preceded by sudden and violent pains in the head, back, or limbs, and regions.

"When delirium attends, it is complete.

2.

"Vehement fever; and constant burning heat of the skin, and all the other symptoms of pyrexia. Tongue parched, at first red, then whitish, yellow, or bluish.

3.

"&c. &c. &c."—*Burrows*, p. 350.

delusions induced him to think still higher of his consequence and endowments, added to which, he fancied that he was entrusted with a spiritual commission from God. No persuasion or art could induce him to submit to medical discipline or control. Force was at last resorted to, but with all possible caution and respect. It exasperated him violently. The plan was relaxed, but his conduct was wild and dangerous to the highest degree; constraint was resumed. A continued opposition ensued for three months, when, from full abstinence and constant resistance and vituperation, he became quite exhausted, and died. Every thing was done that skill could devise, to enlarge the patient's liberty, but it was dangerous even for a minute. I superintended many attempts to relax his confinement, but all was in vain—the consequences were always terrible.

"In the midst of his delusions and ravings, offended pride was uppermost. He would never enter into any compromise, but invariably insisted on his liberty as his natural right. The following characteristic colloquy took place with him one day in a consultation.

"One of the physicians urged him to walk in the garden for exercise. 'No, sir,' he replied, 'I will not, while in this degraded condition!' (glancing at the strait waistcoat.) 'But, my Lord, no one will see you there.' 'Ah, Sir! what a base man you must be, to think it is being seen! No, sir, it is not my body's degradation, it is my mind that is degraded and suffers!'

"After I heard these sentiments, in which there was so much truth and feeling, I redoubled my efforts to obtain his confidence, and a promise that he would conduct himself quietly if I gave him his liberty. I would unhesitatingly have placed confidence in him, had he made that promise, under a full conviction that he might be trusted; but he refused all pledges. Nevertheless, I again gave him more latitude; but he was, as before, dangerously violent, and again restraint was resumed."—*Burrows*, p. 692.

A case such as this, and it is by no means an uncommon one, will at once show the absurdity of the "*fame, vinculis, plagis coercendus est*" of Celsus, and the manacles, fetters, stripes, slender and not over delicate food, clothing rough, bed hard, and treatment severe and rigid, of Dr. Thomas Willis—recommended too, if we mistake not, almost indiscriminately

in the early stages of derangement. M. Pinel* appears to have been the first of the moderns who introduced the rational and moral system which has been followed and improved upon by his celebrated pupils, MM. Esquirol, Georget, Falret, and by most of the physicians in Europe. The principal rules of this improved system are—1. Never to exercise the mind of an insane person in the sense of his delirium—2. Never to openly oppose the morbid ideas, affections, or inclinations of the insane—3. To give rise, by diversity of impressions, to new ideas and feelings; and thus, by exciting fresh moral emotions, revive the dormant faculties—4. Never to commit one's self to an insane person by a promise; but if a promise be inadvertently given, faithfully to adhere to it, unless certain that the fulfilment will be attended with greatly worse consequences than the breach of it.†

The last rule is exceedingly important, as maniacs are usually very faithful to their own promises, of which a very singular case is recorded of a suicidal maniac. His keeper, knowing well he could trust him, exacted a promise that he should not destroy himself, if left at liberty till a certain hour. The keeper unfortunately prolonged his absence an hour beyond the time stipulated, and found that his patient had just done the deed, having faithfully exceeded the promised time of forbearance.

"Perhaps there is no part of the duty of a physician which requires so much judgment as to decide the exact time when he may place confidence in a convalescent patient. If, unfortunately, he should refuse his confidence when the patient is convalescent, and begins to feel that he has lived in a delusion, he may facilitate the stroke which has cost him months of care and caution to avert.

"The late king desired one day to shave himself. Willis feared, that if he hesitated to give his consent, the king would see that he was suspected of an intention to commit suicide, and thus the idea of such an act would be engendered where it might not as yet exist. He promptly sent for the razors; but before they could be brought, he engaged his majesty's attention with papers, which were upon the table. The king continued so occupied with them that his physician felt assured he entertained no design of the kind. After having shaved himself he resumed his papers. The razors were not sent away immediately, lest the thought should come across the king that he could not be trusted. Such self-possession and tact would have been admirable in an ordinary case, but when we consider the rank of the patient, and the immense responsibility attached, we must own that Willis was endowed with exemplary qualifications for the trust imposed upon him."—*Burrows*, p. 461.

With regard to medicines, an idle opinion is exceedingly prevalent even among people well informed on other subjects, that insanity is a mental disease, independent of the body, and that there are remedies specifically applicable

to mental derangement. Hence, as Dr. Burrows remarks, the question so often put in Parliamentary inquiries, whether medicines are prescribed suitable to the mental complaints of the patient. There can be no question that medicines which act powerfully on the bodily organs, frequently act through them upon the mind; but no specific exists which can act immediately on the mind, independent of the body. Hellebore, for example, the grand specific of the ancients, by which Melampus is said to have cured the mad daughters of Proteus, retained its reputed virtues for above two thousand years. Yet the only obvious effect of hellebore is the evacuation of the bowels, which are usually slow and torpid in mania, and such deviation from the healthy requirements of nature begets other functional derangements, whence originate corporeal disease and mental disorder. Other purgatives, however, are now found to be more effectual and more safe than hellebore, which has been for several years little used.

We have not left room for noticing one-tenth of the medical remedies, whose merits are discussed in the works before us; such as abstracting of blood, dry cupping, refrigeration, gyration and swinging, sleep, narcotics, blistering, setons and issues, artificial eruptions, bathing, vomiting, nausea, salivation, digitalis, camphor, tonics, tobacco, diet, &c. All these are carefully and amply investigated in the work of Dr. Burrows, to which we refer those who are anxious for farther information. Upon one point we were disappointed in his remarks, and the more so, that upon almost every other Dr. Burrows seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the most recent improvements in medical science. The following sentences will show to what we allude:

"We must not always blame the virtues of hyoscyamus, because it fails in producing the effect which we expect. Like all the vegetable extracts, it is rarely met with properly prepared; or, if originally good, perhaps its virtues have been deteriorated by being kept too long. Hence its effects are very variable."—p. 618.

"Digitalis is peculiarly open to the objection justly charged upon the whole tribe of vegetable narcotics, in *whatever form* they are presented for our use; viz. that their qualities are affected by such a variety of circumstances, that the same preparations, at two different seasons or periods, rarely accord in their properties; hence such diversity in their effects."—p. 655.

To obviate these serious inconveniences, Dr. Burrows advises "a strict attention to the directions in the Pharmacopœia, for the preparation of vegetable remedies;" an advice which we hesitate not to reject upon his own showing, that the preparations differ "at two different seasons or periods." In fact, the only certain preparations are those lately discovered of the chemical principles of those active plants, viz. *Hyoscyamine*, *Digitaline*, &c., of which Dr. Burrows would do well to make a careful and cautious trial. The results, whether beneficial or otherwise, could not fail to be more uniform than by paying the strictest attention to the directions in the Pharmacopœia, neces-

* Pinel, *Traité sur l'Aliénation Mentale*.

† Georget, de la Folie, page 290, Esquirol, loc. cit.

sarily imperfect and uncertain as they confessedly are.

We shall only advert to one other remedy, turpentine, which Dr. Knight reports as successful in his hands beyond all other medicines. "Gratified," says Dr. Burrows, "by Dr. Knight's success in this intractable disease [maniacal epilepsy,] I requested a more explicit account of his mode of treating it; but I was sorry to learn that the experience of the medical officers of the Lancaster Asylum refuted Dr. K.'s statements." (p. 658, *note*.)

Before we read this note, indeed, we perceived from Dr. Knight's own volume, that there had occurred some unpleasant differences between him and the official department of the Lancaster Asylum, who appear to have refused him access to his own papers and journals of cases. (*Knight, Pref. p. v., also p. 89, &c.*) We have no concern in these differences, farther than they may tend to affect the authenticity of the reported cures. It is but justice, however, to Dr. Knight to state, that he is not alone in his account of the effects of turpentine, his testimony being corroborated by that of Dr. E. Percival, of Dublin, who produced by its means a partial cure in twenty cases of epileptia mania.

SUBORDINATION.

"He died, as erring man should die,
Without display—without parade!"—*Byron.*

AMONG the many wondrous things which use and habit enable us to contemplate without surprise, none more strongly excite my admiration than the steady maintenance of social order in England, and the unswerving subordination of its moral world. The intemperance of a few starving frame-breakers,—the perpetration of an occasional burglary,—an elopement,—or a corn-riot, can scarcely be considered as arguments against the orderly regularity established among us, shaming even that of the most highly polished of continental countries.

But in looking, and looking admiringly upon the existing order of things, in considering the goodly pile of civil and military organization which we have constructed to restrain the evil impulses of the land, let it not be forgotten that its "polished corners," and buttresses of strength, have been cemented with *human blood*; and that if "millions died that Cæsar might be great;" hundreds and thousands of lives have been also sacrificed, in order that we may sleep securely, hoard our glittering dross without dread of the midnight robber, and find protection in the well disciplined activity of our armies against foreign invasion and civil tumult. Let us not overlook the tears that have been shed, the stern self-denial that hath been exerted, when the sweet prerogative of mercy became a dangerous temptation, in order that our lives and properties might be secured from the spoiler, by the warning of public example!

Few things are more admirable than the resignation and sense of justice with which the

rabble are accustomed to yield up a culprit unto the offended laws of his country. I allude not to instances of gross criminality. We know that the immutable code of Christian law hath decreed that life shall be exacted for a life, that an eye shall be rendered for an eye;* and it affords no striking instance of human humility, that these decrees of holiness are suffered to remain unimpeached. But with regard to the chastisement of crimes of mere mortal, or *legal* creation,—crimes of conventional imagining, crimes that have neither name nor reprobation among the canons of Christianity, however fatal to the interests of social order, I confess that the patient acquiescence of that class among which the malefactors commonly arise, appears to me little less than an instance of divine influence and ordination.

I have been led into this train of reflection by the remembrance of an occurrence, which, some years ago, chanced in one of our southern colonies; one which never recurs to my mind without rousing feelings of painful emotion, and which I shall not refuse myself the melancholy pleasure of detailing, as I feel that my inferences can do no mischief in the order of society to which they are addressed, and that my story may touch the minds of those in whose hands are the powers of life and death. It may soften the human heart, but it will be too feebly told to rouse the rebellious into mutiny, or the disaffected into an evil interpretation of my meaning.

One sultry evening in August, an anxious group of civil and military *employés* was collected in the chief square of a city of some importance among our Mediterranean possessions. The day had been oppressive, and irritating from glare and *mosquitos*; sufficiently so, indeed, to account for the hectic upon several cheeks among the little knot of disputants, and for the angry inflexion of their voices. During the whole morning, the chief square, which formed a sort of parade before the Government-house, had been ominously deserted; save when some lazy *Padre* was seen deliberately traversing its scorching sand, in order to ascend the steps of some lofty portico, the palace of one of his chartered penitents; or when, at an earlier hour, a bannered procession, with pyx and crozier, had directed itself towards the church of *Santa Medoarda* from a convent in the suburbs. But although a sea-breeze had already sprung up, and was gushing in freshening sportiveness across the square, as if in mercy to the white stone walls which were basking under the prolonged glow of the setting sun,—although the scent of a thousand orange blooms was borne upon its wings, no idlers—none at least of British seeming—came forth to enjoy the restoration of the evening coolness, until the little party to which I have alluded, emerged from the portico of the Government-house, and gathered itself round one of the field-pieces, which, more for ornament than defence, were planted along the esplanade.

They had apparently left the dinner table of Sir Ralph Stanley at this untimely hour, in or-

* This article is selected from the *Naval and Military Magazine*.

der to indulge in some discussion upon which his presence had been a restraint.

"I knew how it would end," observed one of the younger officers: "from the moment of his arrest—nay, from the day of his enrolment in Majendie's company, I predicted some black conclusion. Frank Willis is too fine-hearted a fellow to match with the Adjutant. But you were on the Court-martial, Vernon,—how did Frank stand his ground,—how did the lad get through his defence?"

"He attempted none. The charge of having struck his superior officer was clearly substantiated, and was recorded with all the tedious precision of legal definition. Corporal Rutherford swore to having seen Willis disorderly on parade that very afternoon."

"But there was no witness who could speak to the principal charge?"

"None!" exclaimed Arthur Stanley, the Governor's nephew, and youngest aid-de-camp. "And Majendie gave his evidence in such a cursed, shuffling, apologetic style, that I was in hopes the Court would have found Frank guilty only on the minor counts. But old Kedjeree, my worshipful kinsman, after a cross-examination which appeared to me, and indeed to most of our fellows vexatiously persevering, called upon the prisoner for his defence."

"You have not told us how Willis bore up against the evidence. Did he seem cast down when it went hard against him?"

"I never beheld a firmer demeanour. If the fellow had been carved out of the rock on which we are standing, he could not have shown a more stern and resolute countenance. There was not a variation of colour upon his cheek, nor a glance of passion in his eye, even when that red-headed Judas, our worthy adjutant—who, by the way, could not conceal his trepidation even by the deliberate drawl in which he was pleased to drone out his declaration—swore to a thousand facts of general and particular insubordination in Willis's conduct.—There was not so much as a start of surprise or indignation to be detected."

"And when he was called upon for his defence?"

"He replied that he had none to make, in a voice as clear and deep as a nightcall at sea. The General, however, appeared to consider this answer as a mere ebullition of temper, for he reiterated the demand in an angry voice."

"Aye!" said young Stanley, "and then there arose such a murmur in the Court as brought all the hot blood into Kedjeree's blessed cayenne countenance. 'Speak your provocation, Willis!' cried one voice. 'Show up the ruffian!' shouted another. 'Be not butchered in cold blood!'—'Show the General the sabre cut you got at St. Sebastian, covering his son in the breach.' Till the old gentleman, moved only to greater fury by this contempt of order, commanded the Court to be cleared,—and that in no holiday tone."

"The evidence was briefly recapitulated," continued Vernon; "and, after a short consultation, sentence of death was recorded."

"By Heavens!" exclaimed Arthur Stanley, "I would rather have heard the opening of an enemy's battery rattling round my ears than

my uncle's grave sonorous voice, as he addressed the prisoner. I did not think so much true dignity lay hid under his every-day slouch; nor that he was capable of the deep emotion which thrilled through his words at the close of his charge. He could not fix his eye upon poor Willis's fine manly figure as he pronounced that one horrible concluding word; and while he spoke, there was not a sound stirring in the crowded Court, except the hard breathing of one or two of our youngsters. I know that my own heart swelled till it choked me."

"There is not a smarter soldier than Willis in our ranks," observed one of the subalterns, after a pause. "He seems to belong, by divine right, to the regiment, for he was born in a retreat in India, in Blackshaw's time; and his father, who was serjeant-major, was left behind to scoop a grave in the sand for his wife. I remember hearing several of our old India fellows relate, when I joined, how Frank was swathed in a wallet, and tossed into a baggage waggon, with little or no care from the women, who were busy with the sick and wounded."

"Frank Willis served with us through the Peninsula," observed another; "and he has the Waterloo medal."

"What think you, Vernon? is there no hope for him?" inquired another of the group. "It is revolting, to see a fine fellow cut off under such circumstances; for although Willis scorned to bring forward the name of his young wife in his defence, yet not a man in the regiment doubts under what irritation the assault was committed. Majendie's character is so well known,—and his admiration of Besay Willis was apparent even to ourselves."

"Most true," replied Vernon. "But old Stanley, saving Arthur's presence, is a martinet in points of discipline; and, to say the truth, I believe pardon, in such a case, would be altogether unprecedented."

"Ici bas, l'on peut tout ce qu'on veut, quand on veut ce que l'on doit vouloir."

"Not in a garrison, Arthur; as you will one day find to your cost. But that is not the point. If any thing can be done to save Willis, or to mitigate his punishment, his previous ties upon us, and his manly firmness, demand every effort at our hands. Sir Ralph owes me some kindness," continued Vernon, lowering his voice, "as the surviving friend of his only son—as the receiver of his last breath; and you, Arthur, who provoke your Uncle's reprimands and curses from morning till night, can little imagine with what indulgent tenderness he doated upon poor Edward."

Arthur Stanley drew near to listen.

"Yourself, Arthur, as his nephew and heir, can pretend to some claim upon the General's consideration. We have given him time for his *hookah*; let us go back together, and say what we can in furtherance of this petition, which bears the signatures of half the garrison, and all the regiment,—nay, even Majendie's, who, I believe, would give his right hand for liberty to withdraw the charge."

"Go, and Heaven speed you!" exclaimed every officer present. "We will wait here to learn the result."

Sir Ralph Stanley listened with gentlemanly

forbearance to the succinct relation, made by Major Vernon, of the services and good conduct of the condemned soldier; of his claims, by birthright, of the good will of the regiment, and, by individual service, upon that of its commandant. He entered into the affair at length, or, as Arthur thought, at *great* length, prefacing his remarks by a handsome acknowledgment to the friend of his deceased son, and to that beloved son's unfortunate preserver.

"Most willingly," said he, "would I accede to the wishes of the corps, and the more so, as having been expressed through a medium honourable to their choice, and interesting to myself, as that of Major Vernon. But a superior duty commands me to close my feelings against such an appeal. The interests of the service, Sir, require that so gross a breach of discipline should be met by the utmost rigour of martial law; and the public mind must not be misled by the influence of private predilection. In short, Vernon, with due deference to your representations, and to Arthur Stanley's, who knows as much of the importance of what he asks, as if it were for the life of a pointer puppy, I feel that I should very seriously commit myself by any show of leniency in an affair so important to the maintenance of military discipline."

Major Vernon—an old staff officer—was too well initiated into the mysteries of official replies to be staggered by this *rébut*. He only seemed to consider it as a signal for a patient recommencement of his narration, and for a still more earnest declaration of the warm interest which Willis's smartness, and courage, and honourable feeling, as a man and a soldier, had roused in his favour throughout the garrison. "I know of no instance," added he, "in which an act of clemency would be more popular."

But General Stanley was inflexible, and sternly, although not harshly, proof against all expostulation. "My good friend," he replied, "you have to deal with an old soldier,—one with whom such qualities as you describe hold more than sufficient influence. Judge then what it must cost him to persevere in the execution of his public duty in such a case; and do not add to the vexations which harass and afflict him to-night, by unavailing solicitations. Captain Stanley will also have the grace to abstain from those shrugs of contempt and distrust; for I am perfectly sincere in speaking of my professional duty on this occasion as most unsatisfactory and painful. To be short, Vernon, the thing is impossible.—Willis must die!—his last sun hath set; and I doubt whether it will ever shine upon a finer fellow!"

The old soldier walked to the other side of the chamber to recover his voice; but notwithstanding his emotion, Vernon was satisfied of the ill success of his suit. He ventured, however, to glance at some circumstances of elucidation respecting the Adjutant on whose behalf and accusation Willis was sentenced to suffer, and the lovely young bride of the condemned soldier, which staggered, although they could not conquer the resolution of the staunch old Governor. Upon his ardent nephew, however, the mere recapitulation of that which he already knew, had a far more power-

ful influence. "You cannot hope, Sir," said he to Sir Ralph, with little ceremony, "to have one peaceful hour of rest, after persisting in your severity towards a brave man like Willis, in consideration of the rascally and unsupported testimony of that sneaking shirking dog, Majendie. If Vernon's suppositions are just, I only wonder, that Frank has not been condemned to death for cleaving the ruffian to the earth, rather than for repulsing him by a paltry thrust of his arm!"

"I was not aware, Captain Stanley, of having referred the case to your sapient judgment; but when your boyish intemperance will permit you to listen,—know, Sir, that a soldier can sleep as freely after the conscientious discharge of a civil duty, as he can when the cause of his country has embroiled his hands in the blood of his fellow creatures. In either case, he is but an instrument in the hands of a higher intelligence. I am myself Arthur, but the servant of the public and of the law;—but I will not shape my doings according to your, or any other enthusiast's, vague opinion. Be they judged between myself, my country, and my Maker! And now, Vernon, good night," added he, kindly taking the hand of the Major, "forgive my apparent ungraciousness, and believe that I equally appreciate your rights upon my indulgence, and your forbearance and delicacy in using them. And if it be any pleasure to you, Arthur Stanley, assure yourself that my sympathy in poor Willis's fate is, at least, as keen as your own."

The veteran retired as he spoke; but, thanks to gout and grape-shot wounds, not so actively as to escape hearing the graceless comments of his nephew. "Go thy ways, thou heart of bowstring and bend-leather! go doze in thine easy chair, thou incorrigible slave of form and prejudice, who would'st sacrifice one of the noblest of God's creatures to a mere automaton, moving only under the impulse of bad passions and evil thoughts."

"What success?" exclaimed twenty voices, as they regained their expectant companions.

Vernon shook his head. "Inexorable!" replied Arthur, doggedly. "Nothing now remains for Frank Willis but to die—and he *will* die—like a man."

The roll of the evening drum warning the men to their quarters, and the closing light around them, acted as signals of dispersion to the dispirited party. Those officers whose duty compelled them to pass the gates of the citadel, observed that the challenge of the sentinel was spoken in a hoarse voice;—those who remained the barracks, noticed that the men were gathered together in groups of four or five, throughout the several quadrangles, some in silent concern, but still more engaged in anxious discourse with low and unassured voices. Not a sound of merriment could be detected in that usually mirthful and tumultuous region.—No fragment of an English ditty—no whistled cadence of the songs of home burst from the half-closed casements of the soldiers' rooms.—The women called not aloud to their children in their ordinary vociferation of motherly tenderness—they "hushed as they reproved," or caught up the unoffending imps into their arms, with an affectation of chiding

and remonstrance, in order to conceal the tears that quivered in their own swollen eyes.

One chamber of that many-windowed *façade* had been closed throughout the day; and the grassy plot it overlooked was even more sadly silent than the rest of the Barrack-yard, and many a pitying look was sent up to those desolate casements, and many an adjuration of "God help her!" directed towards them. It was that of Bessy Willis, whose numbered hours were passing rapidly away in the deathliness of utter despair. God was indeed willing to help her—he was taking her to himself!

Conscious that the feeble condition of his wife would secure him from the bitter agony of an earthly parting,—since weakness bound her to a dying bed,—Willis was the better enabled to keep up the show of manly firmness which, from the first moment of his arrest, had distinguished his deportment. But he had never deceived himself with regard to his destiny. A soldier's son—almost a soldier born—he was keenly alive to the fitting strictness of military discipline; and, so little had he looked for mercy, so ill-exchanged would he have considered the doom of honourable death for one of stripes or imprisonment, that he had never striven to wake among his judges a sense of the consideration due to his services, nor the slightest degree of personal interest; nay, with a delicacy worthy a better object, he had even foreborne to connect the outrage for which he was to suffer, with some grievous personal details of insult and injury.

And he was to die!—The heavy irons upon his limbs—the heavier bars of his prison windows, through which the slanting red evening sunbeams had found their way to dance and quiver, as if in derision, upon the opposite wall of his cell—the straw which rustled beneath him as he threw himself down, exhausted, not despairing, on his return from condemnation—all conspired to remind him that the last sands of his degraded existence were dropping, grain by grain, and that a death of shame awaited him on the morrow! He might have died in happier times—he might have perished in the struggle of a battle-field, for he had seen many such, and "honour and he filled up one monument!" But had such been his fortune, he had not returned triumphant to that beloved England, in whose most sequestered hamlet he had won the hand of Bessy from the reluctant father, unto whom he had sworn to love and to protect her—a promise but too fatally fulfilled! The prisoner groaned heavily as these images called back to his mind the wife of his bosom, and the young boy which had blessed their mutual affection; and, as he sought to bury his head in the straw, a compassionate voice warned him that he was not alone.

He roused himself to inquire who stood beside him, amid the gathering darkness.—"It is I, Willis," replied the gentle voice of Vernon. "It is your old master, who would fain exchange a few parting and friendly words with you."

"Your honour is very considerate," answered Willis, attempting to gain his legs. "You have been ever so to me, Major Vernon; and things would have gone better with me if I had heeded your reproofs of my fiery spirit."

"Sit down, Frank, sit down," said Vernon, forcing him back to his straw. "You have need of rest."

"Not so, sir," answered Willis, affecting a more cheerful voice. "My rest to-morrow will forestal your own; and when the dial shadow of the bastions falls upon noon, Frank's head will be lying among sleepers, as heavy as any we left at Quatre-Bras."

Vernon did not rebuke this lightness of speech, but he damped it by the tone of his reply. "I am come, Frank, to inquire whether you have any commands to leave, which a friend may execute. Having never deluded you with hopes of mercy, I have the less reluctance in announcing to you that even your most sanguine friends have ceased to cherish them. Willis,—you must die to-morrow."

"I have never thought otherwise, Major; and I have therefore prepared myself to seek from my Great Maker, that clemency which my fellow men withhold."

"I trust you have neglected no means of reconciliation, which our Holy Church affords to such as die in hope;—that you have no malice still ranking in your heart against your accuser?"

"None!—Major Vernon;—none, as I trust in the goodness of God! I have need to be thankful—humbly thankful—that my resentment against the ruffian who has sacrificed me did not betray my hand into the sin of murder when my indignant spirit was at its height; but now, I can declare that, from the bottom of my soul, I forgive Capt. Majendie that which I fear he will scarcely learn to forgive himself. And indeed, sir, if I might presume to express a dying request to the gentlemen of the regiment who have so kindly interested themselves in my favour, it would be that they should forbear from marking by their conduct towards that self-condemned man, their sense of my injuries."

Vernon, instead of granting the pledge required by the generous victim, demanded, in a very low tone, whether he had any message to send to the poor suffering creature he was about to leave to the tender mercies of a wide and selfish world.

"Tell my poor girl," faltered the soldier,— "the best and truest of wives,—that I should grieve more in shutting my eyes upon a world which deals, as you say, but harshly with the poor, were I not persuaded that we shall soon be united in a more equal country! And after all, sir, what avail the tears that we drop over a grave, what avail those which we shed on the brink of that which is about to cover us? Short will be the longest separation—a brief moment in the endless day of the universe;—and in a few years, all alike will mingle in the dust.—You, Major Vernon, if I may embolden myself to make the request, you will see that Bessy and the boy are decently sent home to her old father; and that he is told how truly she formed to his last hour, the blessing of an honest heart,—of the husband who died in her defence."

"God of Heaven! it is then true that—"

"No more, sir, on that head;—my spirit, thank God! is tranquil now! Aye!—Bessy's father wavered long ere he would give his dar-

ling to a soldier,—yet he little dreamed that soldier would make an ignominious end."

At this moment, the entrance of the gaoler, preceding a figure wrapt in a military cloak, interrupted the course of his comfortless reflections.

"This is a late hour for visitors,—who have we here?" said the deep voice of Sir Ralph, approaching the prisoner.

"A friend, dear sir!" replied Major Vernon, anxiously referring the Governor's untimely visit to some motive of mercy.

"Willis!" exclaimed Sir Ralph, addressing the fluttered soldier, who stood erect before him, as if still engaged in the execution of military duty, "I have too intimate a knowledge of the heart of a good soldier to believe that you entertain any ill will towards me for the part you have obliged me to act in your condemnation. But since you needs must die,—part we friends! Give me your hand, Frank Willis,—my son's preserver,—my brave son's,—who is with God!—Give me your hand, boy; and remember that your wife and infant from this hour become my children."

"One of them will not, I trust, tarry long from the shelter of her Heavenly Father," answered the gratified Willis, pressing the venerable hand so cordially extended towards him. "And His blessing be with you, General, for your kind will towards the orphan. Make him a good soldier, sir, if it please you; unless you think that the blight of his father's name will be upon him.—But no!" exclaimed he, proudly collecting himself, "in spite of one erring act, Frank Willis's life is free from reproach!"

"We know it,—we acknowledge it," replied Sir Ralph and Vernon, at the same moment. "Take no thought for the boy; but tell us what we can further do to favour your comfort; and first," said the General, touching Frank's fetters with his foot, and recalling the gaoler, "first let us dispense with these; we know, and will be responsible for our man."

As the sledge hammer was instantly applied for his relief, Willis appeared to shrink back in pain. "What is it?" inquired Vernon of the gaoler, who exhibited unequivocal symptoms of sympathy with his prisoner, now that he found them sanctioned by his betters.

"The irons have galled an old wound," replied the man. And Vernon remembered that the bone had been shattered by a musket ball, in the affair at St. Sebastian's, during Willis's active defence of his friend Edward Stanley. The looks of all present showed their concern.

"General!" said Frank, approaching his former commander with a manly plainness, inspired by the knowledge that all earthly distinctions between them were soon to end, "do not distress yourself about me, when I am gone. The good of the service required an example—you have given it. Your own generous nature suggested a redeeming show of mercy—you have given it, sir, and where it has not been unfelt; for I die comforted—*proud*, if I may say so,—knowing that my children will not be fatherless, nor my poor widow unfriended and desolate. Farewell, gentlemen!" continued Willis, perceiving that even the sternest of his auditors was deeply touched; "do not prolong your sorrow for one whom the world declares

unworthy of it. Father O'Halloran will not leave me to-night, nor—*nor to-morrow*."

"Farewell, Frank, and God be with you!" said both officers, solemnly, as they left the cell; and old Stanley was fain to accept the arm of his aid-de-camp, as they wound together through the intricate stone passages. Between the prison door, and the garden postern of the Government house, there was not one syllable exchanged between them.

The morning gun boomed heavily over the harbour, as the dull grey dawn broke over the waves; and many, or most of those who were awakened by the sound, turned sickening away, "as if they loathed that light." But the whole garrison was soon astir for parade, for the horrible ceremony by which it was to be succeeded; and the hollow roll of a muffled drum was heard at intervals, as a sad prelude to the dark array of death. Thrice did the distinguished regiment to which Willis had belonged—assembled by the ordinary and now revolting delay of the muster-roll—march round the parade; the long, deep-drawn notes of the trumpet prolonging the funeral march by which their steps were measured. It ceased; and a solitary human voice was heard reciting the service of burial for the dead; a solitary human voice, which pierced into the inmost recesses of the heart to which it was addressed, which animated as it was with the proudest instincts, and the most generous impulses, was about to fall into the dark stagnation of the grave. The felling of a lofty tree is a subject of interest and sympathy with the standers by; but to mark the cutting off of a vigorous human frame—the death-wound of a warm human heart—is almost too trying a duty.

Uncovered and alone, in the full uniform of his corps, but with his hands bound behind him, Willis followed the minister, preceded by a detachment of the regiment in whose ranks he had so often rushed on to victory. *He rushed* not forwards now; his step was slow, measured, resolute; his face stern but pale, like that of one to whom the encounter of death is familiar, but appalling.

Yet although many a heart beat quick among the crowds assembled to look upon, and be admonished by, a deed of death,—that of Willis kept temperate time;—although many lips were compressed in agony at the solemn spectacle of deliberate bloodshed, Frank's were gently parted, as if to inhale the last sweet breath of earth;—although many eyes were earnestly strained, as if to save the big drops from falling, in shame to their manhood,—those of the victim were alternately bent in good will upon his former comrades, or humbly lifted towards that sky which he trusted was not unmindful of his penitence.

The ceremony was nearly at an end. Major Vernon, accidentally in command of the regiment, gave contradictory orders, seemed harassed and perplexed, and for the first time, on duty, lost his self-possession. The young officer at the head of Majendie's company, whom General Stanley had considerably despatched to an outpost on the coast, turned deeply faint, and could scarcely persist in his duty. The most unearthly stillness per-

vaded the whole scene; and even the spectators assembled by curiosity to witness the execution, were breathless from emotion.

Yet not a murmur rose from that vast multitude—nor a disapproving word was spoken—and the very victim gazed with manly firmness upon the last receptacle—his coffin—which was borne before him by four of his comrades, listening the while in patience to those heavenly promises which imparted peace and joy to his dying hour. Altogether, the disciplined steadiness of the troops afforded a remarkable contrast with the uncontrollable feelings of indignation rankling within their hearts.

But the last sentence of Christian exhortation had been breathed,—the word of command was hoarsely given,—a light-infantry company, that to which Willis belonged, wheeled round, and, in another second, the solitary, blindfolded figure, which stood as proudly erect to receive the fire of his own familiar friends, as if it had been that of the enemy, started with a bound from the earth, and fell lifeless and quivering upon the sand, as a loud simultaneous discharge appeared to cleave the air.

In less than an hour from that time, the regiment marched back into the barrack-yard—the band playing a lively martial air. The women wrung their hands at the sound, for they thought of Bessy; but there was no cause for their compassionate anxiety.

In reply to Sir Ralph Stanley's cordial inquiries after the poor bereaved creature, he learned that she had waxed fainter and fainter throughout the night, until she had lacked strength even to wipe away the cold dew from her forehead. When the morning drums sounded, Arthur Stanley, unable longer to repress his desire of supporting her in her hour of trial, and of marking his opinions concerning the punishment of the day, conducted the compassionate wife of a brother officer into her darkened chamber; and both were tenderly bent upon exhorting and comforting her afflicted heart.

There was just light enough admitted into the room to enable the intruders to see the cautionary fingers of the women who watched the sufferer, lifted to their lips in token that she was sleeping. But those who were come to minister to her sorrow looked upon the fair waxen hands extended on the coverlid, and knew that her repose was fast—beyond earthly disturbance. Yes! she was, indeed, dead;—but so recently that the unconscious infant still lay nestled in her bosom. The earliest summons to military duty, the first morning drum had been her signal of release; and ere it sounded again she was laid by the side of her soldier in a common grave. C. F. G.

From the Monthly Review.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE HENRY NEELE. *Author of the "Romance of History," &c. &c.; consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse.*—

8vo. pp. 543. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1829.

MR. NEELE, whose unhappy death throws a disastrous shade over his biography, was one of those half-educated men of moderate talent, whose productions are too frequently valued much beyond their intrinsic merits. The surprise excited by the circumstance that he had found time, amidst the duties of a severe profession, to court the favour of the public by various fugitive pieces, and latterly by a work of some length, and of considerable research, may perhaps, in a great measure, account for the exaggerated estimation in which his compositions have been held by the partiality of private friendship. But to us, who have known him only as an author, and are obliged to judge of him by his desert in that capacity alone, Mr. Neele has appeared to possess little or no claim to that immortality which the editor of these "remains" endeavours to confer upon him. We have seen nothing in the most important of his labours, the "Romance of History," to call forth the eulogies which are here lavished upon it. We have already had occasion to express our opinion of that work, which seemed to our apprehension to be apocryphal as a history, and frigid as a romance. Nor should we have deemed it necessary to notice the volume now before us, if it had not contained a few lectures on English poetry, which though neither very novel nor profound in their views, serve to remind us tastefully and pleasantly enough, of some of the choicest treasures of our literature.

The minor compositions consist of tales, essays, and rhymes, which have all appeared within the last two or three years in various periodical publications. These pieces are generally characterized by a slight, a very slight, turn for humour, which seems to struggle, as it were, against a morbid temper. We regret to observe amongst them some unequivocal declarations of the author's want of belief in a future existence. To the encouragement of doubts upon this important point, his premature end is most probably to be attributed. The practical atheism which prevails in the world, to an extent greater, perhaps, than most people imagine, is sufficiently painful to the contemplative; but to see it producing its natural consequences, in the self-destruction of a civilized being, who, if he had been duly impressed with religious sentiments, might still have been breathing amongst us, and honourably toiling up the steep of fame, is an awful proof of the feebleness of the intellect, when it derives no assistance from religion.

Mr. Neele was the second son of a map and heraldic engraver in the Strand, where he was born on the 29th of January, 1798. He was consequently little more than 30 years old when he cut the thread of his existence. He had, it appears, been much given to idleness in his youth; though placed in good time at a respectable academy, he acquired "little Latin, and less Greek." In his mature years he laboured to redeem the truant disposition of his boyhood, and applied with great ardour to the modern languages. Having chosen the law for his profession, he was, after going through the usual

apprenticeship, admitted to practice, and commenced business as a solicitor. His first appearance as an author occurred in 1817, during the period of his apprenticeship. Contrary to the usual rules of prudence in such cases, his father encouraged his dalliance with the muses at a time when precedents in conveyancing ought to have engaged all his attention. It is acknowledged by the editor that the small volume of poems which Mr. Neele, with his father's assistance, published thus early, "displayed evident marks of youth and inexperience." Collins was his avowed model, and, if we are to rely on the friendly criticism of Dr. Nathan Drake, whose judgment, however, we do not always deem infallible, "these firstlings of his earliest years" were "very extraordinary efforts indeed," and placed the name of the author next to those of "Chatterton and Kirke White." A second edition of those compositions was printed in 1820, and was followed in 1823 by a volume of dramatic and miscellaneous poetry, which was dedicated, by permission to Mrs. Joanna Baillie. He next became a contributor to the periodical publications, and a very industrious one too, if we may judge from the number of poems, dramatic sketches, and tales, which are reprinted in the work before us. In 1826 and 1827 he delivered, first at the Russell, and next at the Western Literary Institution, the "Lectures on English Poetry, from the days of Chaucer down to those of Cowper," which form the principal attraction of the present volume. Though written occasionally with much carelessness, yet we agree with the editor in thinking that they are "discriminative and eloquent, abounding in well selected illustration, and inculcating the purest taste." There are a few, and but a few, passages in them which were evidently intended for declamatory effect; but the style in which they are generally clothed is clear and well sustained, and the enthusiasm which sometimes breaks out through them, affords a decided proof of the author's predilection for the poetic branches of our literature.

We do not much admire the manner in which he commences his first lecture. Being about to open his subject in an institution in which the mechanical and useful arts had been then recently explained, he would have been justified in admitting that poetry, as compared with those arts, required a different and a higher order of intellect, and was less essential than they are to the ordinary purposes of life. But it was adopting a very narrow view of his undertaking at the outset, to say that poetry was "a mere superfluity and ornament," because, as Falstaff said of honour, "it cannot set to a leg, or an arm, or heal the grief of a wound; it has no skill in surgery." In the earliest ages of the world, poetry was history, and religion, and morality. In the more advanced ages, poetry served to inspire the soldier, to soften the manners of barbarians, and to procure for the fair sex that graceful deference, which is necessary to the support of their useful and civilizing influence. In all ages, poetry is the purest medium for preserving a settled language, and, perhaps, the best instrument for reforming a corrupt one. To this truth our own tongue bears ample evidence. It is not

true, therefore, that poetry, even considered practically, is "a mere superfluity and ornament;" it has attributes of the most useful nature, which rank it amongst the highest gifts bestowed on the intellect of man.

The whole of the following passage borders very nearly on bombast:—

"The canvas fritters into shreds, and the column moulders into ruin; the voice of Music is mute; and the beautiful expression of Sculpture a blank and gloomy void: the right hand of the Mechanist forgets its cunning, and the arm of the Warrior becomes powerless in the grave; but the Lyre of the Poet still vibrates; ages listen to his song and honour it: and while the pencil of Apelles, and the chisel of Phidias, and the sword of Cæsar, and the engines of Archimedes, live only in the breath of tradition, or on the page of history, or in some perishable or imperfect fragment; the pen of Homer, or of Virgil, or of Shakspeare, is an instrument of power, as mighty and magical as when first the gifted finger of the Poet grasped it, and with it traced those characters which shall remain unobliterated, until the period when this great globe itself,—

'And all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind!'—p. 5.

Had Mr. Neele been conversant with only a little more "Greek," he would not have talked so confidently of the *pen* of Homer. We do not profess to understand the author's meaning, where he speaks of the same pen being as mighty and as magical as when *first* the *gifted finger* of the poet grasped it. But we must acknowledge that the lectures are not often blemished by passages such as this.

Chaucer is allowed on all hands to be the great father of English poetry. He graced the reign of Edward III., and from that period to the reign of Henry VIII., the continued political and religious agitations of the country almost silenced the voice of the muses. The names of Lords Surrey, Vaux and Buckhurst, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, prevent, however, this interval from being considered as a local blank. These names prepare us, as the twilight for the morning, for those of Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger, the poets of the age of Elizabeth, and the contemporaries of Tasso, Camoens, and Cervantes. It is worthy of remark, in passing, that at this period there appeared to be a striking congeniality of spirit between the literature of Spain and of England. This circumstance Mr. Neele has noticed.

"In Spain and England, Literature, and especially Dramatic Literature, flourished simultaneously; and a similarity of taste and genius appears to have pervaded both nations. The same bold and irregular flights of fancy, the same neglect of all classical rules of composition, more than atoned for by the same original and natural beauties of thought and diction; and the same less venial violations of time, place, and costume, characterize both the Castilian and the English Muses. There appears then to have existed an intercourse of literature and intellect between the two nations, the interruption of which is much to be deplored.

The Spanish language was then much studied in England; Spanish plots and scenery were chosen by many of our Dramatists, and their dialogues, especially those of Jonson and Fletcher, were thickly interspersed with Spanish phrases and idioms. The marriage of Philip and Mary might probably conduce greatly to this effect; though the progress of the Reformation in England, and the strong political and commercial hostility, which afterwards existed between the two nations, appear to have put an end to this friendly feeling. English Literature then, began to be too closely assimilated to that of France, and sustained, in my opinion, irreparable injury by the connexion. Spain appears to be our more natural ally in Literature; and, it is a curious fact, that after the Poetry of both nations had for a long period been sunk in tameness and mediocrity, it should at the same time suddenly spring into pristine vigour and beauty, both in the Island and in the peninsula; for Melendez, Quintana, and Gonsalez, are the worthy contemporaries of Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, and Moore."—pp. 13, 14.

Under the pedantic rule of James I. literature made but slight advances; Charles I. assisted its progress materially by the elegance of his taste, as well as the munificence of his patronage. The commonwealth, if it produced nothing else, will remain for ever distinguished as the era of Milton. His "*Paradise Lost*" was indeed produced at a later period, but it may be said to have been meditated amidst the religious dissensions of the republic. We are glad to observe that Mr. Neele has here refuted the common error, that Milton's immortal poem was received with great indifference on its first publication. The lecturer's remarks on this subject are judicious.

"That it (*Paradise Lost*), was not at first acknowledged to be entitled to occupy that proud station on the British Parnassus, which is now universally conceded to it, is unquestionable; but it is equally certain, that when first published, it was hailed with admiration and delight, by men of the highest talent; and that even throughout the nation at large, the circumstances of the Author, and the spirit of the times considered, it was far more successful than could have been reasonably expected. The Author was a democrat and a dissenter, and the age was ultra-loyal and ultra-orthodox: the Poem was thoroughly imbued with a religious feeling and sentiment, and the public to which it was addressed, was more profligate and irreligious than it had been known to have ever been before. "*Paradise Lost*" was moreover written in blank verse; a new, and strange, and, to many ears, an unpleasant style of metre, and, the purity and severity of taste which reigned throughout it, was opposed to the popular admiration of the far-fetched conceits and the tawdry ornaments of Cowley, and the Metaphysical School. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the poem received extraordinary homage, both from the learned and the public. Andrew Marvell and Dr. Barrow addressed eulogistic verses to the Author; and Dryden, the Laureate, and the favourite Poet of the day, when Milton's Epic was first introduced to his notice by the Earl of Dorset, exclaimed: "This man

cuts us all out, and the ancients too." He also complimented Milton with the well known Epigram, beginning "Three Poets, in three distant ages born;" and afterwards, with his consent, constructed a Drama, called "*The State of Innocence; or, the Fall of Man*," founded upon "*Paradise Lost*." "Fit audience let me find, though few," says Milton, and his wish was more than gratified; for above 1300 copies—a very great number in those days—of his Poem were sold in less than two years; and 3000 more in less than nine years afterwards. It was not, however, until the celebrated critique of Addison, appeared in the "*Spectator*" that the English nation at large became aware that it possessed a native Poet "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," and that it fully rendered him the honours which were so unquestionably his due."—pp. 22, 23.

The reign of Charles II. is marked in literature by the publications of Milton, the productions of Butler, Otway, and Dryden, and a profigate set of dramatic writers, who have left comedies behind them that are a disgrace to our language. Mr. Neele traces, not unjustly, we think, the corrupt taste which pervaded the latter, to the pernicious example given by Beaumont and Fletcher. The manners of the age favoured this depraved taste, which has not even yet been altogether reformed.

The reign of Queen Anne has been commonly called the "Augustan age" of English literature, for what good reason it would be difficult to define. Perhaps, it must be admitted that the eminent authors of that period, particularly the prose writers, succeeded in giving to the language a greater degree of elegance and smoothness than it had attained before. Addison, Swift, and Steele, rank foremost in this work of refinement; but if we take away the productions of Pope, we shall find no traces of deep and vigorous genius impressed upon the literature of that date.

The poems of Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Goldsmith, Young, Dyer, and Gray, may be said to be linked with those of our own day by Beattie's Minstrel; thus connecting the didactic with the narrative schools, the classical with the romantic. Our author, however, does not carry his summary beyond Cowper.

After thus giving an outline of the history of English poetry, which we have deemed it sufficient to indicate by a few of the principal names, our author proceeds to treat the subject in detail, and devotes five lectures to it, in which he successively discusses the epic and narrative, the dramatic, didactic, descriptive, pastoral, satirical, and lyrical poetry of England, within the period which he had assigned to himself. As our object is to put the reader in possession of the opinions which Mr. Neele has delivered on these topics, we shall select from the mass a few passages, without going into an analysis. In thus discriminating between epic poetry and the Drama:

"The Drama is to epic Poetry, what Sculpture is to Historical painting. It is, perhaps, on the whole, a severer Art. It rejects many adventitious aids of which the Epic may avail itself. It has more unity and simplicity. Its figures stand out more boldly, and in stronger relief. But then it has no aerial back ground;

it has no perspective of enchantment; it cannot draw so largely on the imagination of the spectator; it must present to the eye, and make palpable to the touch, what the Epic Poet may steep in the rainbow hues of Fancy, and veil, but with a veil of light, woven in the looms of his Imagination. The *Epopée* comprises Narration and Description, and yet must be, in many parts, essentially Dramatic. The Epic Poet is the Dramatic Author and the Actor combined. The fine characteristic speech which Milton puts into the mouth of Moloch, in the Second Book of "*Paradise Lost*," proves him to have been possessed of high powers of Dramatic writing; and when, after the speech is concluded, the Poet adds,—

"He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods:"

he personates the character with a power and energy worthy of the noblest actor. I have said that the epic poet is the dramatist and the actor combined; but he is more. He must not only write the dialogue, and create the actors who are to utter it, but he must also erect the stage on which they are to tread, and paint the scenes in which they are to appear. Still, the drama, by the very circumstances which condense and circumscribe its powers, becomes capable of exciting a more intense and tremendous interest. Hence there are pieces of dramatic writing which, even in the perusal only, have an overwhelming power, to which epic poetry cannot attain. The 3d Act of '*Othello*,' the dagger scene in '*Macbeth*,' and the interview between *Wallenstein* and the *Sveedish Captain*, may be adduced as instances. Perhaps, to sum up the whole question, what the epic poet gains in expansion and variety, the dramatic poet gains in condensation and intensity. When *Desdemona* says to *Othello*,—

'And yet I fear,
When your eyes roll so;'

we have as vivid a portrait of the Moor's countenance, as the most laboured description could give us. Again, how powerfully is the frown on the features of the *Ghost* in '*Hamlet*,' pictured to us in two lines:—

'So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polack on the ice.'

"Such descriptions would be meagre and unsatisfactory in epic poetry; more diffuse ones would mar the interest, and impede the action in the drama. In the drama the grand pivot upon which the whole moves is action; in epic poetry it is narration. Narration is the fitter medium for representing a grand series of events; and action for exhibiting the power and progress of a passion, or the consequences of an incident. Hence, the siege of Troy, the wanderings of Ulysses, and the loss of Paradise, are epic subjects; and the jealousy of *Othello*, the ambition of *Macbeth*, and the results of the ill-grounded partiality of *Lear*, are dramatic ones. The epic poet takes a loftier flight; the dramatist treads with a firmer step. The one dazzles; the other touches. The

epic is wondered at; the drama is felt. We lift Milton like a conqueror above our heads; we clasp Shakspeare like a brother to our hearts!"—pp. 43—46.

In the course of his observations, the lecturer has frequent occasion to use the words *taste* and *genius*. Any person who reflects a moment on the import of the two expressions, can hardly fail to see the distinction between them. But we think that we have seldom seen that distinction more precisely or more happily defined than in the paragraph immediately following that which we have just quoted.

"Genius, I should say, is the power of production; Taste is the power of appreciation. Genius is creation; taste is selection. Horace Walpole was a man of great taste, without an atom of genius. Nathaniel Lee was a man of genius, without taste. Dryden had more genius than Pope. Pope had more taste than Dryden. Many instances may be adduced of obesity of taste in men of genius; especially with reference to their own works. Milton, who had genius enough to produce '*Paradise Lost*,' had not taste enough to perceive its superiority over '*Paradise Regained*.' Rowe, who produced so many successful tragedies, all of which—although I am no violent admirer of them—possessed a certain degree of merit, valued himself most upon the wretched ribaldry in his comedy of the '*Biter*.' Dr. Johnson was proud of his Dictionary, and looked upon the '*Rambler*' as a trifle of which he ought almost to be ashamed. The timidity and hesitation with which many juvenile authors have ventured to lay their works before the public, and their surprise when public opinion has stamped them as works of high merit, have been attributed to humility and bashfulness. The fact, however, is often otherwise; it is not humility, but want of taste. Genius, or the power of producing such works, is not accompanied by taste, or the power of appreciating them. Taste is of later growth in the mind than genius; and the reason is, I think, obvious. Genius is innate; a part and portion of the mind; born with it; while taste is the result of observation, and inquiry, and experience. However the folly and vanity of ignorance and presumption may have deluged the public with worthless productions, there can be no doubt that the deficiency of taste in men of genius, has deprived the world of many a work of merit and originality."—pp. 46—48.

Whether the term *epic*, as understood by the ancients, be justly applicable to any poem written in the English language, is a question which Mr. Neele thought it hardly worth while to discuss. We entirely agree with him in his reasoning upon this subject. It cannot be doubted that whatever name critics may give to the "*Paradise Lost*," the "*Canterbury Tales*," and the "*Fairy Queen*," these poems deserve, especially the first, to share in the honours that are due to the most precious creations of the mind. It were a most unnecessary task to enter at any length, at this day, into a discussion of the respective merits of these compositions: but we must indulge the reader with the lecturer's comparison between Chaucer and Spenser, which is drawn

The Spanish language was then much studied in England; Spanish plots and scenery were chosen by many of our Dramatists, and their dialogues, especially those of Jonson and Fletcher, were thickly interspersed with Spanish phrases and idioms. The marriage of Philip and Mary might probably conduce greatly to this effect; though the progress of the Reformation in England, and the strong political and commercial hostility, which afterwards existed between the two nations, appear to have put an end to this friendly feeling. English Literature then, began to be too closely assimilated to that of France, and sustained, in my opinion, irreparable injury by the connexion. Spain appears to be our more natural ally in Literature; and, it is a curious fact, that after the Poetry of both nations had for a long period been sunk in tameness and mediocrity, it should at the same time suddenly spring into pristine vigour and beauty, both in the Island and in the peninsula; for Melendez, Quintana, and Gonzalez, are the worthy contemporaries of Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, and Moore."—pp. 13, 14.

Under the pedantic rule of James I. literature made but slight advances; Charles I. assisted its progress materially by the elegance of his taste, as well as the munificence of his patronage. The commonwealth, if it produced nothing else, will remain for ever distinguished as the era of Milton. His "Paradise Lost" was indeed produced at a later period, but it may be said to have been meditated amidst the religious dissensions of the republic. We are glad to observe that Mr. Neele has here refuted the common error, that Milton's immortal poem was received with great indifference on its first publication. The lecturer's remarks on this subject are judicious.

"That it (*Paradise Lost*), was not at first acknowledged to be entitled to occupy that proud station on the British Parnassus, which is now universally conceded to it, is unquestionable; but it is equally certain, that when first published, it was hailed with admiration and delight, by men of the highest talent; and that even throughout the nation at large, the circumstances of the Author, and the spirit of the times considered, it was far more successful than could have been reasonably expected. The Author was a democrat and a dissenter, and the age was ultra-loyal and ultra-orthodox: the Poem was thoroughly imbued with a religious feeling and sentiment, and the public to which it was addressed, was more profligate and irreligious than it had been known to have ever been before. "*Paradise Lost*" was moreover written in blank verse; a new, and strange, and, to many ears, an unpleasing style of metre, and, the purity and severity of taste which reigned throughout it, was opposed to the popular admiration of the far-fetched conceits and the tawdry ornaments of Cowley, and the Metaphysical School. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the poem received extraordinary homage, both from the learned and the public. Andrew Marvell and Dr. Barrow addressed eulogistic verses to the Author; and Dryden, the Laureate, and the favourite Poet of the day, when Milton's Epic was first introduced to his notice by the Earl of Dorset, exclaimed "This man

cuts us all out, and the ancients too." He also complimented Milton with the well known Epigram, beginning "Three Poets, in three distant ages born;" and afterwards, with his consent, constructed a Drama, called "*The State of Innocence; or, the Fall of Man*," founded upon "*Paradise Lost*." "Fit audience let me find, though few," says Milton, and his wish was more than gratified; for above 1300 copies—a very great number in those days—of his Poem were sold in less than two years; and 3000 more in less than nine years afterwards. It was not, however, until the celebrated critique of Addison, appeared in the "*Spectator*" that the English nation at large became aware that it possessed a native Poet "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," and that it fully rendered him the honours which were so unquestionably his due."—pp. 22, 23.

The reign of Charles II. is marked in literature by the publications of Milton, the productions of Butler, Otway, and Dryden, and a profligate set of dramatic writers, who have left comedies behind them that are a disgrace to our language. Mr. Neele traces, not unjustly, we think, the corrupt taste which pervaded the latter, to the pernicious example given by Beaumont and Fletcher. The manners of the age favoured this depraved taste, which has not even yet been altogether reformed.

The reign of Queen Anne has been commonly called the "Augustan age" of English literature, for what good reason it would be difficult to define. Perhaps, it must be admitted that the eminent authors of that period, particularly the prose writers, succeeded in giving to the language a greater degree of elegance and smoothness than it had attained before. Addison, Swift, and Steele, rank foremost in this work of refinement; but if we take away the productions of Pope, we shall find no traces of deep and vigorous genius impressed upon the literature of that date.

The poems of Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Goldsmith, Young, Dyer, and Gray, may be said to be linked with those of our own day by Beattie's Minstrel; thus connecting the didactic with the narrative schools, the classical with the romantic. Our author, however, does not carry his summary beyond Cowper.

After thus giving an outline of the history of English poetry, which we have deemed it sufficient to indicate by a few of the principal names, our author proceeds to treat the subject in detail, and devotes five lectures to it, in which he successively discusses the epic and narrative, the dramatic, didactic, descriptive, pastoral, satirical, and lyrical poetry of England, within the period which he had assigned to himself. As our object is to put the reader in possession of the opinions which Mr. Neele has delivered on these topics, we shall select from the mass a few passages, without going into an analysis. In thus discriminating between epic poetry and the Drama:

"The Drama is to epic Poetry, what Sculpture is to Historical painting. It is, perhaps, on the whole, a severer Art. It rejects many adventitious aids of which the Epic may avail itself. It has more unity and simplicity. Its figures stand out more boldly, and in stronger relief. But then it has no aerial background;

it has no perspective of enchantment; it cannot draw so largely on the imagination of the spectator; it must present to the eye, and make palpable to the touch, what the Epic Poet may steep in the rainbow hues of Fancy, and veil, but with a veil of light, woven in the looms of his Imagination. The Epœe comprises Narration and Description, and yet must be, in many parts, essentially Dramatic. The Epic Poet is the Dramatic Author and the Actor combined. The fine characteristic speech which Milton puts into the mouth of Moloch, in the Second Book of "*Paradise Lost*," proves him to have been possessed of high powers of Dramatic writing; and when, after the speech is concluded, the Poet adds,—

"He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods."

he personates the character with a power and energy worthy of the noblest actor. I have said that the epic poet is the dramatist and the actor combined; but he is more. He must not only write the dialogue, and create the actors who are to utter it, but he must also erect the stage on which they are to tread, and paint the scenes in which they are to appear. Still, the drama, by the very circumstances which condense and circumscribe its powers, becomes capable of exciting a more intense and tremendous interest. Hence there are pieces of dramatic writing which, even in the perusal only, have an overwhelming power, to which epic poetry cannot attain. The 3d Act of "*Othello*," the dagger scene in "*Macbeth*," and the interview between *Wallenstein* and the *Swedish Captain*, may be adduced as instances. Perhaps, to sum up the whole question, what the epic poet gains in expansion and variety, the dramatic poet gains in condensation and intensity. When *Desdemona* says to *Othello*,—

'And yet I fear,
When your eyes roll so;

we have as vivid a portrait of the Moor's countenance, as the most laboured description could give us. Again, how powerfully is the frown on the features of the *Ghost* in "*Hamlet*," pictured to us in two lines:—

'So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polack on the ice.'

"Such descriptions would be meagre and unsatisfactory in epic poetry; more diffuse ones would mar the interest, and impede the action in the drama. In the drama the grand pivot upon which the whole moves is action; in epic poetry it is narration. Narration is the fitter medium for representing a grand series of events; and action for exhibiting the power and progress of a passion, or the consequences of an incident. Hence, the siege of Troy, the wanderings of Ulysses, and the loss of Paradise, are epic subjects; and the jealousy of *Othello*, the ambition of *Macbeth*, and the results of the ill-grounded partiality of *Lear*, are dramatic ones. The epic poet takes a loftier flight; the dramatist treads with a firmer step. The one dazzles; the other touches. The

epic is wondered at; the drama is felt. We lift Milton like a conqueror above our heads; we clasp Shakspeare like a brother to our hearts!"—pp. 43—46.

In the course of his observations, the lecturer has frequent occasion to use the words *taste* and *genius*. Any person who reflects a moment on the import of the two expressions, can hardly fail to see the distinction between them. But we think that we have seldom seen that distinction more precisely or more happily defined than in the paragraph immediately following that which we have just quoted.

"Genius, I should say, is the power of production; Taste is the power of appreciation. Genius is creation; taste is selection. Horace Walpole was a man of great taste, without an atom of genius. Nathaniel Lee was a man of genius, without taste. Dryden had more genius than Pope. Pope had more taste than Dryden. Many instances may be adduced of obesity of taste in men of genius; especially with reference to their own works. Milton, who had genius enough to produce '*Paradise Lost*,' had not taste enough to perceive its superiority over '*Paradise Regained*.' Rowe, who produced so many successful tragedies, all of which—although I am no violent admirer of them—possessed a certain degree of merit, valued himself most upon the wretched ribaldry in his comedy of the '*Biter*.' Dr. Johnson was proud of his Dictionary, and looked upon the '*Rambler*' as a trifle of which he ought almost to be ashamed. The timidity and hesitation with which many juvenile authors have ventured to lay their works before the public, and their surprise when public opinion has stamped them as works of high merit, have been attributed to humility and bashfulness. The fact, however, is often otherwise; it is not humility, but want of taste. Genius, or the power of producing such works, is not accompanied by taste, or the power of appreciating them. Taste is of later growth in the mind than genius; and the reason is, I think, obvious. Genius is innate; a part and portion of the mind; born with it; while taste is the result of observation, and inquiry, and experience. However the folly and vanity of ignorance and presumption may have deluged the public with worthless productions, there can be no doubt that the deficiency of taste in men of genius, has deprived the world of many a work of merit and originality."—pp. 46—48.

Whether the term *epic*, as understood by the ancients, be justly applicable to any poem written in the English language, is a question which Mr. Neele thought it hardly worth while to discuss. We entirely agree with him in his reasoning upon this subject. It cannot be doubted that whatever name critics may give to the "*Paradise Lost*," the "*Canterbury Tales*," and the "*Fairy Queen*," these poems deserve, especially the first, to share in the honours that are due to the most precious creations of the mind. It were a most unnecessary task to enter at any length, at this day, into a discussion of the respective merits of these compositions: but we must indulge the reader with the lecturer's comparison between Chaucer and Spenser, which is drawn

with a power of delicate and just distinction that cannot fail to be applauded.

"In the former lecture I discussed, as fully as my limits would permit me, the merits of Chaucer, the father of English poetry. Spenser is an author of a very different stamp. To wit or humour, he has no pretensions. Neither are his delineations of human character at all comparable to those of his great predecessor. Chaucer's knowledge of the heart of man was almost Shakspearean. Spenser had, however, a richer imagination. He was a greater inventor, although a less acute observer. Chaucer was incapable of creating such original imaginary beings as the fays, elves, heroes, and heroines of Spenser; and Spenser was equally incapable of the excellent truth and fidelity of Chaucer's portraits from real life. There is also a fine moral and didactic tone running through the '*Fairy Queen*,' which we look for in vain, in the '*Canterbury Tales*.' Spenser's imagery is magnificent. His descriptive powers are of the highest order. Here the two poets approximate more than in any other particular: yet, even here they essentially differ. Spenser paints fairy haunts, enchanted palaces, unearthly paradises, things such as *Caliban* saw in his sleep, and, 'waking, cried to dream again.' Chaucer's pencil depicts the smiling verdant English landscape, which we see before us every day; the grass, the flowers, the brooks, the blue sky, and the glowing sun.

"When we open the volumes of Spenser, we leave this 'working-day world,' as *Rosalind* calls it, behind us. We are no longer in it, or of it. We are introduced to a new creation, new scenes, new manners, new characters. The laws of nature are suspended, or reversed. The possible, the probable, and the practicable, all these are thrown behind us. The mighty wizard whose spell is upon us, waves but his wand, and a new world starts into existence, inhabited by nothing but the marvelous and the wild. Spenser is the very antipodes of Shakspeare. The latter is of the earth, earthy. His most ethereal fancies have some touch of mortality about them. His wildest and most visionary characters savour of humanity. Whatever notes he draws forth from his harp, it is the strings of the human heart that he touches. Spenser's hero is always honour, truth, valour, courtesy, but it is *not* man. His heroine is meekness, chastity, constancy, beauty, but it is *not* woman;—his landscapes are fertility, magnificence, verdure, splendour, but they are *not* nature. His pictures have no relief; they are all light, or all shadow; they are all wonder, but no truth. Still do I not complain of them; nor would I have them other than what they are. They are delightful, and matchless in their way. They are dreams: glorious, soul-entrancing dreams. They are audacious, but magnificent falsehoods. They are like the palaces built in the clouds; the domes, the turrets, the towers, the long-drawn terraces, the aerial battlements, who does not know that they have no stable existence? but, who does not sigh when they pass away?"—pp. 51—53.

We have found little particularly deserving of attention in the lectures on the drama, and

on the lyrical and miscellaneous poetry of England. They contain no original or very striking views; yet the standard of criticism by which they are guided throughout, must be admitted to be in accordance with a sound judgment and a pure taste. Speaking of the lyrical compositions of English poets, the lecturer must of course not be understood to institute a comparison with Greek and Roman poetry, when he considers this nation as richer in the number and beauty of its ancient lyrical reliques, than all the rest of Europe combined. The exquisite tenderness of some of these productions, is perhaps without a rival in any language; but in imagery as well as elevation of sentiment, they must often yield to the minnesingers of Germany, and the troubadours of France, and in force of passion they are frequently exceeded by the early poets of Spain. But no country can produce ballads comparable with the "*Chevy Chase*," and "*Sir Cauline and King Estmere*." Sir Philip Sidney used to say that he never heard the former without finding his heart moved more than with a trumpet. We hardly know how the following observation will be received by Dr. Southey.

"The early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth was rich in lyrical poetry; and indeed, wore an aspect of great promise to the cause of literature and the arts. I am afraid that I shall be venturing a very unpopular opinion, when I say, that I believe these propitious appearances were owing to the influence of Cardinal Wolsey; for we find the character of the king, and of the nation, materially altered after that distinguished minister was removed from the royal councils. Henry, who during Wolsey's administration held the balance of Europe, became comparatively powerless and insignificant; the love of poetry and the arts was exchanged for controversial subtleties, and for the more conclusive, if less logical arguments, of the axe, the faggot, and the gibbet; and thus the budding spring-time of English literature, which had produced such poets as Surrey, Wyatt, and Vaux, was nipped untimely by the chilling breath of tyranny."—p. 195.

It is perhaps not generally known that Milton was indebted for the idea, as well as the musical rhythm of those charming poems, the "*Penseroso*" and "*Allegro*," to a song which he found in Beaumont and Fletcher. It is impossible to read the following lines without feeling that such was the fact.

"Hence! all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
In which you spend your folly;

There's nought in this life sweet,

If men were wise to see't,

But only Melancholy.

Oh! sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,

A sigh that pierces, mortifies;

A look that fasten'd to the ground,

A tongue chain'd up, without a sound;

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale Passion loves;

Moonlight walks, where all the fowls

Are warily housed, save bats and owls;

A midnight bell, a parting groan,

These are the sounds we feed upon:

Then stretch our limbs in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so daintily sweet as lovely Melancholy."—pp. 197, 198.

Though it would appear that Mr. Neele was not disposed to confide in the hopes held out by the holy writings, yet it is pleasing to find that he was a great admirer of the varied and matchless beauties of the more poetical portions of those compositions. His remarks on the abominable manner in which the Psalms have been done into English rhyme, particularly those intended to be sung in the churches, are well deserving of the attention of those ecclesiastical functionaries, who have the power to reform this deep-rooted and increasing evil. It is not many days since we were presented with a copy of a version of one of the Psalms, sung on a particular occasion, as an introduction to a pompously announced charity sermon; and more wretched doggerel has not often fallen under our notice. The clerk or the sexton must have, we suppose, a regular contract for producing these "hymns." We give our lecturer's observations on the subject, recommending them strongly to the notice of the Bishop of London.

"Of all authors, ancient or modern, who have been subjected to the inflictions of translators, certainly the Royal Psalmist, David, has been treated with the greatest indignity; for, in no language in Europe, has justice been done to him. He has been *translated* into French, overturned into Dutch, and done into English, with equal beauty and felicity. In our own country, the Psalms, like every thing else appertaining to the church, seem to be considered parish property, and to be under the control of a select vestry; every vestige of genius, or poetry, in them, is therefore most carefully picked out, lest they should interfere with the popularity of the verses of that most ancient and respectable parochial officer, the bellman! The words which are feloniously attributed to the 'sweet singer of Israel,' might, with greater probability, be considered the authorship of the parish clerk, who draws them out; or of the charity children, who lend their most 'sweet voices' to grace them with appropriate melody.

"It is, certainly, most extraordinary, that a work which is worthy of the highest poetical powers of any age, or of any country, should hitherto have been generally abandoned to the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous. But the truth is, that so long as the purposes of public worship are exclusively kept in view, and the translator is confined to the drawing long and short metres, the straight waistcoats of verse, which are now used, it will be impossible to infuse into any English version, the power and feeling, the spirit and energy, of the originals. It is obvious that many of these Psalms are not fitted for public use; and that the variety of their subjects, requires an equal variety of metre. Some of them breathe all the ardour of triumph; some, all the dejection of humility; some are sweet and gentle pastorals; others are grand and melancholy songs, which are fit to be warbled only amidst the scenes which they describe; in solitude, and captivity, amidst danger and distress; by the

rivers of Babylon, and among the tents of Kedar.

"One translator has had the conscience to render a part of that fine lyric, the 137th Psalm, which runs thus, 'If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem! may my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!' in the following manner:—

'If I forget thee ever,
Then let me prosper never,
But let it cause
My tongue and jaws
To cling and cleave together.'

"William Slatyer published, in 1642, the *Songs of Sion, or certain Psalms of David, set to strange Tunes, and rendered into a strange Tongue.* Of the tunes, I can say nothing; but the tongue is strange enough. For instance, a part of the 6th and 7th verses of the 52d Psalm,—The righteous also shall see, and fear, and shall laugh at him: Lo! this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches! is thus versified:—

'The righteous shall his sorrow scan,
And laugh at him, and say, behold!
What has become of this here man,
That on his riches was so bold!'

"Archbishop Parker, in the year 1564, printed a version of the entire book of Psalms, for private circulation, which was never published; but a copy which has fallen into my hands, does not say much for the most reverend prelate's poetical talents. His version of the 1st verse of the 125th Psalm will suffice as a specimen of the entire volume. The prose translation is as follows:—'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever:' which the Archbishop versifies thus:—

'Who sticketh to God in stable trust,
As Zion mount he stands full just;
Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel,
But standeth for ever, as stiff as steel.'

"Other parts of the Scriptures have scarcely suffered less at the hands of versifiers than the Psalms; for, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Dr. Christopher Tye turned the whole *Acts of the Apostles* into rhyme. His metre is something like that of Mr. Moore's song of 'Fly from the world, Oh Bessy, to me!' and the reverend doctor begins his task thus:—

'In the former Epistle to thee,
Dear friend Theophilus,
I have written the veritie
Of the Lord Christ Jesus'—pp. 204—207.

We do not quite coincide in our lecturer's estimate of the merits of Gray. He was evidently prejudiced against that poet by the harsh, invidious, and unjustifiable criticism of Dr. Johnson. Perhaps it may be admitted as a correct, as well as a happy observation, that "the marks of the tools are too evident on all that Gray does." This is particularly applicable to his odes; but who that has read the *Elegy* in the common editions of this poet's

works, does not feel surprised on learning from the notes of commentators, that a single line, or expression, was ever different from the printed copy? Here, at least, "no marks of the tools" can be perceived, for every syllable is most exquisitely polished and fitted in;—

"decies castigavit ad unguem;"

but, the labour is not discernible. Mr. Neele insists that "there is more of art than nature in Gray; more of recollection than invention; more of acquirement than genius." Judging of Gray, as he is entitled to be judged, by his best production, we should think that this sentence contains propositions which it would be difficult to sustain upon examination. It would require an essay to analyse the powers of the inventive faculty, and it would demand no common hand to settle how much of its fruits appertains to memory, how much to creation. Neither would it have been very easy for Mr. Neele to perform his task, if he had been called upon, to point out in Gray's poetry, which passages are to be ascribed to art, or acquirement, and which may be pronounced the offspring of nature and genius.

Among the miscellaneous pieces in the second part of the volume are two tales, intended for the continuation of Mr. Neele's "Romance of History." They possess some merit, and are therefore properly inserted here. We understand that the publishers have confided to Mr. Hervey the execution of that portion of Mr. Neele's plan, which was to be erected on the History of France. The annals of Spain and Italy would afford abundant materials for romances after this fashion, but to form them into beautiful combinations, to fill up the outlines, and to give language to the figures who are seen crowding the canvass, would demand the creative powers of a master.

A great number of tales, and of pieces of poetry, which Mr. Neele wrote from time to time for several periodicals, are collected together here with as much diligence as if they had been each a gem of the first water. Many of them might have been left in oblivion, to which they had been already consigned, without any injury to the fair fame of the author. The best specimen of his poetical talents is certainly to be found in those cheerless stanzas, in which he inculcates the unhappy doctrine of man's annihilation. The reader may be curious to see them; they will excite his commiseration for the mind that could have so far perverted its divine faculties, as to see in the changes, the decline and renovation of external nature, which exhibit to man a volume wherein he may read his immortal destiny, only so many proofs of his subjection to total decay.

'Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that Winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is Ocean's lot:
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay!

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;

Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their boundaries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in Nature's veins instils;
Showers, that on the parch'd meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!"

pp. 514, 515.

That Mr. Neele was inspired occasionally by better thoughts than these, it is but justice to his memory to admit.

In other pages of these remains there are, indeed, abundant proofs not only of Mr. Neele's belief in the doctrines of Christianity, but of his admiration for the sublime and varied eloquence of the Scriptures. Nevertheless, there is too much reason to presume, from the manner of his death, that infidelity finally triumphed over his intellect, and dictated the unhalloved act which sent him unsummoned to the tribunal of his Creator. We shall close this article with the editor's summary of Mr. Neele's appearance and character:

"In person, Mr. Neele was considerably below the middle stature; but his features were singularly expressive, and his brilliant eyes betokened ardent feeling and vivid imagination. Happily, as it has now proved, though his disposition was in the highest degree kind, sociable, and affectionate, he was not married. His short life passed, indeed, almost without events; it was one of those obscure and humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of existence, and which the traveller passes by without inquiring either its source or its direction. His retiring manners kept him comparatively unnoticed and unknown, except by those with whom he was most intimate; and from their grateful recollection his memory will never be effaced. He was an excellent son; a tender brother; and a sincere friend. He was beloved most by those who knew him best; and at his death, left not one enemy in the world."—pp. xvi. xvii.

From the Monthly Review.

1. TALES AND CONFESSIONS. *By Leitch Ritchie. London: Smith & Elder. 1829.*
2. MY GRANDFATHER'S FARM; OR, PICTURES OF RURAL LIFE. *Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1829.*

THE merit of a bold sketch, or short characteristic tale, is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. Nothing will suit an English public that has not the two opposite qualities of great bulk and great levity. There is an eternal call for something light, but the lightest of all fashionable stories will not sell, as every publisher knows, unless it be expanded into three volumes. We have seen some collections of the most beautiful little pieces, and

which seemed to us the purest emanations of a fine nature fall entirely neglected from the press, while the most worthless romance procures for its author both fame and profit.—There is only one way of accounting for this. Every uncultivated, tasteless mind, can be horror stricken, amused with scandal, or inflamed with curiosity, but not one in a thousand is awake to the pure, unmixed beauty of thought, and not one in ten thousand to that mystery of universal beauty which is seen at one time in the flowers of the earth, at another in the sea or sky, and at another in the loveliest countenance of a human being. A rural scene, a happy winter hearth, a galaxy of bright faces are not, to a vulgar mind, what they are to one who regards them in connexion with the sentiment of love, from which creation itself took its beginning. To a mind of this character, the description of a valley in spring time, a sketch of the interior of a farm-house, or the retrospection of life which lectures us on its changes and uncertainty, affords a pleasure superior to that which it would receive from a far more elaborate composition.

The "Tales and Confessions" are not of a rural kind, but from the marks of genuine talent which characterize them, and the forcible manner in which they appeal to feelings which are common to every class of minds, they bid fair to obtain general popularity. The perfect originality which distinguishes several of the conceptions embodied in these compositions, and the boldness with which the strange characters that figure in the stories are delineated, stamp the volume with a title to attention, to which few of the same class could lay claim. There are faults, however, occasionally both of style and subject, which the author might have avoided, by sometimes sacrificing strength to propriety, and at others, by not suffering a tempting subject to lead him too far into his favourite region of doubt and darkness. But there are few of our readers who may take up this entertaining, and peculiarly written book, that will not be ready to pardon the errors we have alluded to, for the sake of the rich fund of amusement the writer has provided them—an amusement not to be always obtained in such rare perfection—the perusal of good ghost stories over a winter fire. We find it difficult to decide which of the many striking passages in the volume we shall take for our extract. The following, however, will give some idea of the author's powers, which can only be fairly judged of by a longer and more complete portion than we can find space to give. The passage we quote is from the "Borderer's Leap;" a story describing the fierce pursuit of a lover after his enemy, who had broken in upon his marriage festival and murdered his bride.—The ravisher was called the Raven of Drums-cliff, and he had a hold among the mountains and precipices which was called after his name, and to which he uniformly fled whenever in danger from his enemies. The pursuit had now been continued for a considerable time, when,—

"The length of his flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wonted strength and elasticity; and,

perhaps, even the few years of toil, intemperance and crime, that had elapsed since his last visit to the tower, had cast a weight upon his head, to which, during the progressive infliction of the burden, he had been insensible. It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he approached the brink of the precipice; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion, burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale; perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for a moment into the abyss.

"Objects of a similar nature, occurring in the scenery of mountainous countries, do not usually impress the traveller with ideas of unmingled terror: the trees bending across the chasm, and concealing with their foliage its depth and danger—the heath and brushwood clinging to the sides, like natural tapestry—and the projecting points of the rocks, raising their grey heads at intervals through the curtain, give a romantic variety to the picture, and gild our fear with admiration. But these points of pictorial beauty and relief were here wanting: the naked sides of the rock were only variegated by the colours of the different strata, and by its own sharp and bare projections, stretching forth from either side like threatening knives, to deter or to mangle; while the river, rushing through the comparatively narrow channel below—although its voice was scarcely heard through the distance—seemed to light the dismal passage with its white foam. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore, clear the chasm at a single effort; for it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss.

"He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptance of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead: he dug his hands into the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure, had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed for ever in this frightful position; but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—and the conviction broke on his mind, that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came

to the aid of courage; and, staking every thing on the event of a single movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff.”—pp. 155—157.

After hurling at his foe the desperate menaces of revenge, the bridegroom, in the fury of despair and hate, flung himself over the frightful chasm which separated him from the object of his pursuit—a mortal struggle ensued, and the combatants clasped in each other's arms rolled over the brink of the precipice to the bottom of which they descended one mass of blood.

“My Grandfather's Farm” is another volume replete with marks of talent. It is unpretending in its character, but full of pleasing images and soothing reflections. The happy scenes of the country are described as they ought to be, not poetically but as they really impress a quiet meditative mind, and the book has itself a sort of rural life, a spirit fed by the breezes that blow over fragrant meadows and smiling hamlets.

From the London Weekly Review.

REGINALD HEBER.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

ONE of the pleasantest recollections of a life, in which there has been somewhat of vicissitude and much of variety, is that of Heber—of Heber the poet, the pastor, the indefatigable prelate, and the willing martyr. It has been observed, sadly but truly, that life would be a burden but for hope and memory. Alas! the longer we exist, the stronger is the assent wrung from us to the truth of the remark. The former, ‘mid the anguish of bereavement, cheers us with the certainty of the final reunion of the wise and good: the latter, in the moment of trial and temptation, strengthens us, by again and again recalling for our support and imitation their piety, their integrity, their fortitude, and their constancy.

“Ne me plaignez pas,” was the sentiment applied to Howard, and with the most perfect propriety might it be inscribed over the resting place of the Indian prelate. “Ne me plaignez pas, si vous saviez combien de peines ce tombeau m’a épargné.”

My first sight of Heber was in the theatre at Oxford, during his recitation of “Palestine.” It seems but yesterday. Again, I stand within that noble building, crowded to its very summit; again, am I hurried along by an overwhelming irruption of the gownsmen; again, I see the nervous, agitated countenance of his brother, and the deliciously complacent smile of Dr.—, who in vain essayed that his dignity, as head of a house, should o’ermaster his satisfaction at having Heber for an alumnus; again, I hear the welcome given the young poet, as he calmly and modestly stepped forward, and then sinking almost instantaneously into the most profound silence as he commenced his poem; again, I join in the well-earned

plaudits, long and loud, which accompanied its close.

It ranks among the best, if it is not the very best prize poem which Oxford ever produced. Yet it may be doubted whether any but a scriptural subject would have inspired Heber's muse; whether, in fact, upon any other thesis he could, or would, have called forth his matchless powers. The sensation it produced at Oxford was prodigious. Some wicked wag has observed that the best, and indeed the only return we can make to modern Prize Poems is, to forget them. It was not so with “Palestine.” Go where you would, its merits were the subject of discussion. Yet the event, which, to the happy few who could boast the poet's acquaintance, was matter of such just exultation—and from those who could claim the dearer tie of kindred, drew even tears of joy—appeared to make no kind of impression upon Heber himself. There was nothing of elation, or assumption, visible in his manner or conversation. The same mild, gentle demeanour—the same equable flow of spirits—the same kind and considerate disposition—the same cordial sincerity of manner, and the same subdued gravity of address, characterized him still. He was proof against the intoxication of success. Him fortune might exalt, but was unable to inebriate.

There is no picture of him extant that, to the minds of many who knew him well, does him justice. Perhaps he was a difficult subject for a painter. His singular depth of forehead—the air of manly candour, of mild but steady purpose so impressed on every portion of his finely developed brow—the intellect that flashed in his bright but tranquil eye—the look of repose about the mouth when he was silent, and the peculiar play and matchless beauty of its expression when speaking—and the air of peculiar gravity which at all times characterized him—these were, perhaps, beyond the painter's art to combine.

This air of gravity, which was very observable in early life, deepened as years rolled over him. In almost any other man it would have appeared artificial and unnatural. In him it was neither. It was inherent in his character; it was part and parcel of the man; and it became him well. It was not the affected gravity of a recluse; nor the churlish gravity of a misanthrope; nor the gravity engendered by spiritual pride—“Stand apart, I am holier than thou”—nor the gravity so convenient to those who have very great pretensions and a very slender foundation on which to rest them; but the gravity of one who felt he had a heavy responsibility to discharge, and the most solemn obligations to fulfil.

* * * * *

Years rolled away; and with them, I am ashamed to confess, much of the freshness of my recollections of Heber and Palestine, till during a short sojourn at Wem both were revived in full force; for there I was brought into personal contact with the Rector of Hodnet.

His discharge of the parochial duties has been warmly commended; but can never be overrated. I was allowed to be present at one of his pastoral visits. It was a permission

which I highly prized; would that I had profited by it as I ought!

The circumstances of the case were somewhat peculiar. There was in the parish an old man who had been a notorious poacher in his youth, and through the combined influence of his irregular mode of life, drunken habits, and depraved associates, had settled down into an irreligious old age. He was a widower—had survived his children, shunned all society, and was rarely seen abroad. The sole inmate of his lonely cottage was a little grandchild, in whom were bound up all the sympathies of his rugged nature, and on whom he lavished the warmest caresses.

It was considered an unaccountable departure from his usual line of conduct, when he permitted little Philip to attend the Rector's school. "Why not?" was the old man's reply; "d'ye think I wish Phil to be as bad as myself? *I'm black enough, God knows!*"

The old man was taken ill and confined to his room. It was winter. He was unable to divert his mind. His complaint was a painful one; and there was every probability that his illness might be of long continuance. A neighbour suggested that his little grandson should read to him. He listened at first languidly and carelessly; by and bye with some degree of interest; till at length his little grandchild became the means of fanning into a flame the faint spark of religious feeling which yet lingered in the old man's breast.

He expressed a wish that Mr. Heber should visit him; and the good work which it pleased Providence youthful innocence should begin, matured piety was to carry on and complete. It was no ordinary spectacle. The old man lay upon his bed, in a corner of the room, near the trellised window. His features were naturally hard and coarse; and the marked lines of his countenance were distinctly developed by the strong light which fell upon them. Aged and enfeebled as he was, he seemed fully alive to what was passing around him; and I had leisure to mark the searching of his eye as he gazed, with the most intense anxiety, on his spiritual comforter, and weighed every word that fell from him. The simplicity in which Heber clothed every idea—the facility with which he descended to the level of the old man's comprehension—the earnestness with which he strove not to be misunderstood—and the manner in which, in spite of himself, his voice occasionally faltered as he touched on some thrilling points of our faith, struck me forcibly; while Philip stood on the other side of the bed, his hand locked in his grandfather's—his bright blue eye dimmed with tears as he looked sadly and anxiously from one face to another; evidently aware that some misfortune awaited him, though unconscious to what extent.

The old man died—died in a state of mind so calm, so subdued, so penitent and resigned,—“that I feel myself cheered in my labours,” said Heber, “whenever I reflect upon it.” Heber himself officiated at the funeral. I shall never forget—I never wish to forget. If I were cast to-morrow on a desert island, it is one of the few things I should care to remember of the world I had left behind me—the air, the

manner, the look, the expression of hope and holy joy, and steadfast confidence, which lit up his noble countenance as he pronounced this passage of our magnificent ritual; “O Father, raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in thee *as, our hope is, this our brother doth.*”

The next and, alas! the last time that I saw Heber was in July, 1823, at the house of his old friend Mrs. M——s, near Malpas. He came to bid her farewell. She was then very far advanced in life; and the parting threatened to be, as it indeed proved, for ever. The interview was short—one that was evidently painful to both parties; but which neither would have been easily persuaded to forego. The Bishop alluded to his approaching departure for Calcutta—to the struggle which he admitted his acceptance of the Indian mitre had cost him; but remarked that a clergyman's life was a life of sacrifices; that he had considered the call as one of duty; and as such only obeyed it. He said this promptly—cheerfully. The old lady replied to his observation with a mournful smile. The Bishop then proceeded to detail some of the arrangements which had been made for his voyage; and the anxiety which he felt that the spiritual interests of his people, at Hodnet, should be cared for and considered during his absence.

“Well, Reginald, you must never expect me to address you as ‘My Lord:’ my heart won't let me own your title—God be with you go where you may! If you only effect half the good you propose, India will have cause to remember your episcopacy to the end of time. Your welfare, my dear Reginald, to whom I owe so much, will never cease to be an object of my prayers.”

“May they be answered—may they be answered!” said the Bishop, with extreme emotion; “and now, my dear madam, farewell. If we meet again on earth, may we be nearer heaven; if we meet no more here below, may we meet in heaven!”

She held out her hand, which he kissed with affectionate reverence, and bade him farewell.

They parted as those who are well aware that life is made up of adieus—that the sorrows of separation are not eternal—but that there is a place of reunion for the good and great of all nations, countries, kindreds, tongues, and languages, in the blissful mansions of their Father's house.

He died almost in the discharge of his public duties—while the blessing yet lingered on his lips. It was, indeed, a costly sacrifice which was thus offered on the altar of the spiritual improvement of India! Yet we would not have thought it so! In his posthumous work there is not the slightest allusion to the prospects which he surrendered to the fame, and ease, and independence, which so surely awaited him in his native land, and which he cheerfully resigned: not a murmur—not a regret is perceptible. It was a costly sacrifice. I repeat it. Yet in the opinion of those who are best able to form a judgment on the subject, the cause has been advanced by it at least ten

years. The effect which his example produced in India is described, by some who witnessed it, as without a precedent. The luxurious, the selfish, the sensual, the indifferent, the sceptical, saw a spectacle which amazed them—the union of the highest talent with the most ardent piety. They saw a man whose mind was stored with the most varied acquirements—a man of the most versatile powers—a man whose taste was imbued with the most classic elegance, and whose imagination glowed with a thousand images of sublimity and beauty,—acting up to and living under the all-pervading influence of personal religion. This, in that land of unrestrained indulgence, was a spectacle as striking as it was unusual. And, in this manner, Bishop Heber preached a sermon every hour of his existence.

Much and deeply as his death has been lamented, would that it had had the effect of stirring up the hearts of the people of this country to rally round—would that it had aroused them to a sense of the value, the importance, the duty, of cherishing that Society of whose vast consequence the Bishop was so thoroughly persuaded, and whose interests literally occupied his dying thoughts!

I ALLUDE TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

Strange that the services of this venerable institution should be overlooked or forgotten! Strange that while societies, admirably adapted for the land of Utopia, are puffed, and praised, and supported—Societies for promoting Christianity among the Laplanders, Societies for the Conversion of Gipsies, Continental Societies, Reformation Societies; while each and all of these *ieties* have their itinerant advocates who tell us what *they are to do*, the sterling merits and weighty services of the Propagation Society are slurred over; when in India, at Bishop's College, and in our North American Colonies, her eulogists may so proudly and triumphantly point out *WHAT AND HOW MUCH SHE HAS ACTUALLY EFFECTED*.

Surely, surely, the period is come when she will no longer be permitted to languish on an income of barely six thousand a year.

Of Heber it may be truly said, *extinctus amabitur!*

It has been remarked, that for the Church he has not lived long enough—he has not. But how long must he have lived to induce her to say his existence had been sufficiently protracted? Depart when he would, in her grief she would have complained of his being subject to the laws of mortality—for when would she have been content to part with one she so highly valued?

Literary Intelligence.

ONE of the most important pieces of library intelligence which the present month affords, is the fresh assurance given the public of a new design being in progress for the formation of a great national miscellany on the plan of *Constables*. We heard of this important project some time ago, but suppose some mystery in bookselling politics deferred the execution till the present more prosperous period. The pub-

lication is a design of Mr. Murray's, who, we understand, has engaged most of the eminent writers of the day to furnish materials for the work.

The annuals have been sufficiently prosperous this season to keep publishers and editors in such good humour with this fashionable article of literary commerce, that we have heard of at least fifty new projects for the publication of similar works next year. Among many speculations, however, there is one which will no doubt end in the production of a very superior work, namely, a new Religious Annual, under the superintendence of the Rev. Professor Dale.

The Rev. S. D. Parry, M. A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has in the Press, *The Legendary Cabinet, a Selection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best Authors. With Notes and Illustrations.*

In the Press, the *Female Character Illustrated; in Tales and Sketches drawn from Real Life.* By Piers Shafton, Gent. Also, a Second Edition of *Snatches from Oblivion; being the Remains of the late Herbert Trevelyan, Esq.*

Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S., &c. has in the Press, a large octavo volume, entitled *A New System of Geology*, in which the great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History.

The Adventures of a King's Page. Under this title will appear, early in January, a new Publication in the form of a *Work of Fiction*, by the talented Author of *Almack's Revisited*. Besides the *Personal Adventures of the King's Page* at our own Court, and at several Foreign Courts, he figures prominently in the great Drama of Modern Times, from the Stirring Scenes of the French Revolution, amidst which he was cradled, to the memorable Battle of Waterloo, in which he was called to take a part. Through the whole of this Eventful period he is a Child of Mystery, and remains so until an extraordinary Domestic History is unravelled, relating to a disputed Peerage.

A New Work, by Washington Irving, entitled "*Tales of the Moors*," will be published this season. The materials, it is said, are drawn from manuscripts consulted by the talented author, during his residence at Seville.

The Arcana of Science and Art for 1829, will be published early in January; and will contain all the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past Year, in Mechanical and Chemical Science, Natural History, &c.

The Travels of the unfortunate Captain Clapperton, which will be out in a short time, will contain a *Memoir of his Life*, and an Account of the circumstances attending his Death by his Servant, who is now in London.

In a French statistical pamphlet we find the curious information, that in France, out of a population of thirty-two millions, there are five millions of paupers, a hundred and thirty thousand thieves or depredators; and that besides many thousand persons in hospitals, &c.,

three millions who have no certainty of a month's subsistence.

A new volume of Moral and Religious Poetry, selected from ancient as well as modern Authors, will be published in January.

Mr. Fairbairn, the well known editor of the South African Journal, who has been lately staying in town, has just arrived at the Cape, to resume the publication of his paper, the conduct of which he had resigned for political reasons.

The Poet Carrington has been lately suffering under very severe sickness.

A Book of Instructions for the Proprietors of Bees, has lately appeared at Paris, by M. Mastrin. It is a curious and ingenious treatise, and full of entertaining information.

Mr. Crofton Croker's Sayings and Doings at Killarney, will almost immediately appear.

We remember, some months ago, to have read an ingenious manuscript translation of a celebrated Russian Poem, which, however, no bookseller in town could be persuaded to publish; but a French Translation of the Russian Poem Igor has lately appeared, and attracted some attention on the Continent.

Mr. Colburn, we understand, will begin with the New Year, the publication of the United Service Journal and Military and Naval Gazette.

A Treatise, by Mr. Parkin, on the Abomination of Desolation, is in the Press, and is intended to prove that the Destruction of Jerusalem is not predicted in Mat. xxiv., Mark xiii., and Luke xxi.

Professor Buckland has a Second Vol. of Reliquiæ Diluvianæ in the Press.

Dr. Davis (of Fitzroy Square,) Professor of Midwifery, &c. in the University of London, is preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo., a Treatise on the Diseases and Constitutional Management of Children.

Dr. Epps, Author of the Internal Evidences of Christianity, deduced from Phrenology and Lectures on Materia Medica and Chemistry, proposes to publish (by request) three Phrenological Essays:—I. On the faculty of Veneration.—II. On Morality.—III. On the best means of attaining Happiness.

Mr. John Hinds, Author of the Veterinary Surgeon, has a new work in the Press, entitled, The Grooms' Oracle and Pocket Stable Directory. Accompanied with a new Book of Receipts.

The Annual Peerage for 1829, with new plates of the Arms, the publication of which has been unavoidably delayed on account of the Engravings, will certainly appear on or about the 5th of January.

A new Novel, entitled the Collegians, is in the Press, and intended for immediate publication.

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist, in three volumes, by the Author of Waverley, is announced among the northern forthcoming productions prefixed to the Tales of a Grandfather.

The Village of Nightingale, and other Tales, is announced by Miss Dagley, the author of the Birthday, and our favourite little work of Fairy Favours.

We observe that the publications of the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, have prompted another set of men to publish a Library of Religious Knowledge.

It is stated in a letter from Paris, that one of the first efforts of the liberal party in the French Chamber of Deputies, will be a motion for the abolition of the despotic power now possessed by the French government, of suppressing any production of the press which is offensive to them. As experience has shown that this mode of suppression does not operate to the extent that is desired by its advocates, it will probably meet with less opposition from the government than it would receive under different circumstances. It has been shown, that in less than a fortnight after the suppression of Berenger's last volume of songs, 5000 copies were sent from Brussels (where they had been printed,) and disposed of in the frontier towns of France; and that in Paris itself three editions of these songs were privately printed and sold, to the injury of the possessor of the copyright, but without answering the purpose which was intended by the government. The same thing is said to have occurred with a work called Journées Mémorables de la Revolution Française, published in small volumes, at five sous each, and from which Sir Walter Scott has borrowed largely in his Life of Napoleon. This work, when prohibited in Paris by the government, was reprinted at Brussels and in Leipzig, and an immense number found their way back to Paris.

The Life and Times of Francis the First of France. In 2 vols 8vo.

A New Year's Eve; and other Poems. By Bernard Barton.

The Interpositions of Divine Providence; selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. By Joseph Fincher, Esq.

A New Edition of Thucydides, illustrated with maps, drawn from actual Surveys; with Notes, chiefly Historical and Geographical. By the Rev. T. Arnold, Head Master of the Rugby School.

An Account of the Fellowship, Scholarships, and Exhibitions attached to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Public and Endowed Grammar Schools, Chartered Companies, and Corporate Bodies; giving the Names of the Founders, and a Statement of the Qualifications requisite for the respective Candidates. In small 8vo.

The Rev. T. Huntingford has a volume in the press, upon the Intermediate State of the Soul after Death.

Diversions of Holycot; or, The Mother's Art of Thinking. By the Author of "Clan Albin," and "Elizabeth de Bruce." Thick 18mo. half-bound.

Ecclesiastical Annals, from the Commencement of Scripture History to the 16th Century. Translated and Abridged from the Latin of

Professor Spanheim, of Leyden. By the Rev. G. Wright. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Friendly and Sensible Advice to the Roman Catholics of England. Fourth Edition. Edited by the Rev. W. F. Hook, M. A.

The Second Volume of Mr. Sharon Turner's Modern History of England is in the press. It will contain the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; with chapters on the Corruptions of the Ancient Catholic Church which occasioned the Reformation—On the Rise and Progress of Luther—On the History and Proceedings of the Council of Trent—and on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds. Essay 1, Sect. 2. On the resemblance or correspondence, by Analogy or Proportion, between the natural or teraqueous World, and the moral or human World; viz. the Soul and Body of Man. By the Author of "Memoirs of a Deist."

In the Press and will shortly be published, in one Volume post 8vo. Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Esq., consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse, never before published.

All for Love, or A Sinner Well Saved; the Pilgrim of Compostella; and other Poems. By Robert Southey. Foolscep 8vo.

A complete History of the Morea. By William Martin Leake, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life of General Wolfe. Printed uniformly with the "Life of Nelson." By Robert Southey. 2 small vols. With a Portrait.

History of the Late War in Spain and Portugal. By Robert Southey, LL.D. Vol. III.

A History of Persia. By Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S. Author of "Persian Sketches," &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, for Plain People. By G. R. Gleigh, M.A., M.R.S.L. Small 8vo.

Personal History of Napoleon Buonaparte. Two pocket volumes, beautifully printed and illustrated with numerous Engravings in Wood and Steel.

Essays on Planting and Gardening. One pocket volume, beautifully printed and illustrated.

A Second Volume of Reliquiæ Diluvianæ; or Observations on the Organic Remains contained in Caves, Fissures, and Diluvian Gravel, and in other Geological Phenomena, attesting the action of an Universal Deluge. By the Rev. William Buckland, B.D., F.R.S., F.L.S. &c. Quarto.

An Historical Romance, chiefly illustrative of the public events and domestic manners of the Fifteenth Century, entitled, The Last of the Plantagenets, is in the Press, and will shortly be published.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 12mo. price 5s. 6d., An Inquiry into the popular Notion of an Unoriginated, Infinite, and Eternal Prescience; for the purpose of as-

certaining whether that Doctrine be supported by the Dictates of Reason, and the Writings of the Old and New Testaments; with a Preface containing a Dialogue between the Author and one of his Readers. By the Rev. James Jones.

A Memoir of the Public Life of Robert, Second Marquess of Londonderry. 3 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Lord Byron, including his Correspondence with his Friends, and Journals of his own Life and Opinions. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In quarto.

Lectures on Sculpture. By John Flaxman, Esq., M.A. Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Great Britain, Member of the Academies of St. Luke, Rome, Florence, Carrara, &c. With fifty-four illustrative Engravings by various Artists, from the drawings of the Professor. Royal 8vo.

Popular Lectures on Physical Geography, delivered in the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin. By the Baron Alexander de Humboldt. Translated from the Author's MSS. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Forest Sanctuary: with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. The second edition, with additions. Foolscep 8vo.

History of the Campaigns of the British Armies in Spain, Portugal, and the south of France, from 1808 to 1814. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton;" in 3 vols. 12mo.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, during the Sixteenth Century. By Thomas McCrie, D.D. in 8vo.

The Shepherd's Calendar. By James Hogg, Author of "The Queen's Wake," in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Course of Time, a Poem, in Ten Books. By Robert Pollok, A.M.; in foolscep 8vo. the seventh edition. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Macintosh, Lecturer on the Practice of Physic, &c. Edinburgh, announces for early publication, Elements of the Principles and Practice of Physic.

The Second Series, of the Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, are nearly ready for publication.

Rural Recollections, or the Progress of Improvement in Agriculture and Rural Affairs. By George Robertson, Author of the Agricultural Survey of Mid-Lothian, &c.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America, including the United States, Canada, &c. By Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E., &c.; Author of "Travels in Africa, Asia," &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones, Chevalier of the Military Order of Merit, and of the Russian Order of St. Anne, &c. &c. Now first compiled from his Original Journals, Correspondence, and other Papers, Prepared for publication by himself; 2 vols. small 8vo.

Discourses on some important Points of Christian Doctrine and Duty. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart. 8vo.

Counsels for the Sanctuary and for Civil Life; or Discourses to various Classes in the Church and in the World. By Henry Belgrave, D.D. 12mo.